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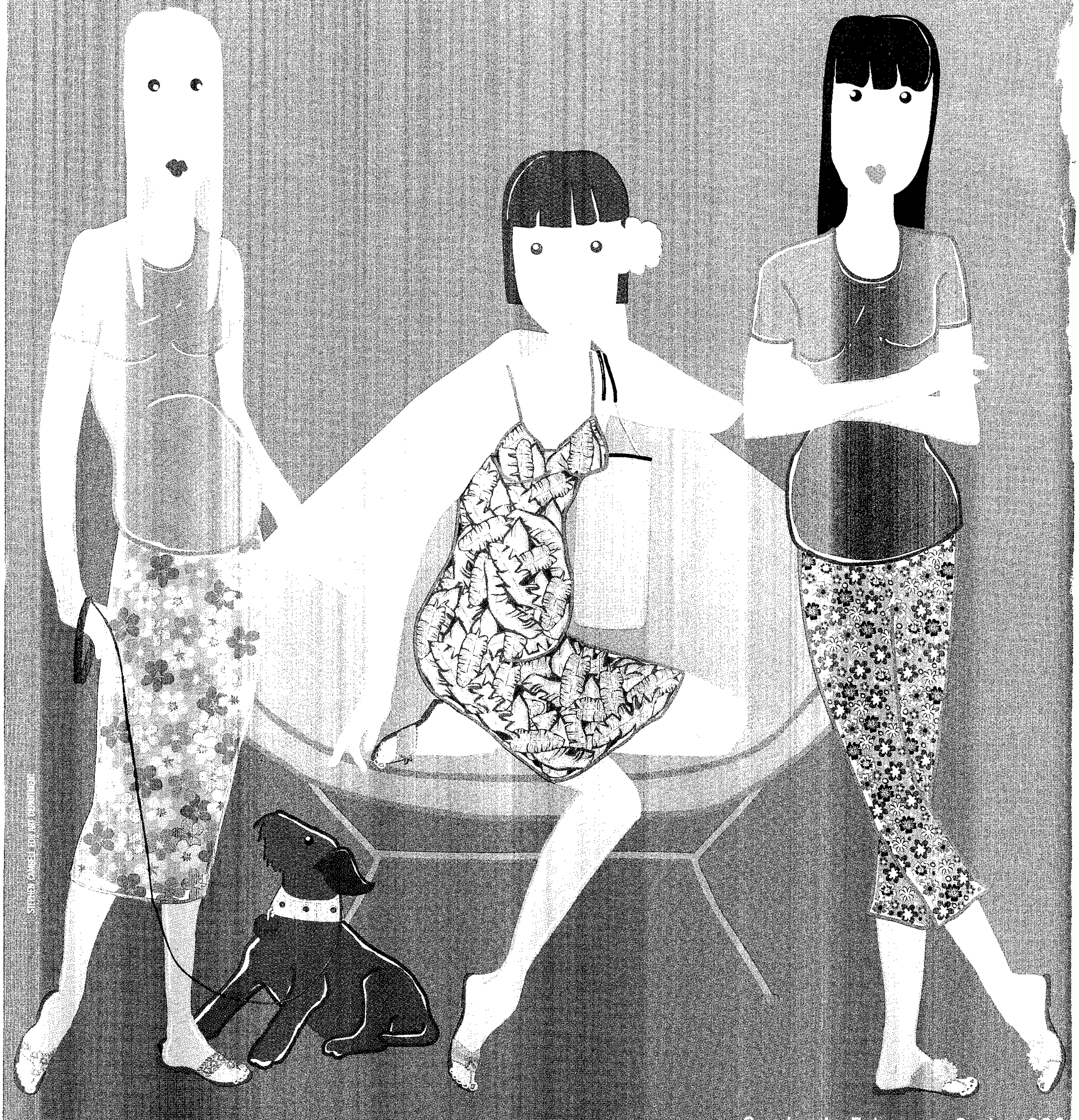

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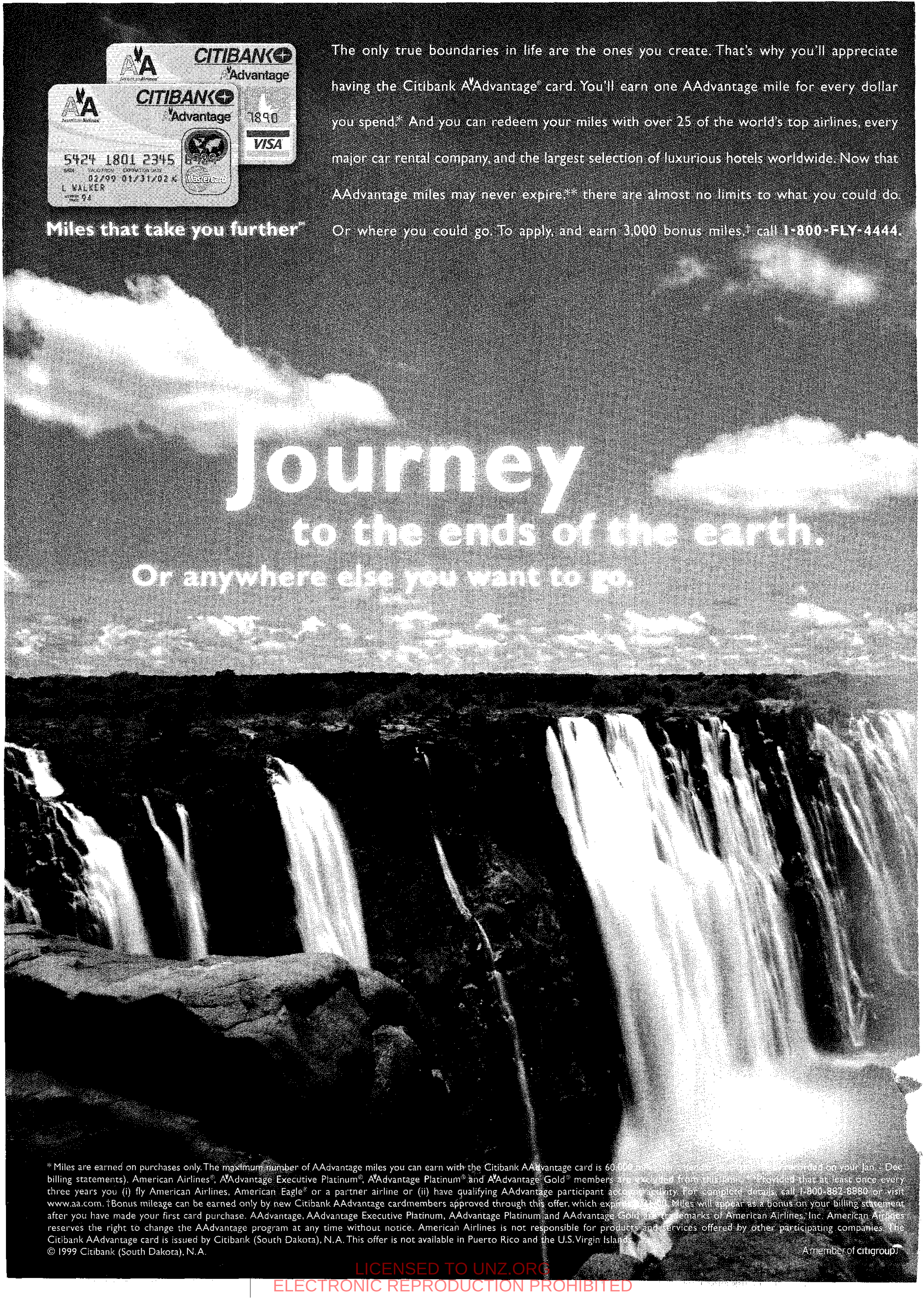

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>
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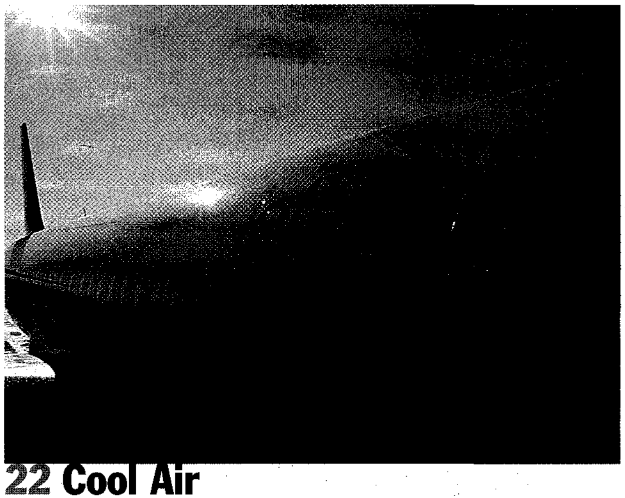

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By Alex Williams

Think Richard Branson–meets–Ian Schrager: A cheap-but-chic airline called JetBlue is about to take off from JFK. Piloted by a hyperactive 40-year-old entrepreneur named David Neeleman, it's generated the buzz of a Silicon Alley start-up, thanks to a $40 million investment from George Soros's Quantum Fund and an all-new fleet decked out with gray leather seats and seat-back TVs. Who cares if the destination is Buffalo?

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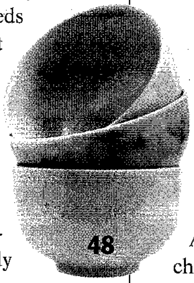

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Greenberg; Sang An; Antonin Kratochvil.

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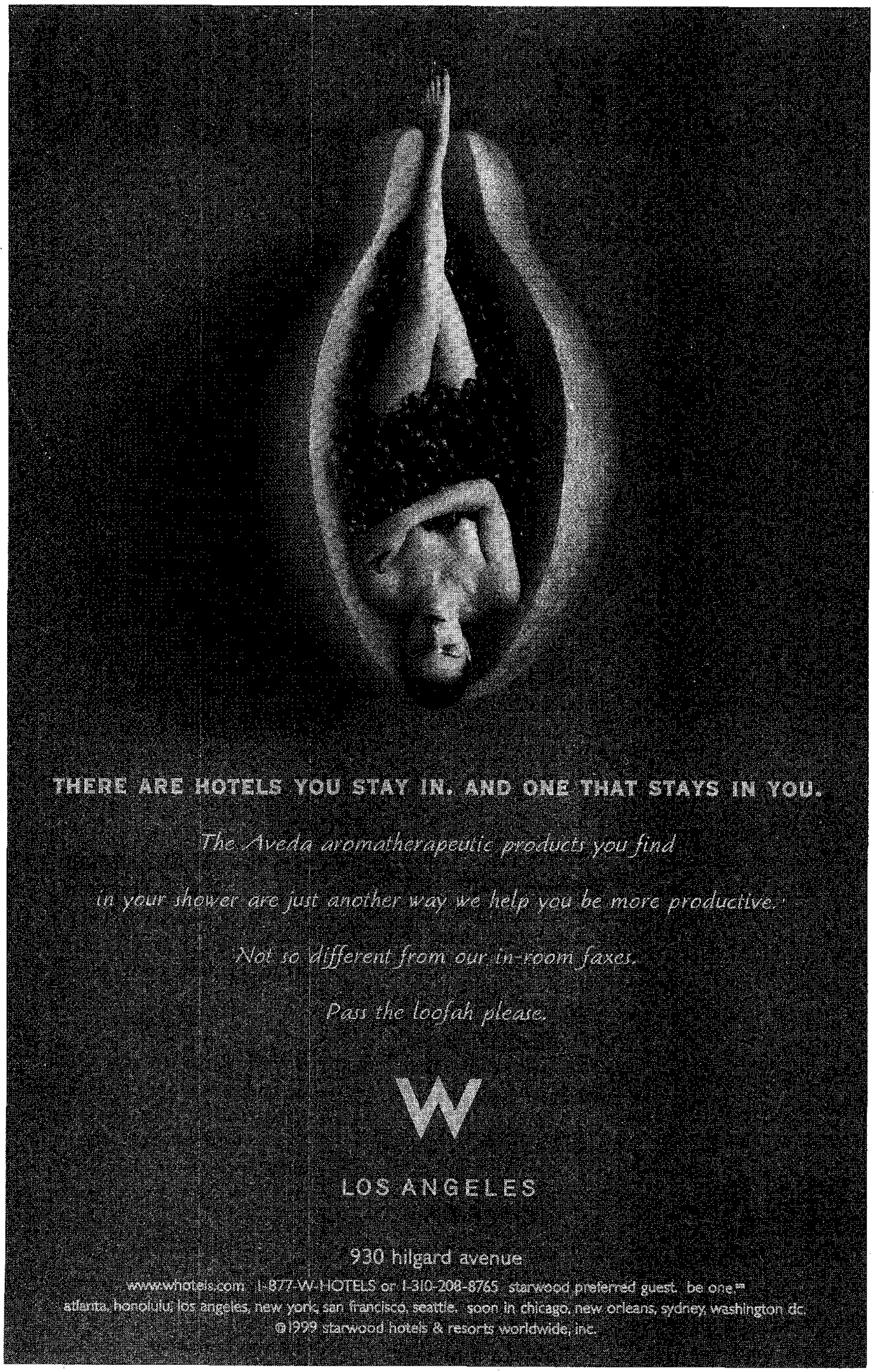
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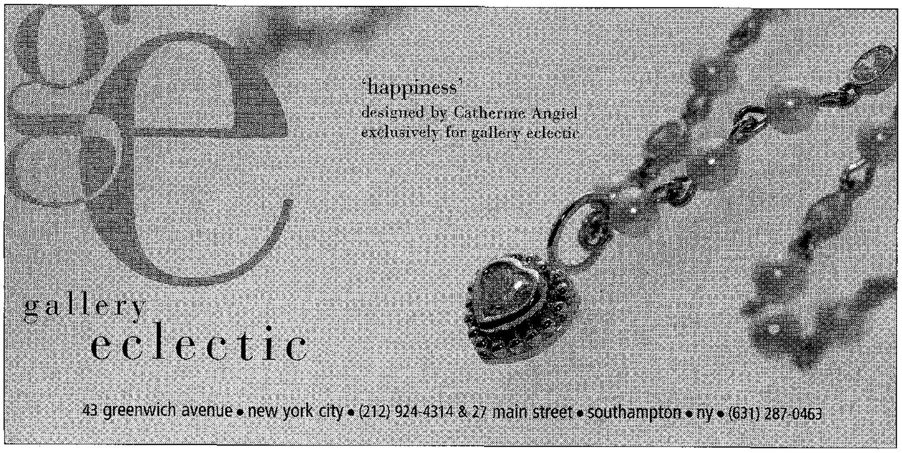
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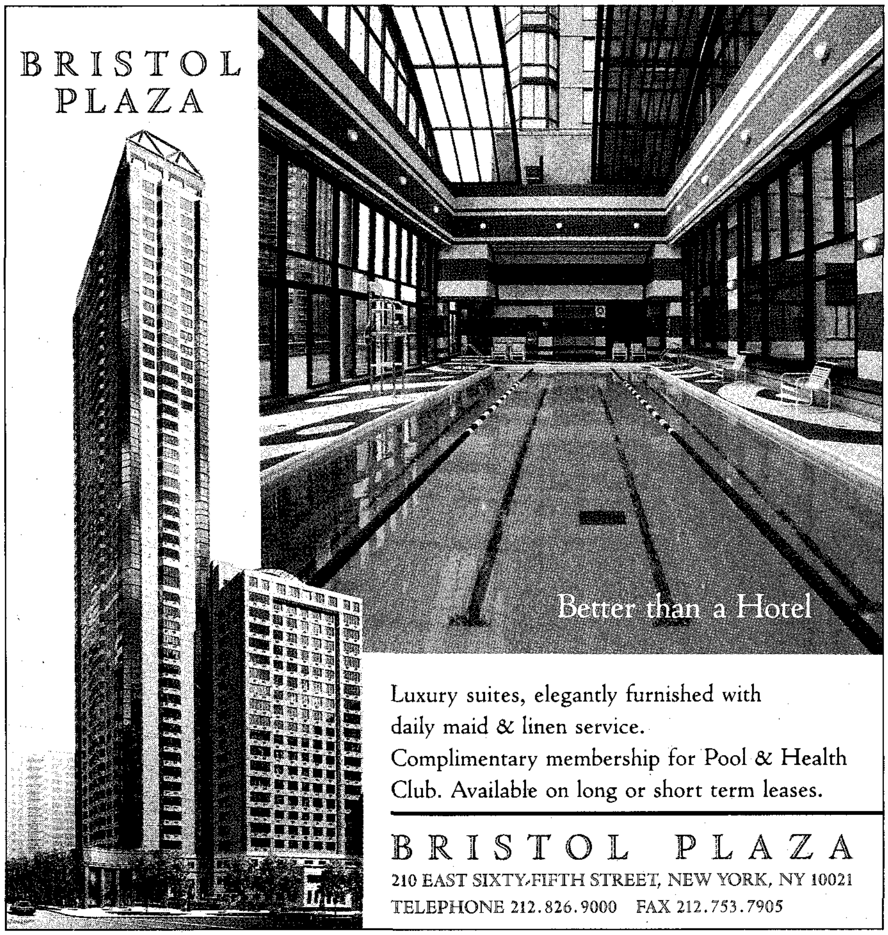
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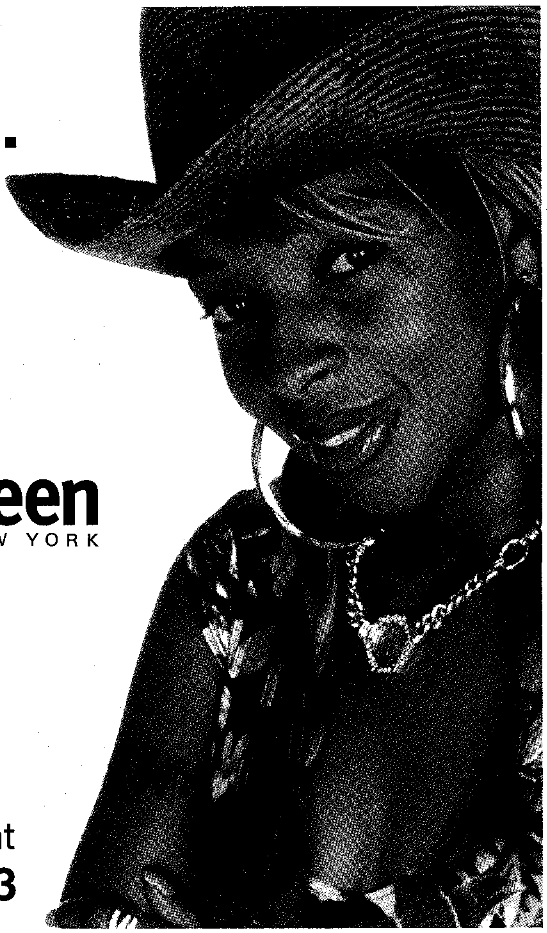
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Bradley's Better Half

The candidate's secret weapon shouldn't be so surprising; editing a fashion mag is no dream come true; New Year's Eve in Times Square was worth it.

ERNESTINE BRADLEY IS AN AUTHOR, a scholar, a college professor, a cancer survivor, a wife, a mother, a grandmother, and a brilliant woman ["Bill Bradley's Secret Weapon," January 10]. Why would anyone doubt her ability to inform, entertain, and, yes, dazzle an audience? It's part of what she does daily as a teacher. True, she doesn't have a "familiar blonde bob," but she sounds like someone who is certainly capable of handling anything the political arena may present.

Elinore Delaney
SHREWSBURY, N.J.

HELEN THORPE'S ARTICLE ABOUT ERNESTine Bradley mentions the "midwestern neighborliness" encountered during the Idaho Democratic Women's Caucus dinner held on the campus of Boise State University (my alma mater). Please, please, please help New Yorkers understand that although an area referred to as the Midwest lies beyond the Hudson River, Idaho cannot be found in that grouping of states. Idaho's western boundary borders Oregon and Washington—it's in the Pacific Northwest. But yes, Idaho hospitality is superb!

Christina Olson
MANHATTAN

What Girls Like

A LITTLE BOY GROWING UP YEARNS TO wear the Yankee pinstripes and play in the House That Ruth Built. A little girl dreams of being a movie star or a fashion editor with her name at the top of a masthead. After reading about the "row" Katherine Betts "has to hoe at *Harper's Bazaar*" ["Betts Intentions," by Maura Egan, January 17], I think it might be easier to hit a home run out of Yankee Stadium than to overtake *Vogue, Elle,* and *W.*

Joan Mary Macey
BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@primediamags.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Night to Remember

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE ["IT HAPPENED ONE Night," January 10], our corner in front of the ABC studios on Broadway was well behaved. I spent a good twenty hours celebrating and making friends from Manhattan, Arizona, Philadelphia, San Diego, and elsewhere. Now we all plan to keep in touch via e-mail. We even played beach ball in the afternoon. Our contingent celebrating 2000 knew how to party that night. And we did not pee in the streets anytime during the festivities like the other bunch you mentioned in your article. Mayor Giuliani knows how to party, too! Thanks for a great time, New York City!

Patrick Powers
WEBSTER CITY, IOWA

Goetz Smart

BERNIE GOETZ DID NOT SHOOT FOUR "kids" on the subway, as Steve Fishman so blithely states in his article about New York's Animal Medical Center ["The Intensive Pet Care Unit," January 17]. Mr Goetz fired at four strong, menacing young men who surrounded him in a subway car and threatened him with sharpened screwdrivers. To refer to them as kids is false and misleading.

Christina Regenhard
YONKERS, N.Y.

Food for Thought

I AM PLEASED TO READ OF JULIA MOSKIN'S support of the Ashkenazim foods that have lasted through numerous cultural exchanges in the Middle East to reach delis and bakeries on Kings Highway. ["Smart City: Orient Express," January 17]. However, she neglected to add to the melting pot of "Syrian, Moroccan, Turkish, Yemeni, and Israeli immigrants" the Armenian people. Armenian-Americans who migrated directly from Turkey or through Syria, Lebanon, Russia, or Central Europe share basic knowledge, use, and joy in producing phyllo pastries, kebabs, kuftas, bulgur, lamb dishes, and Lahmahjoon. I'll bet that the Yemeni coffees mentioned are like the "Turkish coffees" Armenians welcome guests with today, and that the Sephardic delis include stuffed grape leaves, yogurts, kefirlike drinks that we call tahn, dried fruits, and pistachio nuts.

D. DeMirjian
MANHATTAN

Dollars and a Dream

"TALES OF THE NEW GOLD RUSH," BY JENnifer Senior, was perfectly timed and exceptionally enlightening [January 17]. As an aspiring entrepreneur, I intend to be very selective in choosing who gets to share the benefits of my ambition, vision, and expertise.

Todd W. Fliedner
MANHATTAN

Gifted

YOUR INCLUSION OF THE BEDFORD-STUYvesant YMCA in the "1 for $100,000" holiday-gift wish list ["Holiday Gifts," November 29, 1999] has made a world of difference for kids in our struggling neighborhood. Thanks to the listing, the Sirus Foundation sought us out and generously gave $25,000. Other donors, who wish to remain anonymous, jumped in as well. Thank you for putting us on the map of worthy organizations that need support to help kids grow strong through camping and myriad other experiences.

Kevin Jeffrey
BROOKLYN

More on Minnelli

I WAS APPALLED WHEN I READ JOHN SImon's review of "Minnelli on Minnelli" ["Theater: The Hungry I," January 3]. I attended the show on December 2 and enjoyed it immensely, as did the rest of the audience. This was apparent through the conversations I overheard, the smiles on the faces, and the large crowd (including myself) waiting by the stage door for more than half an hour, in the freezing cold, to get a brief glimpse of Ms. Minnelli and obtain her autograph. She obliged on both fronts, and I will cherish her autograph for a long time to come. John Simon must live on another planet, one that is full of Adonises like himself.

Michele W. Koop
RICHMOND, VA.

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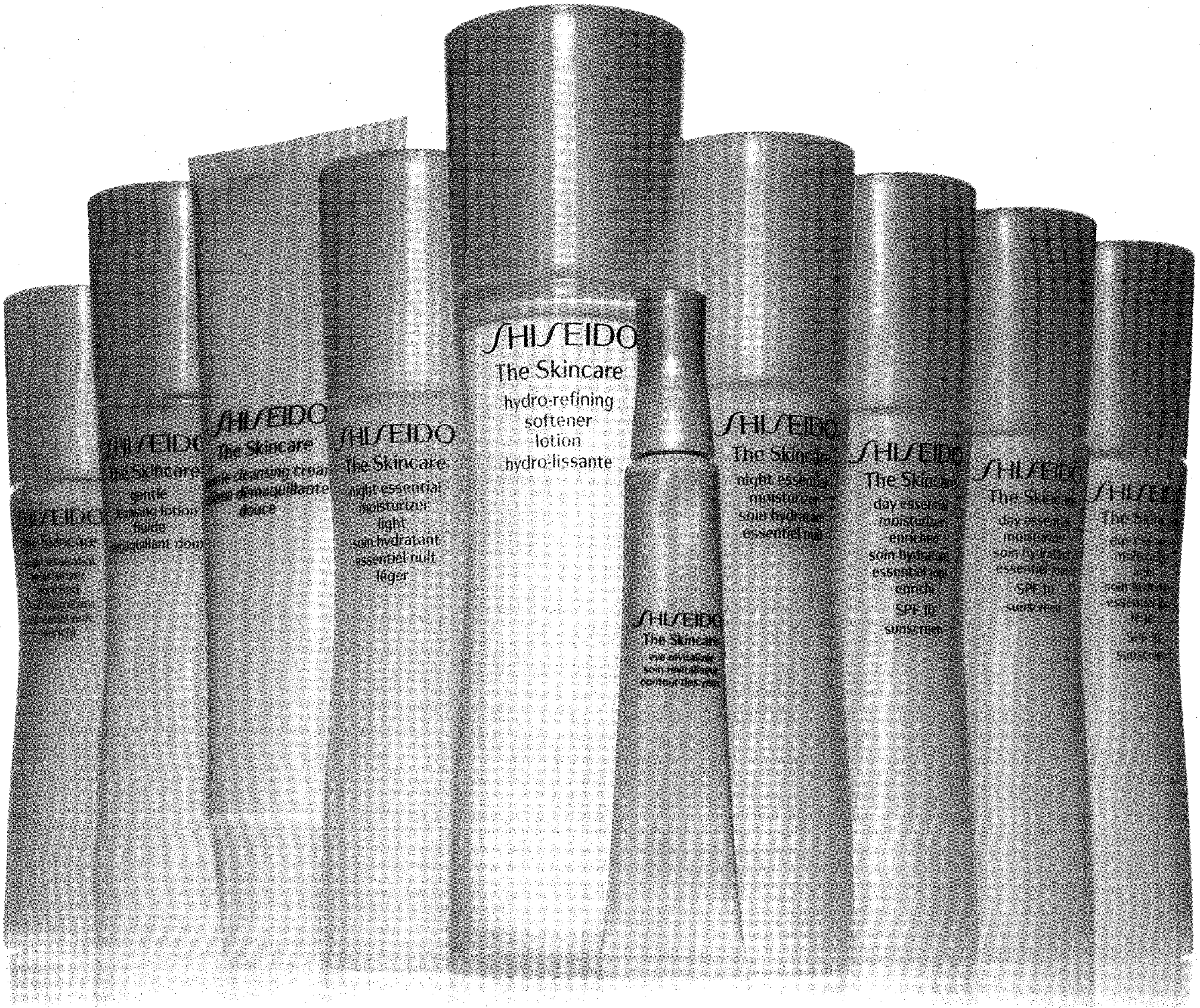
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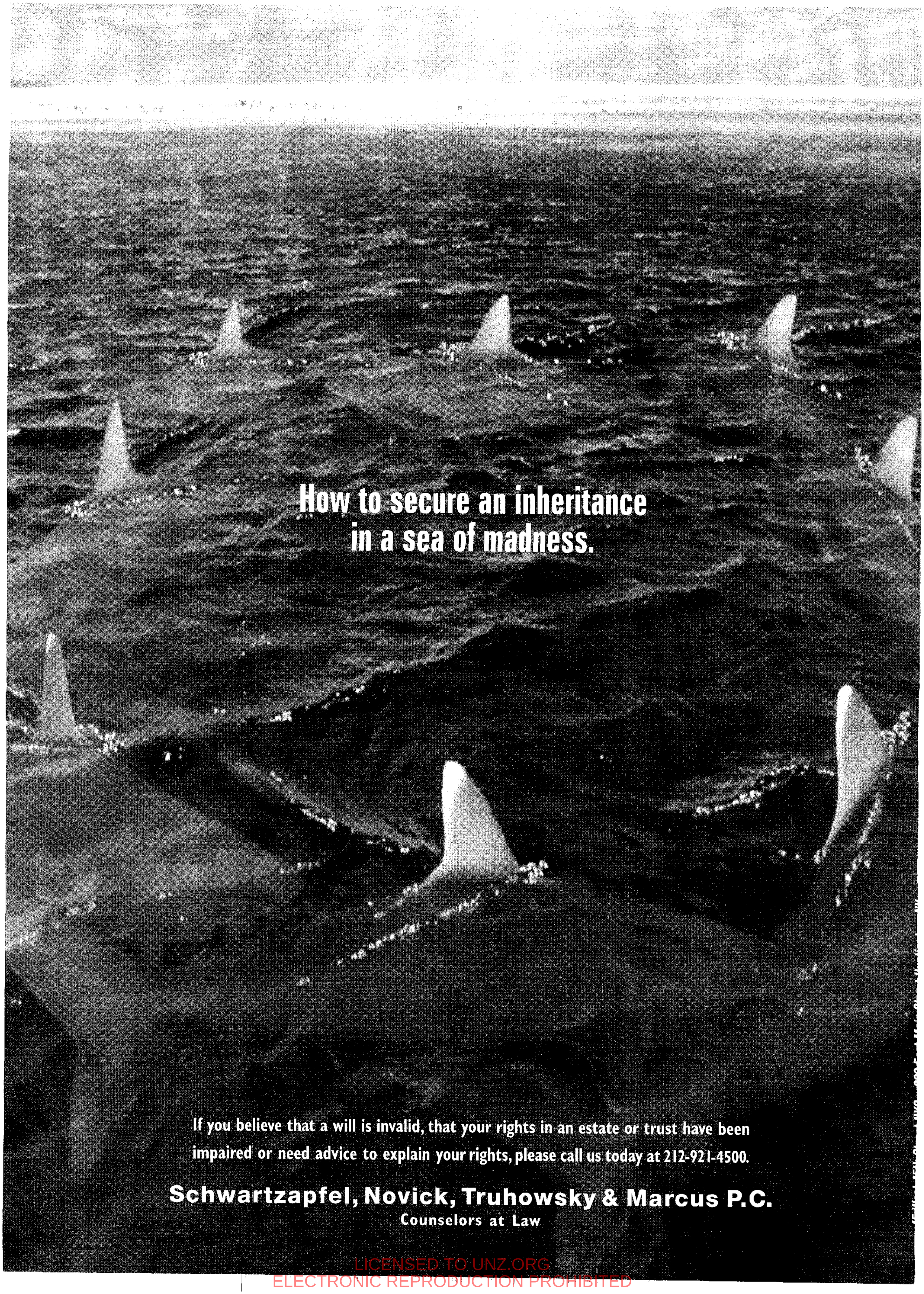
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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL

INTELLIGENCER

IS IT SAYONARA FOR SEGARRA?

Ninfa Segarra, **Rudy Giuliani**'s deputy mayor and appointee to the Board of Education, is ready to trade in her City Hall job to become president of CUNY's La Guardia Community College in Queens, political sources say. As Giuliani's education point person for six years, Segarra has been in the conservative majority on votes to oust **Rudy Crew** as public-schools chancellor and has always voted as the proxy of her patron, the mayor. But "Ninfa's never been a member of the mayor's inner circle," explains one political observer. Therefore, sources say, Segarra's transition to La Guardia is getting a behind-the-scenes boost from a couple of Giuliani operatives: CUNY chairman **Herman Badillo**, the mayor's education adviser, and CUNY board member **Randy Mastro**. Segarra didn't return calls, and CUNY vice-chancellor for university relations **Jay Hershenson** said only, "We don't comment on presidential searches." But Segarra might not be the last to parachute from City Hall, says another insider: "The administration is over in a year, and those closest to the mayor will stay through the election. The others will jump at any job opportunity." Note to City Hall job seekers: **Hillary Clinton**'s hiring.

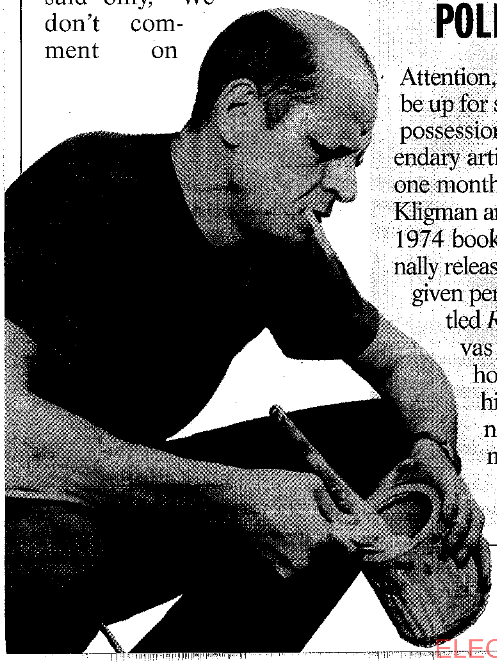
NOTORIOUS BEAU UPSETS LOPEZ'S MOM

Puff Daddy's trouble with the law is backfiring on his *Notorious* magazine—and may be adversely affecting lady love **Jennifer Lopez**'s career as well. Industry sources say that following Puffy's indictment, those on the publishing end of the mag have been complaining that skittish companies are holding off buying ad pages. "Ever since the December shooting incident, advertisers are concerned that the magazine might not be right for their image," one publishing insider reports. *Notorious* CEO and editor-in-chief **David Anthony** denies a drop in advertising—but takes a step back from the impresario himself. "*Notorious* is not *Puffy*," he declares. Meanwhile, music-industry sources say that Lopez's family is deeply concerned that her romance with Puffy will torpedo her hot career. Lopez's mother is upset that along with dodging bullets, Jennifer has been ducking recent high-profile events, including last week's internationally televised American Music Awards, to stand by her bad boy. Lopez's publicist, **Alan Neirob**, strongly denies that his client is passing up work or public appearances and bristles at reports that he and others are worried about a progressive Puffy problem. "Professionally, nothing has changed," he insists. "I don't think her career *could* be damaged." Maybe he should call her mom.

IT'S A THREE DOG FIGHT

You'd think the New York State Supreme Court would have better issues to debate than where dog treats stand on the food chain. But Z-Spot: A Three Dog Bakery—the month-old Madison Avenue boutique for silver-spooned canines that's already a favorite with **Mary Tyler Moore** and her uptown hound—is now in a tussle with its management company over the sale of pricey treats like "Pupcakes" and "Pooch Pretzels." The co-op board claims the emporium is in default on the lease, pointing to a clause that forbids "the sale, preparation, storage or consumption of any food products whatsoever." Z-Spot owners **Howard** and **Sharon Sternheim** object, bringing up a clause in the sublease identifying Z-Spot's intention to sell "pet supplies and treats." "They are saying that they didn't understand that pet treats implied something *edible*," barks Howard. So the two parties will head to the New York State Supreme Court on January 24. Fortunately, the shop will remain open, allowing those upper-crust pups to get a trendy cashmere sweater to fight winter's chill.

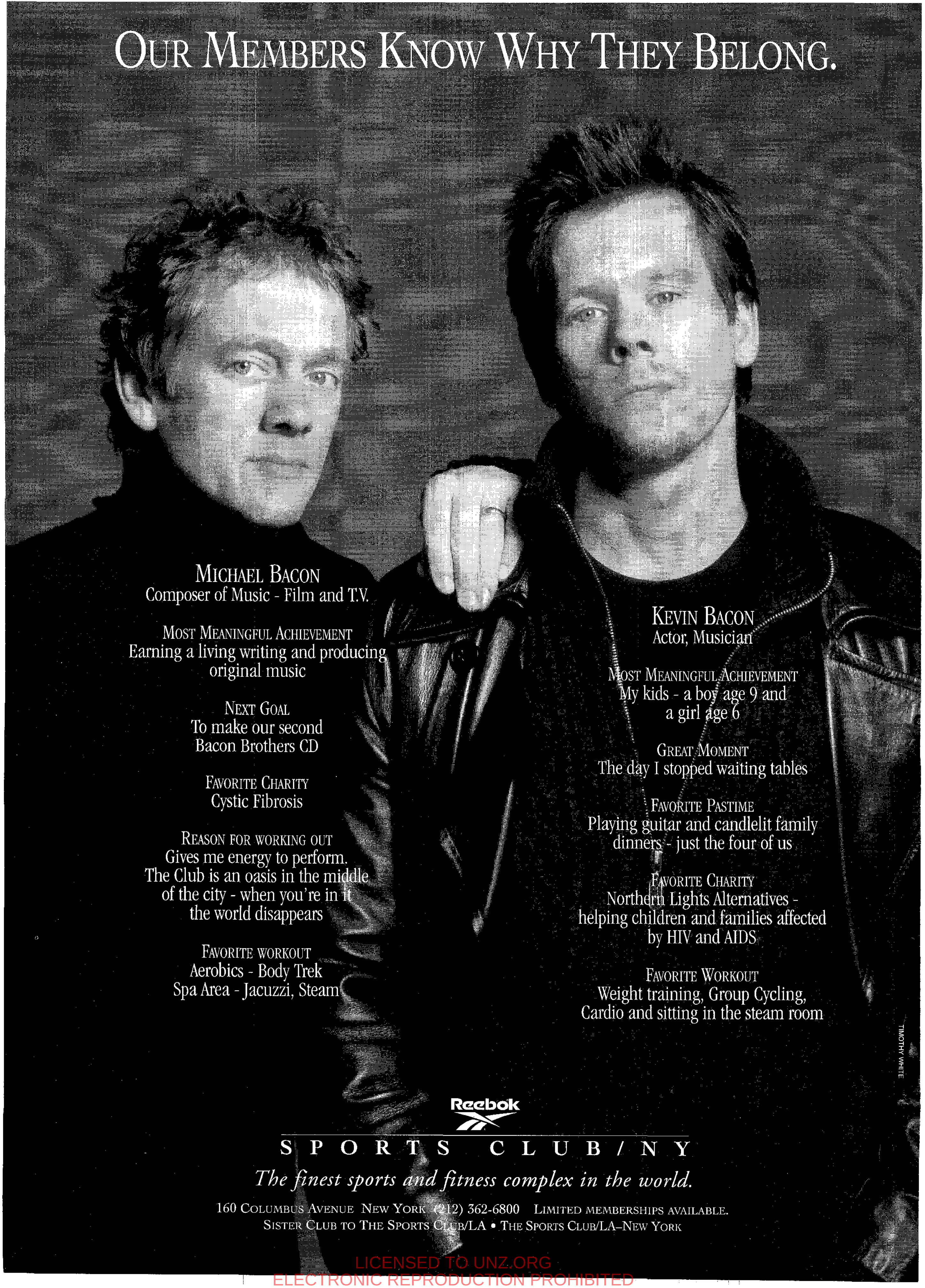
POLLOCK'S EX MAY DRIP WITH CASH



Attention, art lovers: Jackson Pollock's final painting may soon be up for sale. **Ruth Kligman**, Pollock's last girlfriend, has in her possession an oval-shaped "drip" painting she says the legendary artist painted "in front of me as a token of love" only one month before he died in the 1956 car crash that injured Kligman and killed her friend Edith Metzger. Kligman, whose 1974 book *Love Affair: A Memoir of Jackson Pollock* was finally released in paperback last November, claims she has been given permission by the Pollock estate to sell the painting, titled *Red, Silver and Black,* and would love to see the canvas hang in the Whitney Museum—"not in a private home where no one will ever see it and appreciate its historic significance." But Kligman's public-mindedness comes with a hefty price tag: $4 million to $5 million. "It should go for top market value," explains Kligman. "It's a very important piece of art."

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Suny Sehgal.

Photographs: top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; bottom, Rudolph Burckhardt/Corbis Sygma.



OUR MEMBERS KNOW WHY THEY BELONG.

MICHAEL BACON
Composer of Music - Film and T.V.

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
Earning a living writing and producing
original music

NEXT GOAL
To make our second
Bacon Brothers CD

FAVORITE CHARITY
Cystic Fibrosis

REASON FOR WORKING OUT
Gives me energy to perform.
The Club is an oasis in the middle
of the city - when you're in it
the world disappears

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Aerobics - Body Trek
Spa Area - Jacuzzi, Steam

KEVIN BACON
Actor, Musician

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
My kids - a boy age 9 and
a girl age 6

GREAT MOMENT
The day I stopped waiting tables

FAVORITE PASTIME
Playing guitar and candlelit family
dinners - just the four of us

FAVORITE CHARITY
Northern Lights Alternatives -
helping children and families affected
by HIV and AIDS

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Weight training, Group Cycling,
Cardio and sitting in the steam room

TIMOTHY WHITE

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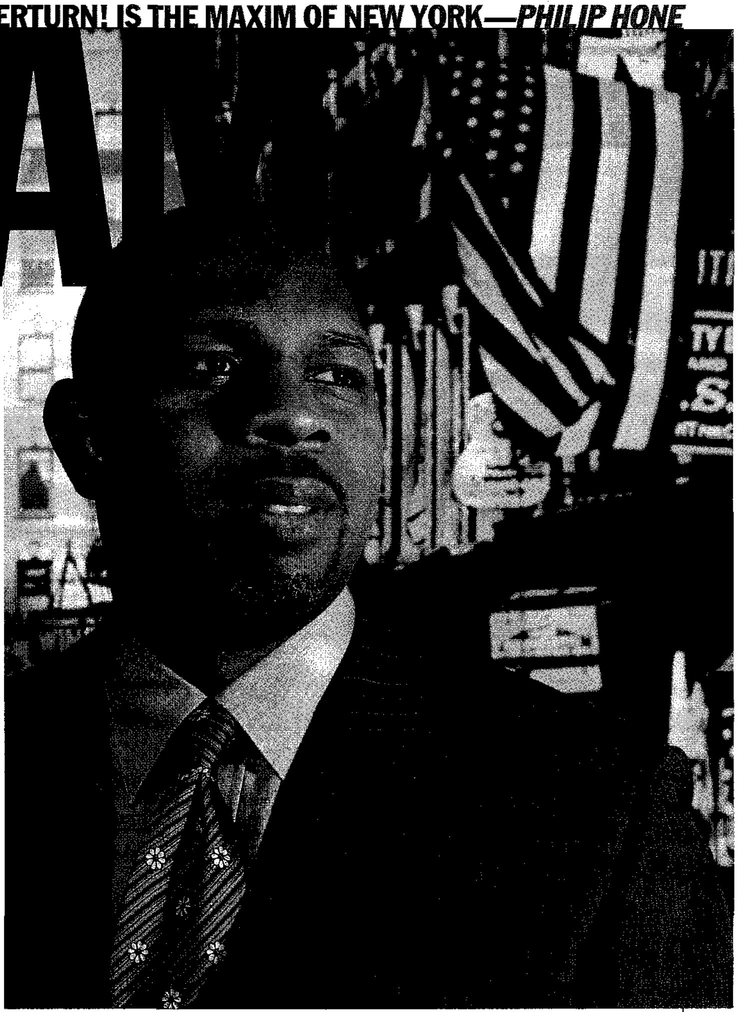


In the Zone

The Empowerment Zone's low-profile CEO is all business. But is that all Harlem needs?

THE VIEW FROM TERRY Lane's corner office at 125th Street and Lenox Avenue is a far cry from what he saw in Caracas, Rio de Janeiro, and the other Latin American cities he worked in during his thirteen years as an emerging-markets investment banker. But to the unself-consciously aggressive president of the Upper Manhattan Empowerment Zone, the world outside his window looks familiar. "I think of upper Manhattan as a city with 520,000 residents," he says. It's a city that's underserviced and undercapitalized but ripe with potential—and, as Lane puts it without mincing his words, Harlem is a "captive market."

For almost a year, the 37-year-old Harvard M.B.A. has controlled the most crucial and embattled funding arm in Harlem's fits-and-starts economic revival, yet few people south—or even north—of 125th Street know his name. Which, he'll tell you, is part of the plan: In four months at the helm, Lane downsized the job from potentate to bureaucrat, disbursing seventeen business grants and loans totaling $33 million—more than in any of the previous four years of the zone's existence. Meanwhile, it has morphed from an urban-development program to an M.B.A. think tank as about half of the 38 employees have departed. Lane's inner circle is largely like him—young financial types with impressive degrees who view Harlem as equal parts cultural touchstone and job incubator.

Harlem's money train is finally running on schedule, giving out half its $300 million budget as it approaches the midpoint of the zone's ten-year tax-credit-supported journey. (To be sure, $125 million of that $150 million was committed before Deborah Wright, Lane's politically connected predecessor, left in 1999 after three years.) "I've depoliticized the place," Lane claims. "I'm not a political representative; I'm a businessman." It's the kind of shift that Wright, who tried to motivate the city, state, and federal leaders who control the zone through the sheer force of her own personality, would never have attempted, and, of course, Lane's tightly focused vision has its price.

The zone czar won't listen to the growing chorus of voices concerned about the character of developments like Starbucks or the $65 million Harlem USA megamall and calling for the zone to support struggling mom-and-pop operations with its dollars. He especially won't sit still for complaints that not everyone benefiting from Harlem's rebirth is black or Hispanic, arguing that "we know race alone is not a formula for success when it comes to economic development."

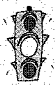
In meetings across Harlem, Lane has laid down the law: The zone wants to make loans, not grants; entrepreneurs should guarantee jobs, not ask for handouts. That can't help but upset a generation of Harlemites who saw the zone as the neighborhood's salvation rather than as just a job machine. One former employee describes Lane as "a kid in a candy store," enjoying power he's never had before. But to Lane, his enthusiasm is the fuel feeding the zone's engine.

"We've got to ride the market," he says excitedly. "This is as good as it gets, so we've got to be a part of it. I've got to close deals fast and get jobs to people right now. When I see new retailers coming in who don't have to borrow from me, I know I've done my job."

ROBERT KOLKER

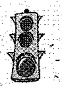
Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

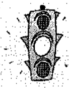
Tw-tw-tw-*twelve* million? Did we hear that right? We saw lots of out-of-state postmarks on those envelopes, but still, $12 mil is *muy prodigioso.*



The Rev. Al on best behavior for HRC visit. If only same could be said of Charles Norris. No disaster, but we bet she won't be hurrying back.

Free John McCain! Rudy bucks party yet again. Every so often, we remember what made us like this guy.





Radio interview in Buffalo? Hey, at least it's not NYC—how rude can they be up there, right? Oops. She shoulda tossed that guy off the Peace Bridge.

Photographs: top, Terrence Miele; bottom left, Frances M. Roberts; right, Richard Ellis/Corbis Sygma. Illustrations by Ingo Fast.

Kick-starting a Trend

Capoeira's secret battle plan for total gym domination.

It began in the eighties when Jane Fonda ordered us to "feel the burn." Since then, we've seen exercise fads come and stay (Power Yoga, Pilates) and come and go (step aerobics, Tae-Bo). Now capoeira (pronounced *cap-wey-da*), a 400-year-old Brazilian martial art, has bankers and supermodels learning the same moves that supposedly once helped set African slaves free in South America. Critical mass is crucial for any trend, but a strategic marketing plan is what has saved capoeira from being consigned to the closet like so many striped leg warmers.

1974 Twelve-year-old Edna Lima learns capoeira at school in her hometown of Brasília.

EARLY 1980s Lima integrates the all-male sport and gains fame as Brazil's first-ever female capoeira master (one of the martial art's highest ranks).

LATE 1980s Lima teaches capoeira to underprivileged kids in East Harlem, gives free classes in Central Park, and does it on film (in the 1989 urban musical *Rooftops*).

EARLY 1990s Lima begins teaching privately in studios and gains a following.

1997 Lima develops an Americanized, gym-friendly workout derivative of the intimidating martial art.

1998 Lima gets her new capoeira workout on the roster at Chelsea Piers, gaining instant access to a membership full of freelance writers, health and beauty editors, and television producers all hungry for stories. "If it's new and different, chances are, stories are going to be done," says Chelsea Piers program manager John Boyd.

WINTER 1999 The Fox News Channel, *Paper, Jane, Fitness, Men's Journal*, and the New York *Times* commission articles on Lima and her classes.

SPRING 1999 Mark Chimsky, editor of *Power Yoga* (the best-selling yoga book of the past two years) reads the *Times* story, sees another blockbuster in his future, and starts consulting with Lima on a capoeira-workout-book proposal.

SUMMER 1999 Chelsea Piers doubles the number of its capoeira classes.

FALL 1999 Donna Karan model mates Mark Vanderloo and Esther Cañadas hear about the workout through an agent friend and start making appearances at Chelsea Piers. "Celebrities may be an enhancer, but that alone doesn't cut it," observes program manager Boyd. "It definitely helps with the press, though."

2000 Every other gym sees the writing on the wall: Equinox, Duomo, and New York Sports Clubs all add Lima's capoeira-workout class to schedules.

CHRIS NUTTER

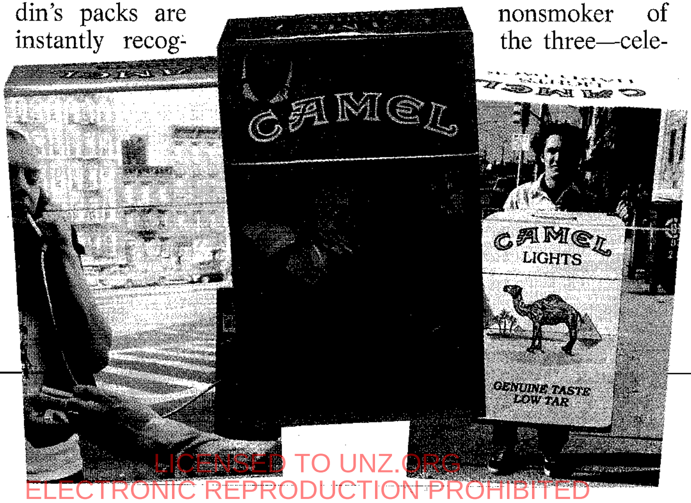
Tobacco Subsidies

Nan Goldin originals for eight dollars?

ABSOLUT HAS ITS MAJOR modern artists (Francesco Clemente, Ross Bleckner); Helmut Lang his transgressive photographers (Robert Mapplethorpe). But luring A-list artists to shill for cigarette companies must be a trickier proposition, right? Not if the artists in question want to cause a sensation—or even another "Sensation."

So while stodgy Philip Morris supports a midtown branch of the Whitney Museum, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company's Camel brand is funding even smaller spaces—in the form of cigarette packs designed by Damien Hirst, Nan Goldin, and newcomer Christopher Chiappa. They're betting art-loving smokers will keep coming back to the exhibits.

RJRT's contemporary-art initiative was developed with the marketing company Y-Core, since, as RJRT spokesperson Carole Crosslin admits, "we are not art critics." Hirst's and Goldin's packs are instantly recognizable. Goldin's photo shows a chicly grungy man using a pay phone while toting a pack of Camel Lights. Hirst more abstractly re-purposed his "Butterfly" series from the early and mid-nineties. (The artist has noted that butterflies look just as beautiful dead as alive—perhaps this subtle commentary is his version of the Canadian government's just-announced proposal to adorn cigarette packs with graphic images of diseased hearts and lungs.) Christopher Chiappa—the only nonsmoker of the three—celebrated selling out with a photograph in which he's wearing a sandwich board with the Camel logo on it. "I felt like Pete Sampras wearing Nike," he reports gleefully. "I just didn't have to sign a multiyear endorsement deal."



In the true spirit of arty exclusivity, the packs are available at just three locations in Manhattan: Global 33, Wonder Bar, and Gemini Lounge. In the month they've been on sale so far, patron preferences have been busily tallied (scores of German tourists, it seems, are buying up cartons of the Hirst editions). "The packs are selling like hotcakes," says Ian Morgan, a manager at Global 33. "In fact, I took in almost as much money off these cigarettes last night as I did off the bar." The fact that the packs are being sold for $8 probably helped—but who knows how much they might appreciate in value? RACHEL GREENE

Illustration by Ingo Fast.
Photographs by Michael Kraus (3).

Wall Street Weak

Experts read dollar signs, diagnose strange sickness afflicting rich.

THE DISEASE STRUCK IN JANUARY AS PREDICTED, felling thousands of Americans with its debilitating effects—from general malaise to total collapse—and soon it had reached epidemic levels. It was not the flu, although the flu did make its annual appearance; it was a newer virus that lasts not for two days but forever, if unchecked, and for which there is, as yet, no vaccine and no sure cure. "Affluenza" was first diagnosed in 1996 by the psychotherapist Jessie H. O'Neill in her book *The Golden Ghetto: The Psychology of Affluence.* "I describe it as a dysfunctional or harmful relationship with money and wealth or its pursuit," she explains on the phone from Milwaukee, where she directs a string of affluenza-related projects and wealth-in-crisis interventions. "We worship money in this country, but we don't understand how powerful and how dangerous it can be."

CHARGE
$
CREDIT
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In the first three weeks of 2000, however, following a spate of highly infectious tech-stock splits, mergers, and IPO sellabrations, the perils of prosperity began to sink in as news of affluenza's contagion spread on NPR and ABC and in the *Financial Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the New York *Post*. Anxious financial advisers began to hunt down O'Neill, seeking confirmation of their diagnoses, and begged her for remedies to save the country from the distinctive symptoms of the disease—which can range from listlessness, bad temper, and low self-esteem to tyrannical egotism and drug addiction. Worst of all? It hits children the hardest.

The *Post* called the disease an "affliction that distorts the values and saps the initiative of privileged kids," the London *Evening Standard* spoke of "the risks faced by the children of the super-rich," the *Financial Times* denounced affluenza as "a malady that turns rich kids into spoiled brats," and last week the *Wall Street Journal* ran a cover feature on the plague, headlined BRAT-LASH! and asking how the "ruin of the next generation" could be prevented at a time when the country is "floating on the froth of la dolce vita."

Luckily, O'Neill knows the answer, because she is not only an affluenza expert—she is a survivor. As the granddaughter of Charles Erwin Wilson, past president of General Motors and Eisenhower's secretary of Defense, she grew up in the affluenza hot zone. "My grandfather was quite a wealthy man," she recalls. "My mother was one of his six children. When my mother died, I was 28, and I inherited about $3 million. The first thing I did was go out and buy an ounce of cocaine." Twenty years later, she has overcome her affluenza so successfully that today, her daughters' idea of treating themselves is to "adopt" a number of poor families at Christmas and lavish generous gifts on them. O'Neill calls it the "joy response" and says it can heal what she calls "money wounds."

Other preventive campaigns are under way. Merrill Lynch has implemented a "Financial Parenting" program for all its clients, with special advisers working to inoculate the children of its Private Client Group—families that have a net worth of $100 million or more and are therefore highly at risk. "We try to help educate kids about how wealth can be beneficial," a spokesman explains, adding that the idea is for newly minted *enfants de privilege* to seek gratification through philanthropy instead of wallowing in wealth like a "trust slug." *Good Morning America* called in Ivana Trump, who reassured the public that she had already taken steps to protect her children by prescribing summer construction work for Donald Jr. and modeling for Ivanka.

But O'Neill says that more must still be done to keep the virus from spreading, and that even the common man is not immune. "The wealthy are like a petri dish; because we focus on them in the media, it's much easier for the common man to see how money affects the wealthy," she explains. "But affluenza is as much about the factory worker who spends his whole life fantasizing that he has to win the lottery. It's a very American disease." LIESL SCHILLINGER

BRAND X

Cheap Trill

BRAND: Priceline.com **CAMPAIGN:** "The Troubadour" **AGENCY:** Hill, Holliday, Connors, Cosmopulos (Boston) **CREATIVE DIRECTOR:** David Wecal

Captain Kirk is now doing performance art: In Priceline.com's new 30-second TV commercials, spokesman William Shatner offers spoken-word renditions of "Convoy" and "Age of Aquarius" over guitar strums. The spots take on an added absurdity because the object of Shatner's beat-poetic rapture is the "name your own price" Web-based airline-and-hotel-room broker: "Thick towels, room service, in-flight movies. . . . Once upon a time, you had to be rich to live like a king. . . . Not with [*dramatic pause*] Priceline [*pause*] dot com." And so on. Shatner, who clutches a sweaty, crumpled handkerchief Elvis-style, closes with "The king is dead. Long live the king." An unseen audience applauds. It's meant to be sort of gently self-mocking: Shatner, like Leonard "Spock" Nimoy, released LPs of pop standards during his *Star Trek* heyday (he talked his way through "songs" for want of a singing voice). And since actually using Priceline.com is one big pain in the ass—when you bid on tickets and rooms, you can't specify exact flights or specific hotels, so you could end up on a red-eye and at a run-down Ramada near the airport—it's definitely a good idea that these spots don't get *too* specific about product benefits. Like all things Internet, it's all about perception, not reality.

SIMON DUMENCO

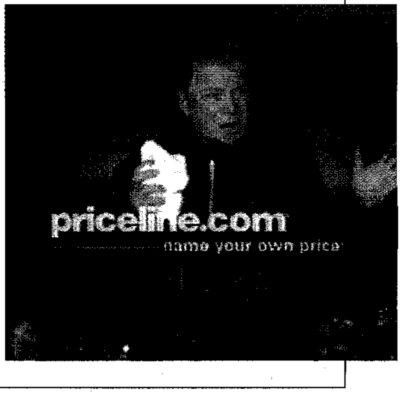

Illustration by Jack Gallagher.

THE SCENE

Paint by Numbers

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE LINES OUTSIDE THE GAGOSIAN GALLERY ON JANUARY 14 FOR the opening of Cecily Brown's show suggested another "Sensation," but this Brit was generating a different type of buzz. Seasoned collectors, curmudgeonly critics, and velvet-rope veterans packed the room to see if this 30-year-old painter deserved all the panting press and fashion-magazine spreads she's scored. Media *machers* like Anna Wintour and Charlie Rose were pressed up against Damian Loeb and Tom Sachs, the Mary Boone boys who had come to toast a fellow member of the new art-world Establishment. "This is a rock-star opening!" whooped one gallery gadabout as he was smothered by a crew of female photographer hotties. A pack of Italian tourists wondered whether that was really Chuck Close being pushed into one of the works. (It was.) For those actually gazing at the canvases rather than at the crowd, there was much to observe. One scrawny literary scenester intoned: "The work is very academic. She really understands the history of painting." Critic Charlie Finch discovered something a bit more puerile: "I see lots of phalluses." Standing alone against the back wall, Mike Ovitz looked for neither highbrow nor lowbrow subtexts, searching instead for blue-chip investments and causing gallery gossip to shift from art to commerce as the rumor spread that the California connoisseur had bought the entire collection. The reality, unsurprisingly, was somewhat more modest: The power broker was indeed buying, but he headed back west with only one work. MAURA EGAN

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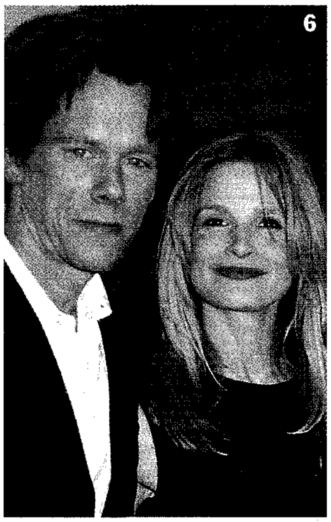
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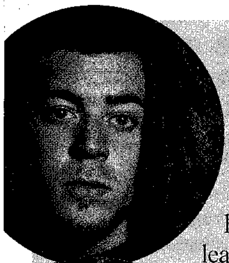
1. Billy Zane and Leonor Varela at the LVMH Tower for the launch of Christian Dior's *j'adore* perfume. 2. Marina Rust and Jill Kopelman at Sloan and Roger Barnett's house party to honor the Young Collectors' Committee of the Winter Antiques Show. 3. Kate Betts and Michael Kors at the new Robert Miller Gallery to celebrate the redesign of *Harper's Bazaar*. 4. Barbara Silverstone and Bill Blass at the Lighthouse for a preview tour before the Winternight 2000 benefit. 5. Dr. Joe De Bellis and Eleanor Mondale at City Hall restaurant for Mondale's birthday party. 6. Honoree Kevin Bacon and Kyra Sedgwick at the Lincoln Center Film Society's Young Friends of Film awards. 7. Paul LeClerc, Brooke Astor, Samuel Butler, and Barbara Goldsmith at the New York Public Library for the naming of the Barbara Goldsmith Preservation Division. 8. George Condo, Cecily Brown, and Larry Gagosian at the Gagosian Gallery. 9. Parker Posey at the opening of Todd Eberle's photography exhibit at the new Robert Miller Gallery.

GOTHAMSTYLE

Made for Television

Even viewers bitter about their Rachel shags that took forever to grow out may still sneak a surreptitious weekly peek at the six *Friends'* wardrobes—which, in the hands of costume designer Debra McGuire, act as a sort of trendometer for the country. Now McGuire has introduced a Technicolor ready-to-wear collection ($150–$1,400, available at Henri Bendel) well seasoned with hand-painted organzas, flounced skirts, fringe, and beading. And if the colorful clothes seem better suited to Burbank's sunny studios than to SoHo's sidewalks, well, most of us don't have Elle MacPherson as a roommate, either. MAURA EGAN



Dreading the Future

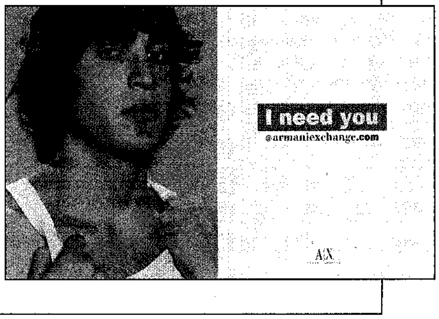
With Lauryn Hill holding designers' most-favored-diva status, Heather Graham parading the red carpet with twisted tresses, and Gucci's and Christian Dior's spring runway models shedding their goldilocks for funkier dreadlocks, the disheveled do is the latest must-have accessory. Time-pressed glamour gals and guys who hesitate to leave their manes unwashed and uncombed for the requisite months it takes to shape a head of dreads can now achieve the look in one sitting at Kropps & Bobbers (173 Orchard Street; 212-260-6992). The salon's "Rasta perm"—in which sections of the hair are twisted and then set with a chemical permanent—is slightly pricier ($200) than the no-shampoo method but can be done in just four hours. Concerned about stick-straight roots? The clumpy coif can be spruced up with regular maintenance visits ($50 per hour). ALEXANDRA HAMILTON

Modern Bride

While some traditionalist brides-to-be still dream of a gown fit for a Westminster Abbey ceremony, increasing numbers want something a little less soft-focus. Even Princess Diana's wedding-dress designer, Elizabeth Emanuel, has had it up to here with lace: The tight-fitting bodice and bouffant skirt of her new "Plastic Fantastic" gown is entirely waterproof (except for the tulle underlay), which could come in handy after too many champagne toasts ($18,000, available at Michelle Roth; 212-245-3390). And for perennial ladies-in-waiting, former *Vogue* fashion editor Beth Blake and her design partner, Sophie Simmons, have launched Thread, a line of bridesmaid slip dresses that are a lot more understated than that sea-foam-green number you wore in your last maid-of-honor stint (408 West 15th Street; 212-414-8844). M.E.

Creative Differences

With Prada, Gucci, and Fendi currently reigning as fashion's Italian triumvirate, Giorgio Armani has been searching for some badly needed fizz for his 25-year-old empire. Having Samuel L. Jackson stroll the runway during the men's collections in Milan last week certainly increased the designer's street credibility, but last August's hire of *Dutch* magazine creative director Matthias Vriens almost guaranteed a grittier look for Casa Armani. Vriens, whose avant-garde spreads made *Dutch* an international style bible for fashion editors, was charged with modernizing the company's rather staid look. He lured photographer-of-the-moment Alexi Hay to shoot the new A|X campaign, but Armani insiders are whispering that Vriens's less-than-mainstream M.O. (at *Dutch* he published childhood snapshots of designers and devoted an entire issue to the influence of Yves Saint Laurent) led to clashes with the Milanese master. The print provocateur fled his cushy corporate perch this month to freelance back in Paris. M.E.



Photographs: top, Michael Kraus (2); middle, Noah Sheldon (2); bottom, Dasha Wright Ewing.

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Caution, Wind, Etc.

Talk about a contrast in styles: Rudy brazenly flouts the state's Republican leadership while Hillary tiptoes everywhere. Where's her moxie?

LET'S LOOK AT TWO EXCHANGES from last week that tell us where the Senate race stands and explain why the conventional wisdom is starting to wonder whether this race will quite live up to its billing.

Talking to reporters at City Hall last Tuesday, Rudy Giuliani turned on the state's Republican Party leaders once more and attacked their challenge to John McCain's presidential petitions. "The primaries should be open, whether you like the people who are going to be in it or not," the mayor said, before saying several other things that left it, as usual, crystal clear as to where he stood on the question.

The day before, as you know, Hillary Clinton paid that much-anticipated call on the Reverend Al. Sharpton himself is trying to behave like a choirboy, but one of his board members made that awful crack about getting canned by "two Jews." Hillary inserted a general denunciation of anti-Semitism into her prepared text and criticized the remark later, out on the sidewalk.

Don't rock the boat: Hillary Clinton last week with the Reverend Al Sharpton.

First, consider what the mayor waded into apropos of his McCain comment. Bill Powers, the state's GOP chairman, is just about the only Pataki ally who's been helpful to Rudy over the past few months. It was basically he who brokered last summer's Pataki-Giuliani entente. Powers is also the man who's leading the charge to keep McCain off the New York ballot. To get an idea of the seriousness with which the ex-Marine Powers regards this mission, consider that he and McCain met up by accident in New Hampshire a while back and started slinging "I'm gonna fuck you!"s at each other.

This, as we know, is Rudy's idea of gratitude. He's right on the merits, of course, and his willingness to say these things has always been the one consistent thing to admire about him. Yet we might ask, what did Powers think? Giuliani sources say he didn't like it but is willing to overlook it. But it does raise again the question of Rudy's relationship with his party.

Last week, I checked in with Mike Long, the head of the state Conservative Party, famously at loggerheads with the mayor. Long has been talking to possible candidates about accepting his party's nomination, and the expected 300,000 or more votes that go with it, for several weeks. But now, he said, he's talking with at least one person who's considering running both as a Conservative *and* as a Republican—a person, in other words, who'd be willing to take on Rudy in a Republican primary. "If you had a candidate who had serious potential, who was a registered Republican, who had $4- or $5 million of his own money to spend and announced for the Conservative and Republican lines," Long asks, "would Rudy even run?" Long would not reveal who this person is, but it's clearly an actual human and not some hypothetical laboratory candidate.

His question is not an idle one. It's still likely that Rudy will run, of course, and last Wednesday, his campaign staff gave him 12 million very good reasons to do so. But he will run as he does everything: on his terms only. There's a reason he hasn't announced formally, or announced he'll announce, as Mrs. Clinton has, and it's not just that he'll lose his weekly radio show. Giuliani won't commit to this race—and it's an open secret that he'd rather be governor, anyway—until Powers, Pataki, and Long all dance to his tune. Ponder that: Be a good boy, Governor, or I'll use my $12 million to run against you! It's not very nice, but national GOP pressure to stop Hillary is such that it'll probably work, and Giuliani will be the more formidable candidate for it.

AS FOR HILLARY, THE Sharpton episode shows a problem not with her beliefs—no one who doesn't loathe her already can imagine she countenances such vulgar offal—but with her political style. Frustratingly, breathtakingly cautious. I wish right now I were Henny Youngman, because at this point I could insert fifteen jokes that start "I don't wanna say she's cautious, but . . ." and the point would easily find its target. But I'm not, so I'll say it something like the following.

Barrelfuls of blather have been dumped over the past few months about Mrs. Clinton's ability to deal with New York. New Yorkers are this, New York is that; she's not this, she's not that. Most of it is shallow regional chauvinism, and readers should beware almost any sentence that starts "New Yorkers want . . ." Except this one: *New Yorkers want a candidate with guts.* Pluck. Courage. People who charge across the street corner against a green light as if the last helicopter out of Saigon were waiting on the far sidewalk and then glower at approaching drivers who have the light in their favor as if *they* were in the wrong (ever since I bought a car, I've

Photograph by Allan Tannenbaum/Corbis Sygma.

developed a mountainous contempt for New York pedestrians) are people who have little use for timidity.

Timid, though, is the unshakable watchword of her campaign so far. At the Sharpton event, her response was adequate, but no more than that. Suppose that instead she'd got up there and told the good Reverend Norris (purveyor of the offending lines) where to put it. Politely but firmly, as they say. Yes, yes, the risks. But risks she needs. Then, Wednesday, she was up in Buffalo, where some nitwit radio guy who wants his name in the papers asked her if she'd ever cheated on Bill. Her response was firm, though entirely bloodless—plus, it was a mistake to dignify the question by answering it. But if she'd refused to answer it and called the guy, in so many words, a nitwit who wants his name in the papers, she would have shown people an unexpected side.

I notice that when I ask insiders these days to play out a Hillary-wins scenario, her victory increasingly depends not only on women's coming around and so on but on the mayor's making some mistake, or Bill's having Ehud and Yassir and Hafez shaking hands in the Rose Garden on October 23. Spahn and Sain and pray for rain didn't win the Braves many pennants.

> *" 'If you had a candidate who was a registered Republican, who had $4- or $5 million of his own to spend and announced for the Conservative and Republican lines,* **would Rudy even run***?' Mike Long asks."*

She's in a tough position. Her team seems to be lined up right now in what we might call the Miranda formation—in the belief that anything she says that's remotely out of the ordinary can and will be used against her, in the *Post* and on the cable shows and so forth. That's probably the case, but the fact has left her campaign compensating much too far in the direction of safe. As Rudy knows, you can't score many points if you're always playing defense. ▬

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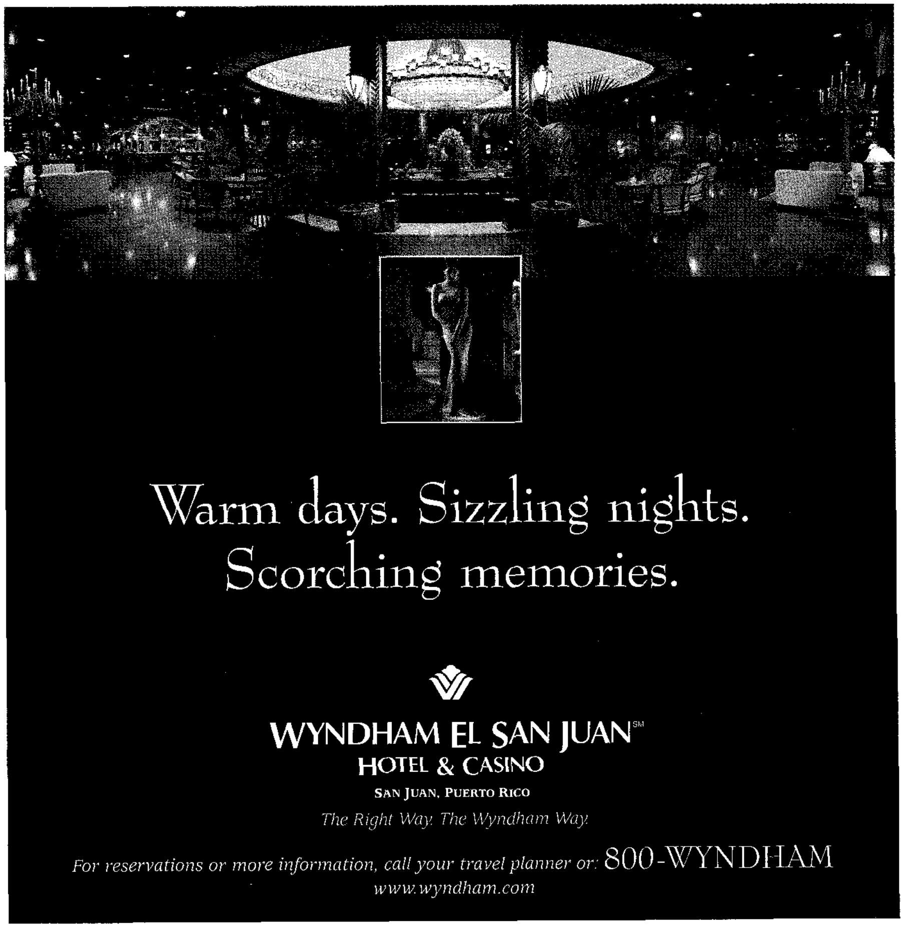
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MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Mogul on the Verge

Can a strictly below-the-radar mogul take a group of creaky computer magazines and refit them (and himself) for the new economy?

I AM TALKING TO A MEDIA MOGUL you've never heard of. He talks with the urgency and distraction of a mogul. He looks like a mogul—a slightly less buffed-up Ronald Perelman. Certainly, he's short. A good mogul should be short. And he's made billions for himself and his investors. But you don't know him.

He's from another media world, one that has nothing to do with AOL Time Warner, or Tina Brown, or Puffy Combs, or Internet IPOs. Rather, a big thing in his media universe might be something like . . . the Yellow Pages. Which is where he made his first few hundred million. Of course, some of the best moguls have crossed over from anonymity: Ted Turner from billboards, Mel Karmazin from radio spots, Sumner Redstone from movie theaters, Edgar Bronfman Jr. from, well, just ordinary riches, to name a few.

My anonymous mogul has just agreed to buy a company that might just make him a household name (at least in a media household): He is about to become the king of computer magazines.

Now, this could be problematic on two fronts. There is nothing on my anonymous mogul's résumé to suggest he knows much of anything about computers (but does such technical interest or proficiency matter anymore?), and computer magazines, once a safe and amazingly profitable example of niche publishing, with a what-military-music-is-to-music relationship to other magazines, are now up against fierce competition. There's *Fast Company* and *The Industry Standard* (the two hot magazines of the year); then you have the big business magazines—*BusinessWeek, Forbes,* and *Fortune*—which have more or less turned themselves into computer magazines. In fact, *Fortune* is soon to launch a new title called *eCompany* (how that will be different from *Fortune* itself is unclear). And then, of course, there is the Internet itself. The medium is the message, etc.

But over lunch, my anonymous mogul gives me some deep eye action and sketches a vision of a new sort of media company for a new sort of media age. He's compelling too—after all, a good mogul is almost always a good salesman. In his vision, he's growing, expanding, acquiring, reinventing, globalizing—putting himself and his new company at the center of the information age.

PC MAGAZINE
TESTED IN THIS ISSUE:
TOP SITES 100

He reaches over and closes my notebook—don't reduce this, don't trivialize it, he is saying. These are grand plans.

Up until now, my mogul has been pretty strictly a bottom-line mogul, leaving the glamour to the glamour-pusses, but he probably realizes that there is no such thing anymore as an anonymous mogul (if a tree falls in the forest, etc.). The market can't value anonymity—it's a branded world (indeed, he's named a football field after himself in New Canaan, Connecticut).

Ironically, the company my anonymous media mogul—his name is James D. Dunning Jr. (like the football field)—is about to buy is the business created by and bearing the name of the patron saint of no-glam, no-celeb, high-cash-flow anonymous media.

This patron saint, Bill Ziff, whose faceless name you might associate with a generic brand of computer magazines (PC-this, PC-that) but who surely you have never seen on a talk show, or in *People,* or at Balthazar, made 3 or 4 or 5 billion in the media business. Not paper billions, either—real cash billions. Return-on-investment-wise, Bill Ziff may be the most successful media entrepreneur ever—he may well be the most successful person you wouldn't recognize ever.

The Ziff formula was to stay off the radar. But that was seriously yesterday. Now we say: *Get me on everyone's radar.*

WHAT I AM TRYING TO DECIDE is whether, if I were a wanna-be-known mogul with an extra $780 million, I would be buying the Ziff-Davis computer magazines. (Another part of the Bill Ziff formula was that as soon as he sensed that the other media, the glam media, was taking an interest in his media, he sold. In the early eighties, Ziff sold to CBS and News Corporation his collection of back-of-the-newsstand magazines—including *Stereo Review, Yachting, Popular Photography, Car & Driver, Hotel & Travel Index, Meetings and Conventions*—and a few television stations to another investor's group for a billion or so. In 1994, sensing perhaps that the Internet was going to make his niche uncomfortably hot, Ziff sold his computer magazines for $1.4 billion.)

When Softbank, the Japanese Internet financiers who own the Ziff magazines, put them up for sale this year, the bidding for the titles wasn't what you would call intense. There was a certain kind of feeling that nobody who was anybody wanted to touch them (this is a moment of opportunity for an anonymous mogul).

Illustration by Matthew Martin.

Computer magazines are, in a sense, like girlie magazines. For a long time, they were the only place a man with certain sorts of interests could go. *PC Magazine,* for instance, became possibly the most profitable magazine since *Playboy's* dominance of the magazine market in the mid-sixties. But then a cultural revolution took place, and, like sex, technology and people talking about technology were everywhere. You didn't have to take a computer magazine up to your bedroom. (Notably, Ziff's current owner brought in several former *Playboy* executives to give Ziff's twelve magazines some sex appeal.)

The media irony is that out of the limelight, computer magazines were some of the greatest creators of legal cash wealth of our time; in the limelight, profits in the category dwindled but glamour increased. This trade-off can be good, sort of, because glamour is more valuable than profits these days. On the other hand, glamour is a much different game from evaluating hard drives.

I wonder if my anonymous mogul knows this.

If he is to compete in this suddenly hot publishing space, he will have to take his dullsville computer magazines and refit them as hip voices for the new economy. *The Industry Standard,* which in the 21 months since its launch has become such a voice, recently took a round of investment that values the magazine at $200 million. Soon it will go public at, what the hell, a billion.

I wonder if he's thinking: *How hard could that be?*

IT'S REFLECTIVE OF THE RELATIVE VALUE OF glamour over cash that many people who know Jim Dunning are likely to describe him not as someone who has made a fortune for himself in the Yellow Pages business but as the guy who—with advances from distributors and bank loans closing in—"saved Jann's bacon" in the seventies when he was the COO and CFO of *Rolling Stone.* Indeed, what Jimmy Dunning has really wanted to be all along, people say, is Jann Wenner (who hasn't?).

After *Rolling Stone,* Dunning went briefly to Wall Street, and then, for the first time, to Ziff as a ranking executive. Ziff, in the mid-eighties, was probably the most cash-rich media company in the world. It could have bought anything. And my would-be media mogul saw his job as turning Ziff into a real media-mogul-worthy company. On the executive floor of Ziff's anonymous offices on lower Park Avenue, Jim Dunning prepared the reports and research and tactics and strategy to take over a giant or two. Paramount was his first target; then CBS.

There was a certain comedy to these efforts—the young would-be mogul preparing his takeover binders on America's premier media empires while other people at Ziff-Davis were buying media properties like *Government Computer News*—and soon enough a certain humility. In short order, Dunning was out of Ziff and on Long Island, running a Yellow Pages company—which certainly sounds like some Dantesque punishment for overreaching in the media business.

In obscurity, Dunning bought and sold two Yellow Pages companies, the first for $160 million, the second for $300 million. ("What ever happened to Jimmy Dunning?" people would say. "Is he still doing that Yellow Page thing?")

I have no insight into whether this was horrible or blissful obscurity. Does making money, big amounts of money, calm your ambition, or does it make it all the more heated, insistent? (He looks at me opaquely when I touch on the question—then recites the virtues of the Yellow Pages business.)

"Computer magazines are like girlie magazines. *For a long time, they were the only place a man with certain sorts of interests could go."*

From his Yellow Pages exile, he bought a media trade publication, *SRDS* (*Standard Rate & Data Service*), then made a move on a no-glam (although more glam than the Yellow Pages or *SRDS*) media company called Petersen, famous (so to speak) for its car- and gun-buff magazines. Not enough of a known media suit himself, he installed a well-known suit, former Hearst Magazines president Claeys Bahrenburg, in the role. Now, if the Yellow Pages were a circle of media hell, Petersen would have to be purgatory. It's a limited-growth market—you're not going to all of a sudden discover a vast new audience of car buffs or gun nuts.

Dunning, who bought Petersen for $465 million, sold it two years later for $1.5 billion.

Good money, but not an Internet rate of return.

To be a mogul requires a whole different level of play (and courage).

"WHAT MATTERS," DUNNING SAYS, HIS hand on mine, "is the depth of your platform." While I have no idea what that means, I sense these are fighting words. For a man without much experience in the technology industry, he's already talking the talk.

Dunning swears me to secrecy on all kinds of potential new start-ups and acquisitions and major new thinking he's planning at Ziff. It isn't that hard, if I let my imagination run, to see Ziff-Davis—"with its millions of subscribers," Dunning reminds me, "its vast databases, its history of marketing discipline, its incredible brands, its presence throughout the technology industry"—as a contender for taking over the world. As a matter of fact, as we talk, I find myself with a whole bunch of ideas for putting a little attitude and edge into the Ziff magazines—a little attitude and edge in this context could be worth billions—and, if I'm not mistaken, Dunning starts feeling me out about a job.

I get it—a definite shiver of opportunity running down my spine.

We have a friend in common, though, who says that Jimmy is bullshitting me, that after all these years of making real money, he is not so stupid or silly to want to go for broke this way. "Jimmy," he says, "buys these companies and just spots some outrageous thing that's going on and kills it like a skunk." And then, wham, sells the sucker for a tidy profit.

Maybe. But that sounds very eighties to me—to be such a hard-hearted, no-nonsense, disciplined numbers guy (remember when the Tisches proudly cut the fat from the Tiffany Network?). Nineties mogul macho is about having a vision, expanding rather than contracting; it's about reinventing the media business and hence the world (and yourself). In the former no-nonsense approach, you look to double or triple or quadruple your money; in the latter vision thing, you're looking to go 30 or 40 or 100 times better. You choose.

I'm pretty sure it's a bad idea to buy computer magazines. They seem clearly a part of the rust belt of the Internet age. On the other hand, I would not have bought them when they were a good idea. But any mogul worthy of serious moguldom has to take a leap of faith (and computer magazines are probably a better bet than, say, fashion magazines).

In the same conversation, our mutual friend reflects, "Jimmy and guys like Jimmy do not believe they can fail." Of course, that describes a lot of people these days. ▬

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THE CUTTING EDGE MICHAEL GROSS

Girls Interrupted

In the wake of a scathing documentary about the modeling business, Elite's John Casablancas, a legendary Lothario, is preaching reform. Talk about strange bedfellows.

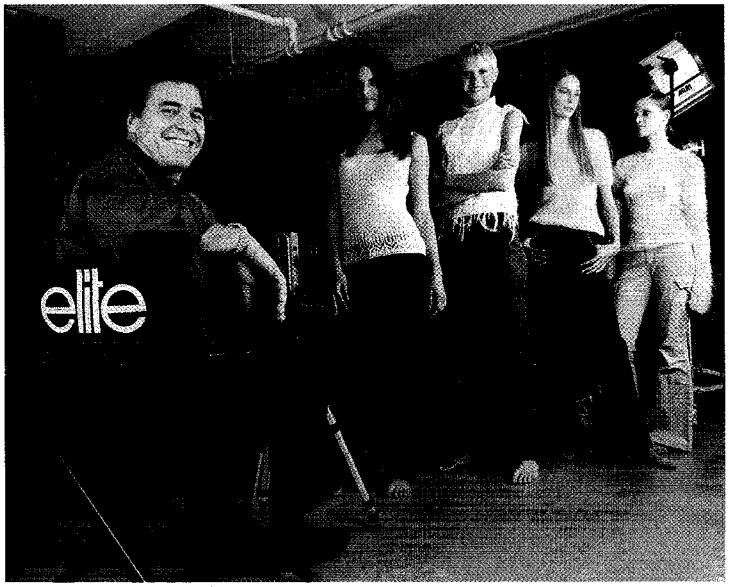
A LITTLE MORE THAN TEN YEARS ago, Marie Anderson Boyd witnessed a prequel to the underage-model scandal that has destabilized Elite, the world's largest modeling agency. Elite's elite—employees from around the world—were meeting on the island of Ibiza, where the agency's owners, Alain Kittler, Gérald Marie, and John Casablancas, all had summer homes. Boyd was sunbathing behind a stone wall when her idyll was interrupted by a loud argument. Lisa Herzog and Trudi Tapscott, two of the agency's top female executives, were angrily pleading with Casablancas and Marie to stop sleeping with underage models—and they were having none of it.

"We are men," snapped Marie. "We have our needs."

"C'mon, Trudi, Lisa, relax," chimed in an unruffled Casablancas, a renowned Casanova.

"Go screw yourselves," the less polished Marie concluded. "Run your own life."

Needless to say, the women lost the argument. And Anderson Boyd soon decided she'd had enough of Elite, and quit her job.



Here's looking at you, kids: Former Casanova Casablancas is now a paternal figure.

IN THE PAST EIGHT WEEKS, IT'S LIKELY Gérald Marie has wished he'd listened. In late November, he was the centerpiece of a BBC exposé that's rocked the modeling business. Marie was surreptitiously filmed making plans to seduce very young models and venting his frustration when those plans didn't work out. Other footage showed a drug sale to a teenager by a Marilyn-agency staff member, the pimping of models in Milan, and the expression of racist views by another Elite executive, Xavier Moreau. A piece in this month's *Talk* magazine, harshly critical of the British documentary's underhanded reporting techniques, presented Marie as a martyr and victim—but didn't do much to launder his reputation.

Though personally not implicated by the BBC documentary, John Casablancas knows its landscape intimately. In the eighties, he was at once the public face of Elite and another notorious admirer of young models. This magazine regularly covered his exploits, and in 1995, I wrote a book, *Model: The Ugly Business of Beautiful Women,* that featured portraits of Casablancas and Marie that weren't very pretty. Casablancas threatened a lawsuit to stop it, and attacked me at every turn when he couldn't.

But now Casablancas has had a startling change of heart—silence is no longer an option. Despite the flaws of the BBC film, which is at best disingenuous, if not dishonest, he acknowledges that it hits home. Sitting in his office near Gramercy Park, which is decorated in raw wood, brown leather, and southwestern textiles, Casablancas doesn't deny that he's slept with teenage models but insists, as he always has, that he's never knowingly made love to a girl under age 16.

Casablancas says that on Ibiza that day, he had sided with Marie so his partner wouldn't feel ganged up on. "Gérald responded very violently," Casablancas says. "And I think he was right; he felt he wasn't doing anything particularly shocking; he wasn't forcing anyone into anything. It was Europeans saying to Americans, 'Don't be so Puritan.'

"To the Europeans, the episode [in the BBC tape] with the booker and drugs was shocking. For Americans, it's always young girls and sex, which is what they like to hear about."

But however dismissive Casablancas may be about Puritanical America, he's aware, finally, that the business he built and personifies is in some danger. So, on December 3, he faxed his competitors, proposing a code of ethics for the modeling trade. The code would ban models from working regularly until age 16; ban international travel without parental chaperones until age 17; institute a listing system for agencies that "are known for lenient attitudes towards drugs, drinking, and sexual promiscuity." It would mandate the immediate termination of any agency employees who have sex with underage models or are involved in the use or sale of drugs, and the immediate assignment of models with drug problems to rehab programs. Enforcing it would be an agreement among agencies not to take on models who'd rather switch managers than fight their addictions.

"I find that repulsive, and I've done it," Casablancas admits. "If you don't, someone else will."

Casablancas also suggests the industry institute a blacklist of clients who are known to use or promote drugs, and ban

Photograph by Thomas Vollaire/E.M.S./Gamma Liaison.

models under 17 from appearing nude in photography or on fashion runways. While the fax included a number of mea culpas—references to "improper statements" made by Moreau and Marie on the BBC show and to "everybody's past failure, including ours"—it also took sarcastic digs at Elite's competition. "We all know," he wrote, "none of your managers, directors, bookers, models, clients, etc., ever indulge in the use of any drugs, ever take young models to the nightclubs where drugs are easily available," and went on to pointedly mention "private screenings in your offices of the BBC program."

A competing agent confirms that competitors are circulating copies of the BBC tape. And though that agent thinks that "morals have changed, the business has changed, people are disgusted," he admits that competitors initially hooted down Casablancas's reform proposals.

"John was as bad as Gérald," the agent says, "but he had a more elegant manner, and it was a different time. Of course he's right, but who is John to send a letter like that? Clean your closet before you try to clean everyone else's."

Casablancas responds with more sarcasm: "I smile when I see my 'judges' at the association." Casablancas names four actively heterosexual model managers. "I look at this and say, 'Give me a break.' "

ELITE'S INTERNAL POLITICS, WHILE SOMEwhat less fractious than the company's relations with competitors, are just as complex. After the documentary aired, Marie and Moreau supposedly resigned from their positions. But I'd heard that, in fact, Marie (who still owns part of the company) continued to run Elite Europe from his Paris apartment.

"More or less right," admits Casablancas, who was a bitter professional rival of Marie's before they became partners. "Like him or not like him—and I've never been a friend of Gérald, we don't frequent the same people, we don't have the same lifestyle—professionally, he is *excellent.*"

After marrying for a second time in 1993, and starting a second family, Casablancas decided to semi-retire—he's currently aiming to be out in September. "That's what's guiding my life now," he says. "I'm moving to Miami in June." But the BBC documentary threw his plans for a smooth transition into disarray. So in his faxed manifesto, Casablancas named Massimo Redaelli, who'd recently joined Elite from Ford Models, as the new head of Elite USA. But Redaelli, it turned out, wanted a guarantee that Gérald Marie would not return to work; he felt that without it, the cleanup of Elite would merely be cosmetic. Two weeks after the fax went out, Redaelli refused the presidency and resigned.

Even so, Casablancas remains confident about the new Elite, and supportive of Marie. "We've been negotiating this for weeks now," he tells me. "We've come to an acceptable compromise. Gérald has understood that he's got to separate his private life from his professional life. He has gotten to that stage of maturity. And I think the argument has sensitized it."

In the new Elite Casablancas vows to build, "Gérald will have very, very little to do with the models," Casablancas says. "He will be very careful. He's a smart guy. With this happening, what mother will send her daughter to Gérald?"

Casablancas realizes the world has come a long way from when he started in the business in 1969. "Me, I'm not seeking redemption," he says. "I'm really proud of the story of my life, not in the sense that it's perfect, [but] I enjoyed it, I had a lot of fun, I made money, I had prestige, I'm comfortable with what it was—with its weaknesses."

Casablancas's weaknesses have certainly given him special knowledge of what's wrong with the modeling business. But can he persuade his colleagues to take him seriously? "Maybe they'll think this guy's moving out, he's suicidal, so he'll cause a lot of problems for everybody else," he says.

"But I think a lot of these people are really tired in the relationship with young models. The parents are a pain in the ass. The responsibility is a pain in the ass. If we can control better the relationship with the models—because they're older, they can make their own decisions, and they don't need these handlers—our bottom line will be better. So I have a certain hope—I won't be able to get it all, but I may get some of it done, and it will be a nice way to step out of the business."

Like Eisenhower railing against the military-industrial complex, Casablancas is taking his leave by taking on the very system that made him. "It's about time," says Marie Anderson Boyd when I tell her of Casablancas's about-face. She chuckles before asking, "Is he still with that wife? Good for him." ■

Michael Gross's book My Generation: Fifty Years of Sex, Drugs, Rock, Revolution, Glamour, Greed, Valor, Faith and Silicon Chips *will be published next month.*

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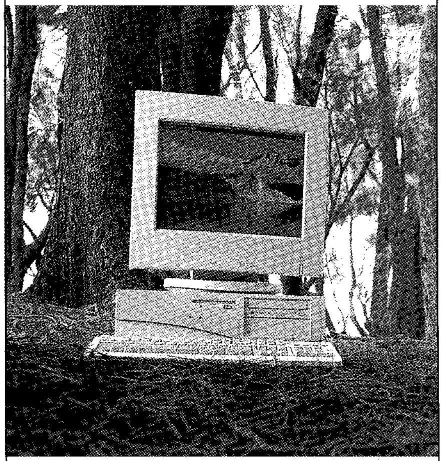

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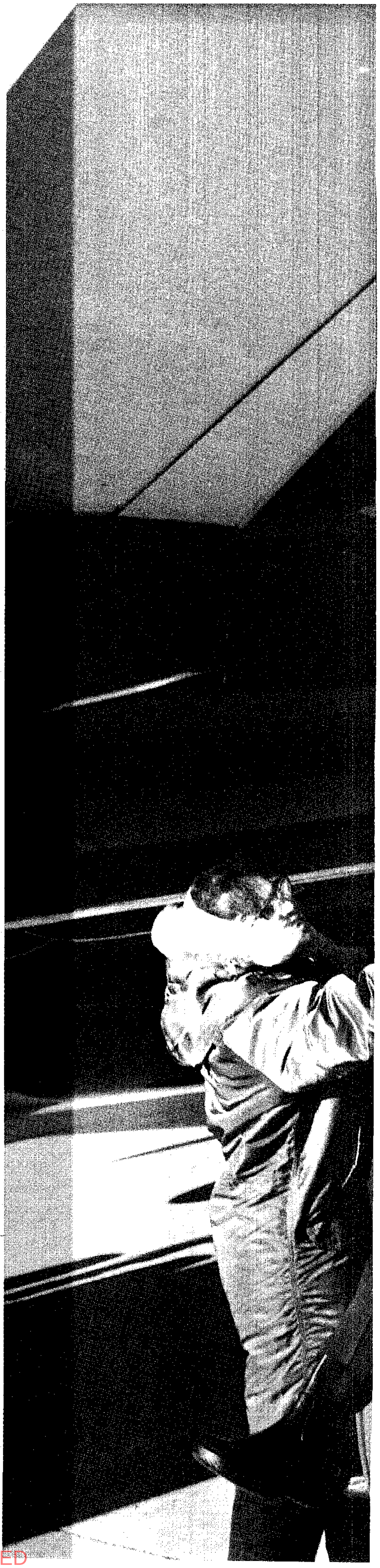
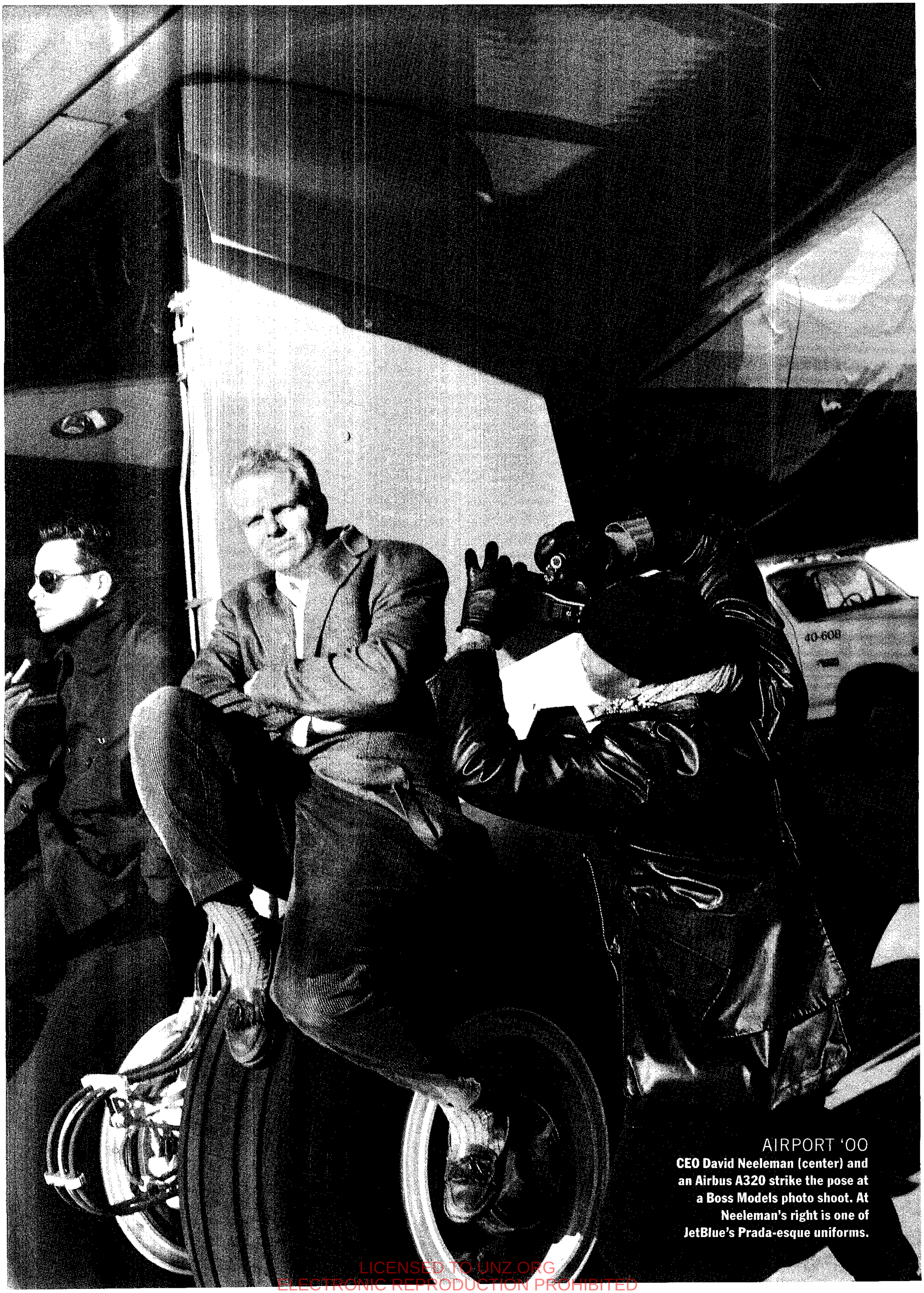
A new local airline with a Mormon captain, SoHo mannerisms, and cheap fares has been cleared for takeoff from JFK. But will JetBlue—fueled by a cool $130 million—find love at first flight?

BY ALEX WILLIAMS

SUPER FLY

Photographed by Marc Asnin





AIRPORT '00

CEO David Neeleman (center) and an Airbus A320 strike the pose at a Boss Models photo shoot. At Neeleman's right is one of JetBlue's Prada-esque uniforms.

A HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL SUDDENLY RIPS THE air: the sound of a great expanse of sheet metal being shredded. Has something gone terribly wrong? We're passengers inside a factory-fresh JetBlue aircraft, cruising a mere 2,000 feet over the skyline of Manhattan. Heads swivel in frantic surprise. Then, in a moment, the piercing howl gives way to the molar-rattling rumble of a Learjet that has just passed overhead, eerily close to the thin aluminum skin of our Airbus A320.

The Learjet tailing the Airbus at such close range is carrying a camera crew working for the same company that shot aviation footage for *Top Gun.* Today, they are charged with filming some soaring, lyrical, over-the-skyline snippets to advertise JetBlue, perhaps the most ambitious low-cost start-up since Dallas-based Southwest made its debut in 1971—and the most self-consciously cool, ever.

This is JetBlue's maiden voyage; the A320 arrived from the factory in Toulouse, France, just six days ago and has logged only ten hours of flight time. In the cabin, a small Sprite-fueled frat party hosted by JetBlue's boyish 40-year-old chairman, David Neeleman, is in progress. A dozen friends, lieutenants, and well-heeled investors are pawing through bag lunches and scanning the horizon for the Learjet as if they were ball-turret gunners on a B-17 looking for Messerschmitts ("Over there! *Two o'clock!*").

The Airbus is creeping up the Hudson River at about one fifteenth the normal cruising altitude—low enough to feel like a $400-an-hour helicopter tour of Manhattan. "I was trying to get the pilot to buzz underneath the Verrazano bridge," jokes Neeleman, a seventh-generation Mormon who moved here from Salt Lake City just a few months ago and is viewed by many as the brightest star rising in the airline business. But in person, Neeleman seems as eager and gangly as a suburban paperboy, pacing the empty aisles when he's not gesticulating wildly with a gigantic submarine sandwich and tossing off quotations from *Airplane!* ("What's your vector, Victor?"). He could be a 17-year-old raiding the fridge after a late night out with the guys. Moments later, Neeleman is cupping a cell phone to his ear, pretending to place a call. "I just want to see if this thing really does throw off the navigation system," he deadpans.

When the director needs the Airbus to dip into the orangy sunset, it dips. When he needs it to climb toward the wispy, cirrus-streaked heavens, it climbs. Just north of Washington Heights, the Airbus lists a steep 40 degrees, a maneuver that a commercial jetliner just doesn't seem built to do. As the plane swoons, there are gasps all around. Neeleman assumes a surfer's crouch in the aisle, arms outstretched and teetering as he finds his balance. The Airbus levels out over New Jersey's Palisades, and Neeleman smiles the broad, unabashed smile of a young man who is very happy to be riding the wave he's on.

IN VIEW OF THE VAST QUANTITY OF CASH and ambition that has been invested in its launch, analysts are calling JetBlue "the mother of all start-up airlines." On February 11, the Kennedy-based airline will flutter to life with an enormous market capitalization—$130 million—shattering the previous high achieved by National Airlines, founded in Las Vegas in 1998 with a $50 million stake put up by two casino companies. George Soros's Quantum Fund has kicked in $40 million; Weston Presidio Capital, the private investment fund that manages, among other things, a portion of Harvard University's endowment, has thrown in $30 million. Chase Capital is on the hook for $20 million.

Just one week after the phones opened, JetBlue was already reporting more than $1 million in ticket sales for flights to Buffalo and Fort Lauderdale. By the end of the year, JetBlue, now headquartered in Kew Gardens, will have expanded its routes to nine other cities, including Tampa, Rochester, Syracuse, and Burlington, Vermont. Eventually, the airline will serve as many as 44 cities, including red-eyes to the West Coast.

Last-minute business travelers looking to keep their costs down no longer have to shuttle off to MacArthur Airport in Islip, Southwest's tri-state toehold; on JetBlue, they'll be paying up to 65 percent less than the average fare charged by the majors. Traveling at midweek, a round-trip flight from New York City to Buffalo on American currently costs $252, with a Saturday stay-over. On democratic, wholly economy-class JetBlue, the round trip would be $98—no stay-over required.

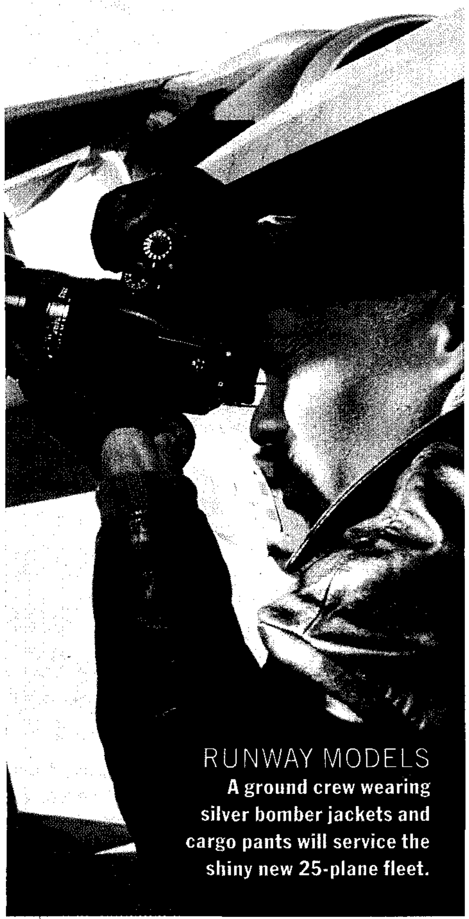
Low fares will not be the only bait: JetBlue will be the first-ever budget domestic airline to launch with a fleet of brand-new aircraft, all 25 of them 162-seat Airbus A320s, all furnished entirely with cushy leather seats fitted with television monitors. JetBlue will be the first airline in the world to offer every passenger live TV—24 channels of DirectTV's satellite menu, from CNN to ESPN to Animal Planet.

Perhaps the most distinctive thing about this New Yorkiest of airlines is that it will be as urbane as a Stoli cosmopoli-

Previous spread and this page: Saba; models courtesy of Boss Models.

tan. At JetBlue's new home, in TWA's old domestic terminal, the gates will be tricked out like a Greene Street loft, with retro-hip tufted banquettes, brushed-steel lamps, and walls covered with framed old LP covers from the hi-fi years, like Elvis's *Blue Hawaii.* JetBlue is promising play areas for the kids, strewn with Barbie dollhouses and rigged with pint-size plastic basketball hoops. Tongue-in-cheek destination clocks near the gate, labeled BUFFALO, NEW YORK CITY, and FT. LAUDERDALE, will all show the same time, of course.

Even the Buffalo-bound passengers won't be leaving the cocoon of cool once they board. JetBlue flight attendants will wear outfits that look like they walked straight off a different sort of runway: Neeleman has hired Stan Herman, president of the Council of Fashion Designers of America, to work up midnight-blue, Prada-esque uniforms—that is, when Herman's not designing some spiffier outfits for Amtrak and McDonald's (his other gigs at the moment). The burly ground crew will wear silver bomber jackets and cargo pants that wouldn't seem out of place at the Mercer Kitchen. "What you want to do is catch the perfume of an airline," says Herman.



RUNWAY MODELS

A ground crew wearing silver bomber jackets and cargo pants will service the shiny new 25-plane fleet.

JetBlue is turning out to be something of a laboratory experiment in contemporary branding. "So many new entrants have come and gone based on 'We're going to have low fares, and that's going to be it,' " says Gareth Edmondson-Jones, one of three key marketing executives hired by JetBlue to develop its identity. "Low fares will get them on, but you've got to enjoy it, especially in the New York market. Look at Starbucks. We're built on the same principle: Brands these days get emotional commitment, not just financial commitment. What you buy says something about you. You buy it because you like that badge."

He beams proudly.

"We're going to be the Starbucks of the sky."

"If this whole thing isn't an airline, at least IT'S A SITCOM," cracks one JetBlue employee.

NEELEMAN DOES HAVE THE SAME AGgressively expansionist tendencies of Starbucks founder Howard Schultz, and he certainly shares Schultz's bottomless energy, bouncing from place to place like a stray electron. But Neeleman can also come off a bit distant, a touch self-absorbed: Try to engage him in conversation, and you know he's not going to loan you his attention for long.

On the flight, Neeleman briefly lands in one of the many empty aisle seats and offers up an unexpected story:

"My neighbor called me the other day and she said, 'You have an interesting little boy.' Turns out, the other day, she asked my son Daniel what he wanted for Christmas. And he said, 'I want some stock.'

" 'Stock?' she said. 'Don't you want video games or anything?' 'Nope. I just want stock. JetBlue stock,' he told her." Neeleman laughs proudly—never mind that JetBlue is several thousand miles away from the IPO stage.

Neeleman was born in São Paulo, Brazil, in 1960, the son of United Press International's bureau chief. The family returned to Utah when he was 5. Neeleman was a handful, clearly bright but a window-gazer who constantly fell behind on his lessons. His third-grade teacher told his mother that he could be "tremendously successful when he grows up—if he hires himself an assistant."

The problems followed him to the University of Utah, where he eventually dropped out and went back to Brazil as a Mormon missionary. To this day, Neeleman is observant, but not doctrinaire: JetBlue does serve liquor, and Neeleman bristles slightly when polygamy comes up in conversation—he thinks it makes the Latter-Day Saints seem a bit kooky. Neeleman will drink Coca-Cola and use mild profanity, tossing off phrases like "bullcrap" and "swinging dicks," even if they do catch in his throat a bit.

In 1984, Neeleman interviewed for a job with an ambitious Salt Lake City travel agent named June Morris. He was a college dropout and most recently had failed to get a travel agency of his own off the ground. Still, plainspoken Morris was drawn to the 24-year-old effervescing with ideas, hiring him to help thriving Morris Travel expand its leisure-travel arm. "When he walked into a room, the energy level went up," Morris recalls.

It wasn't long before Neeleman had sold Morris on the idea of starting a charter airline: Morris's operation would buy seats in bulk on charters to Hawaii and Mexico, then fill them by offering discount packages. The gamble paid off: The charter business was soon spun off into a more traditional low-cost airline, and by 1993, Morris Air was a highly respected low-cost competitor to Southwest, serving 22 cities, from Spokane to Atlanta. Neeleman's penchant for technological innovation quickly became apparent: In 1993, he introduced electronic ticketing to the airline industry.

Like Southwest before it, Morris Air successfully targeted the baseball-capped Wal-Mart demographic that rarely flew anywhere but could be lured off a Greyhound if the price was right. Morris Air filled planes to a much greater capacity than most airlines and cut costs everywhere possible—issuing reusable plastic boarding passes, for example.

There was much cause for celebration during those Cinderella years. "Whenever we had a bit of good news, David would jump up and touch the ceiling," recalls Morris, now retired. "In fact, I've always told him I was going to blackmail him one day about this: We hired a ballet instructor to teach David and three other executives a dance from *Swan Lake* to perform at the office Christmas party one year." Neeleman happily threw on a tutu. "He was very enthusiastic, jumping and doing his pirouettes—he could really do those dances," Morris says, laughing.

During the recession-wracked early nineties, Morris Air and Southwest were the only two airlines in the country still pulling a profit. Their marriage was inevitable, at least in the eyes of Southwest, who didn't welcome competition west of the Mississippi. After the $129 million sale, Neeleman—whose personal payout was $20 million—stayed on. But it wasn't a perfect fit, and not just because Neeleman was cast as the geeky straight man to Southwest's founder, Wild Turkey–sipping, five-pack-a-day-smoking Herb Kelleher.

"They basically wanted me to sit there and listen for two years," Neeleman says petulantly, "and I was always blurting, *Why would you want to do it that way?*"

Neeleman left Southwest after five months to help launch a variety of businesses, including Open Skies, which sold his e-ticket technology to other airlines. (Hewlett-Packard bought Open Skies last year.) Neeleman also co-founded a small, low-cost Calgary-based carrier in Canada called WestJet, which is still in operation—and profitable.

It was during his rocky tenure at Southwest, however, that Neeleman had an epiphany. His youngest brother, Mark, was smoking marijuana and having problems in high school. Mark was diagnosed with attention-deficit disorder, a neurological syndrome characterized by restlessness, hyperactivity, and the tendency to court high-risk situations. Neeleman couldn't help but notice the symptoms of ADD applied every bit as easily to himself. "But I think it's a gift, really," he says now. "I've seen estimates that as many as 50 percent of all CEOs have ADD: You have no tolerance for boredom. When you find something you love, you apply 100 percent of your attention to it. But if you don't have that thing you love to focus on, you can't focus on anything. You just bounce around, and you're kind of miserable. That's the downside. My wife is always saying, 'Why do you leave your socks all over the bedroom every single night, everywhere but where they're supposed to go?' And I'm like, 'Do I do that?' "

Still, Neeleman admits that his self-diagnosed condition really does make life more difficult: "It's hard to do the mundane things in life. I have an easier time planning a twenty-aircraft fleet than I do paying the light bill."

LAST JULY, NEELEMAN ANNOUNCED TO his wife, Vicki, that they would be moving from their lifelong home in Utah to New Canaan, Connecticut. The Kennedy-size platoon of Neelemans—their nine kids range in age from Isabel at 7 months to 18-year-old Ashley—has since taken residence in a 12,000-square-foot, seven-bedroom colonial. "If this whole thing is not an airline, it's at least a sitcom," cracks one Neeleman employee.

Neeleman had been looking for a project as big as his imagination; he'd actually been knocking around the JetBlue idea for six years.

Since the days of the propeller-driven Lockheed Constellation, there has been a definite "type" routinely drafted to manage American airline companies—the fiftysomething former Air Force jock with growing-out crewcut and a taciturn unflappability. It was in the seventies and eighties that an anti-type—best represented by ultrashrewd British harlequins Freddie Laker and Richard Branson—soon emerged to represent this business's "plucky start-up."

Neeleman carries himself with the easy assurance of someone who's had his hand on the joystick for a lot longer than he actually has. He may have a head of prematurely silver hair, but there's also the suntanned, khaki-clad cockiness and hyperlinking mind that sends venture capitalists into a tizzy these days. Neeleman "has a definite Silicon Valley style," says Stuart Klaskin, "creating an aura of legitimacy around a business with a great idea that isn't particularly well established right now. They're doing a fantastic job at JetBlue creating the same pre-IPO buzz you get at a dot-com."

"This is an industry where the failure rate is very high for new entrants," adds Patrick Murphy, the former Department of Transportation assistant secretary who granted JetBlue space at Kennedy. "I keep a book on my coffee table called *Deregulation Knockouts,* about 82 airlines which came and went in the first ten years of deregulation—people like New York Air and Air Florida."

Most start-ups tend to begin life with big ambitions, inexperienced management, and a small fleet of aging planes. More often than not, they don't have the cash to stay in the game long enough and survive.

But this is no half-baked sequel to People Express, the cattle-car carrier famous for proletarian airfares and equally proletarian service. JetBlue will essentially be wheeling onto the tarmac as the Southwest of the Northeast. Like Southwest, JetBlue is flying new planes of a single aircraft type and will be trying to keep more of its planes in the air for more hours every day than traditional airlines manage to. And like Southwest, JetBlue could care less about Saturday stay-overs. A dream team of managers includes president Dave Barger, an ex-Continental executive, and chief financial officer John Owen, late of Southwest.

jetBlue
jetBlue

WINGED VICTORY

JetBlue's inaugural flight was filmed by the same people who shot parts of *Top Gun.*

Photograph by George Hall/Clay Lacy.

"Let's put it this way," Murphy says. "Southwest Airlines has been the most successful airline in the country over the last twenty years. JetBlue has observed Southwest *very* carefully."

But JetBlue hopes to do it better, at least in New York. Southwest tends to fly out of secondary airports, like MacArthur on Long Island. JetBlue has landed Kennedy, the equivalent of playing Yankee Stadium. Of course, other low-fare carriers, like Tower Air, call JFK home. But Tower focuses on a few long-haul destinations: Los Angeles, Miami, Paris. Until JetBlue, there was no low-fare airline whose focus would be the whole of New York state and the greater East Coast.

JetBlue will exploit the same trends in air travel that have given rise to as many as ten other new low-cost carriers around the country—mostly tiny prairie-jumpers like Minneapolis-headquartered Sun Country Airlines. A striking 30 percent of Americans who flew last year booked their tickets on low-cost carriers. But until now, the cheapo-air-travel boom had left the New York area cold. People Express died in 1987, a victim of its own 747-size ambitions to grow into a major international carrier. A few months ago, the feel-good story that was Kiwi Airlines—founded at Newark airport by a legion of downsized airline employees—collapsed amid allegations of safety violations and mismanagement.

Neeleman "has a definite SILICON VALLEY STYLE," says one analyst, "creating the same pre-IPO buzz you get at a dot-com."

All the competition from pesky little short-hop airlines has forced the big airlines to keep up with bare-bones carriers of their own, like US Airways' MetroJet or Delta Express. Problem is, these no-frill planes are "creating a whole new class of disenfranchised frequent travelers," says airline consultant Stuart Klaskin, of Miami-based Klaskin, Kushner & Co. "Business travelers who can't afford to travel in the front of the plane resent getting stuck in the back in extreme economy class. JetBlue will appeal to this traveler."

High fares have also had a predictably dampening effect here. At one point in the middle Reagan years, the three New York–area airports accounted for nearly 10 percent of the total domestic "enplanement" (airline-ese for boarding a commercial plane). Today, they account for a little more than 5 percent—this at a time when domestic air travel in general has rocketed by more than 250 million passengers annually since 1984.

Senator Charles Schumer says the issue of airfare-gouging repeatedly cropped up on last year's campaign trail. "I was looking at why upstate New York was not gaining jobs the way the rest of America was," Schumer says. "After interviewing companies and people all over, I found that miserable air service was one of the reasons. I saw it myself: When you run for office, you have to fly to Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany. You call up, and they charge an outlandish fee for a round-trip ticket. You'd think by paying $600 or $700 for a ticket, you'd be getting a beautiful plane, a beautiful seat. Instead, you'd get to the airport, and you were at the tail end of some terminal. Then, they made you walk downstairs onto the tarmac to a little propeller plane. On a nice day, they gave you peanuts."

The problem, Schumer says, dates back to 1978, when the federal government deregulated the airline industry, making it easier for start-ups to take on the big boys.

"Four airports were exempted from deregulation: the two New York City airports, O'Hare in Chicago, and National in Washington, D.C.," Schumer says. "No discount airline was going to fly in a major way unless they could fly into one of those major airports."

What an entrepreneur like Neeleman needed was someone who would help him break the majors' stranglehold at the local airports and get him a fair share of "slots"—the crucial federal takeoff and landing approvals. "Three weeks after I won the Senate race, one of the first meetings I had was with David," Schumer recalls. "Immediately I said, 'This guy can do it. He's for real.' Basically, at that breakfast, I said, I'll help you get slots at Kennedy, but only if you fly to upstate New York."

And so on February 17, JetBlue will make its first flight upstate, to Buffalo. In Neeleman's eyes, New York is a yawning chasm of opportunity. "It's No. 1 in retail sales," says Neeleman. "You have this large population that makes a lot of money per capita, and everyone in New York would like to get out. At the same time, everyone outside New York would like to come in. It's truly the nirvana of all markets."

THE INTERNET-AGE VIBE THAT NEELEMAN exudes goes beyond his casual-Friday wardrobe. The same way Amazon's Jeff Bezos undercuts established bookstores by cutting out brick-and-mortar costs, Neeleman will undercut the biggies.

His decision to buy brand-new aircraft is just efficiency in disguise: A classic low-cost carrier like AirTran (known as ValuJet before the 1996 Florida Everglades crash) initially saved money by purchasing used DC-9s and 737s discarded by Delta and others. "But old planes are unreliable," says Neeleman, "and when they break down, you have to put all those passengers on another flight or airline. From a strictly dollars-and-cents perspective, it's cheaper to fly brand-new airplanes."

Leather seats cost twice as much, "but they last twice as long," says Neeleman. Flight attendants—not hired custodians—will clean the planes between flights. Recently, JetBlue advertised for flight attendants in the classified section of the *Village Voice*. "We've always said that we hope to get most of our front-line people out of college or out of some other industry," Neeleman says. "We want all the people who went to school at, say, Tulane—who want to spend a couple of years in Manhattan, enjoy it, then go on to their next career or whatever. Career flight attendants aren't necessarily what we're after." (Of course, career flight attendants tend to ask for a lot more pay than kids straight out of Tulane.)

To save on staffing, the airline will provide a host of incentives—perhaps a waived fee for the TV service—to prompt more passengers to use the Website for ticketing and the automated toll-free number. In its first week of reservations, Neeleman says, JetBlue was booking 20 percent of its tickets electronically, more than twice the standard rate for most airlines.

Neeleman insists that none of his little "efficiency squeezes" (as management-consultants say) will be obvious. "If people are enjoying their airline experience, they're going to come back," he says. "If they want more chips, more soda, give it to them! Give them the whole can! It's only a few cents' difference."

JetBlue will have kiosks at the ticket counter where you will actually choose your seat yourself via touch-screen computer. Eventually, JetBlue's computers will even help you check your bags, asking if you packed them yourself. "When was the last time you went to a bank teller to get money?" Neeleman asks. "Why would you ever do that when you've tried the ATM even once? What we're really saying to the consumer is, 'Okay, what is it you hate about traveling?' 'Well, I hate standing on lines.' And I'm saying 'Let's try to eliminate lines.' "

If that's the case, then what about the main route to Kennedy, the parking lot also known as the Van Wyck Expressway? Neeleman says he's trying to address that. "The good thing about the Van Wyck," he says chipperly (and somewhat absurdly), "is that it's always backed up, so there are never any accidents, and it's always moving."

"I'll help you GET SLOTS AT KENNEDY," said Chuck Schumer, "but only if you fly to upstate New York."

One plan is for a JetBlue shuttle that will bring passengers from the Jamaica subway station to the curb of JetBlue's terminal. The airline is also placing a lot of faith in the Port Authority's $1.5 billion light-rail trains now under construction that will leave from the Jamaica Center and Howard Beach subway stops; they're supposed to be finished in 2003. The primary elevated line will run up the Van Wyck's median to JFK, where it will loop around the airport. It's not exactly London's super-convenient Heathrow Express, but driving out to Islip at rush hour on a Friday is no 100-meter dash, either. All in all, some $9 billion in improvements—including new roadways and several new terminals—are slated for Kennedy in coming years. Donna Karan is planning a DKNY boutique there, too.

Exploiting Kennedy during its down times is also key. Neeleman points out that there are only fifteen flights departing from JFK between 8 A.M. and 9 A.M. "We're going to be able to taxi and take off in 8 minutes, whereas at Newark, in the morning, once you push off, it's 42 minutes before you're airborne."

Former Department of Transportation official Patrick Murphy agrees: "Kennedy airport is only busy in the evening, for the international transatlantic flights. For most of the day, it's underutilized."

WONKY, SOUND-BITE-AVERSE Neeleman might be just the man to launch New York's new low-fare airline, but he's not necessarily the guy to sell it.

That's where the three Virgin expats come in. Last year, Neeleman went directly to the most guerrilla-marketed brand in the business, Virgin, and came away with a trio of credentialed image-builders: Gareth Edmondson-Jones, Richard Branson's Australian-born head of public relations, Amy Curtis-McIntyre, who put in two years with Branson, and Tracy Sandford, a ten-year Virgin vet.

The marketing executives with double-barreled names work together a lot, and their every conversation is a steady escalation of winks and Tanqueray-dry punch lines. It's an *Avengers*-like pairing, especially since Curtis-McIntyre looks like a young Diana Rigg—if Rigg had a New Rochelle accent, that is.

The whole JetBlue concept actually sprouted out of Neeleman's desire to launch a Virgin America with Richard Branson. Branson almost went for it, but eventually pulled back, hoping to start his own venture after American laws limiting foreign ownership of domestic airlines to 25 percent are eradicated by Congress (where they're currently under review).

"There were people at Virgin who felt that, in order to protect the brand in the long term, we needed 51 percent of the company," Branson says. But, he adds, "If anyone could pull it off in America, Neeleman's got as good a shot as anybody. I would put money on him—I was willing to put money on him. I liked him enormously. I kick myself for not finding a way to make sure we'd all work together."

The Virgin steal-aways have been charged with getting the best mileage out of a $10 million advertising budget. At first, they planned to splash the tail fins with Benetton-like photos of random people of all races. "But since we only had a few planes to start off with, we thought it would just look weird," Edmondson-Jones says. "Like, *Why is* that *person on the tail fin?*"

As for the all-important name, "we had hundreds of possibilities," Jones says. "Thousands," Neeleman interjects. When the airline was still temporarily known as "New Air," ad agency Merkley Newman Harty took a run at the name.

"The first three they came up with were Blue, Egg, and It, Edmondson-Jones remembers. "*Egg* is great because of the graphics. But it was like, 'Think about it, man: Crack an egg . . .' It just wouldn't sound right."

"*It* really stuck," Neeleman says animatedly. "*It* we loved. But we just didn't like how it would look in newsprint; there was just no way *It* would work.

Others also-rans included Zoom, Civilization, Yes!, Home, the Competition ("only ten years from now, it would be like, *Shut up, it gives me a headache,*" says Neeleman) and Taxi. "My people in Utah loved *Taxi* because they hadn't spent half their life in a New York taxi without air-conditioning," says Neeleman.

Consensus soon became impossible. As a name, *Blue* had it all: an airy, futuristic vagueness (think of American Express's opaque new "Blue" credit card). It's just that you can't copyright the word *blue.*

Curtis-McIntyre was pushing for True Blue. It had all the upside of *Blue* and was trademarkable. Which was the problem: Thrifty Car Rental already owned it.

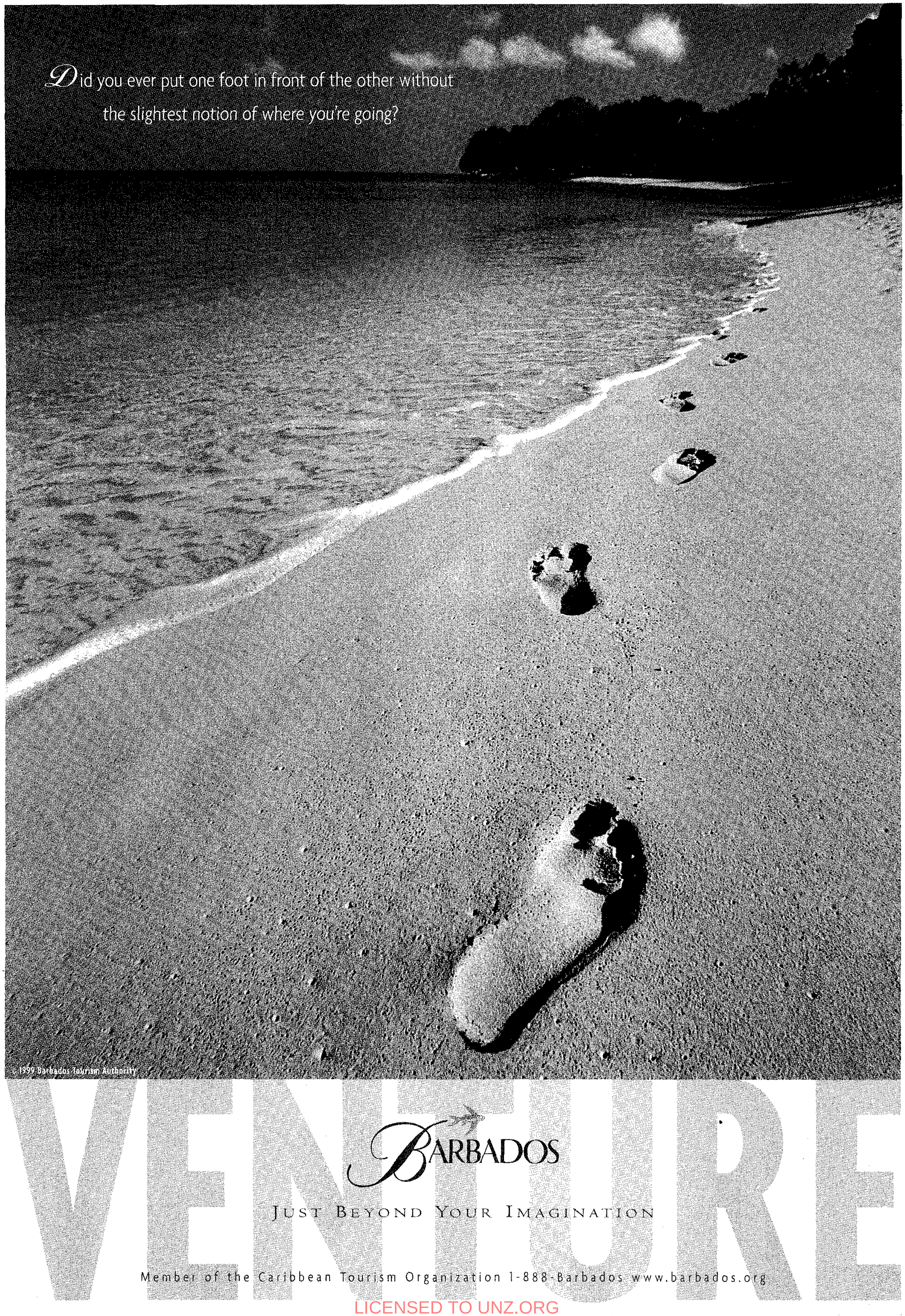
"When negotiations to buy the name from Thrifty fell apart, it was Friday night, and we had scheduled the press conference to announce it the following Wednesday," remembers Curtis-McIntyre. "David kept saying, 'Why can't we just call it Blue?' And I'm like, 'For the ninetieth time, you can't trademark *blue!*' Finally I said, 'David, just make up a word with *blue* in it, and I'll train the rest of the world to just call it Blue. Like *FlyBlue.* Only no one's going to want to say they're going to fly FlyBlue. So how about JetBlue?"

"That's *it!*" Neeleman jumped in, excitedly.

THIS APRIL, NEELEMAN'S WIFE TURNS 40. Already, she knows what she wants. Vicki Neeleman smiles sheepishly, knowing it's as unlikely a gift as the crown jewels.

"I've asked David if he'll take Ritalin, just for my birthday. He keeps saying, 'I'm afraid it will kill my creativity.' And I said, 'David, please. It's just for one day.' "

Maybe, like her son Daniel, she should just opt for the stock, instead. ■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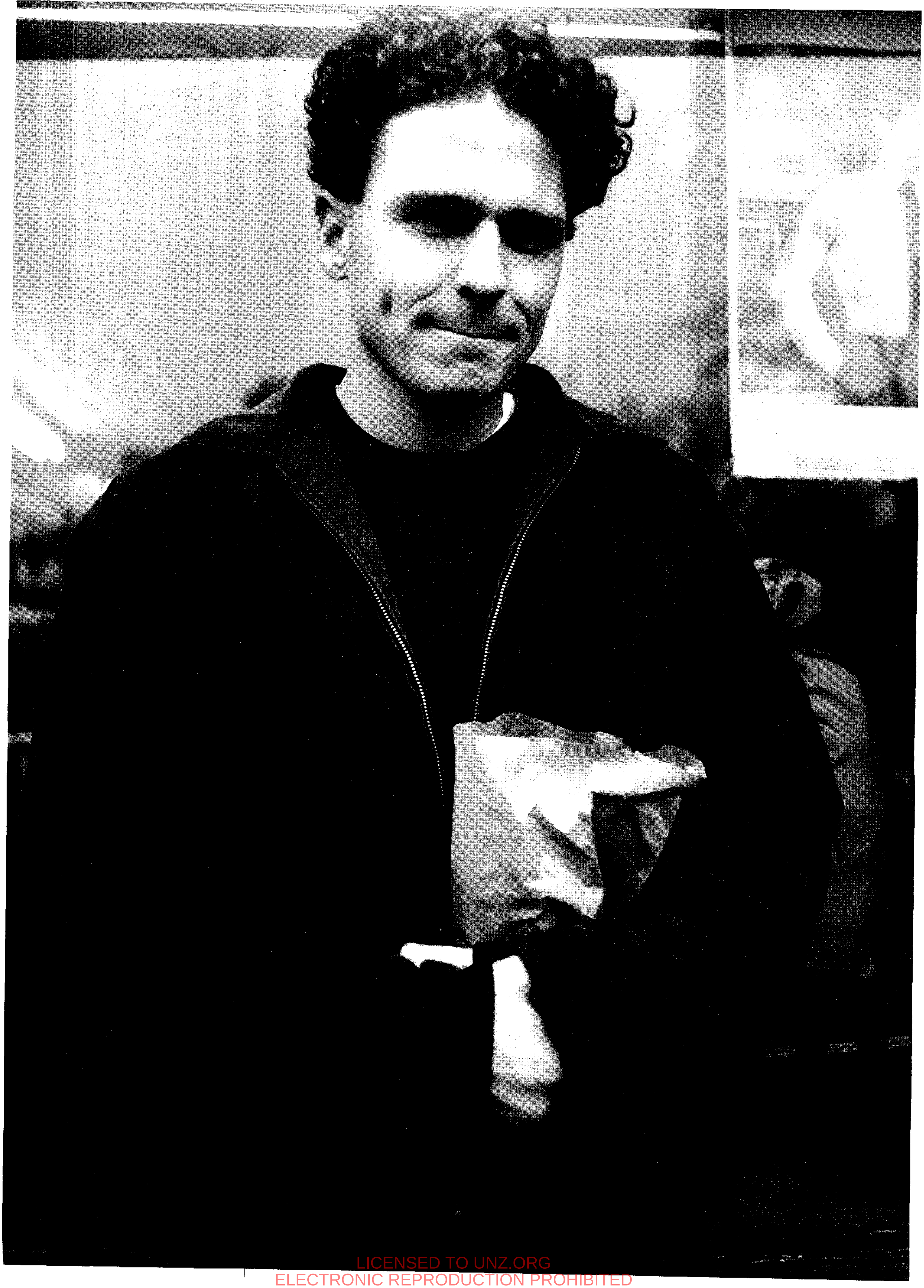
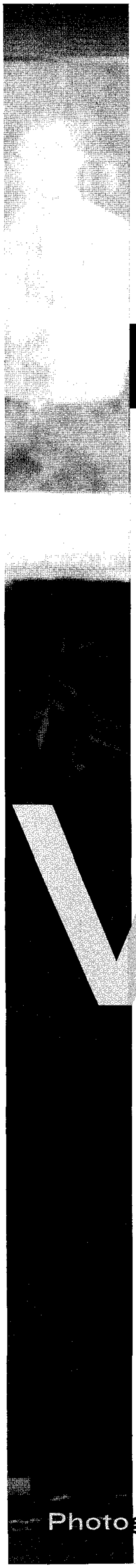




Laughing Through His Tearjerker

After his parents died within five weeks of each other, Dave Eggers raised his kid brother, started *McSweeney's,* and wrote a memoir that picks apart the way writers exploit tragedy. It even has footnotes. By Mark Horowitz

WHAT DO YOU DO IF THE PREPUBLICATION BUZZ ON your first book is so frenzied that *The New Yorker* has bought an excerpt, editors at *Time* are clamoring for your services, and the New York *Times* needs a photo to accompany the piece they've assigned? If your hero, David Foster Wallace, has provided a back-cover blurb so effusive it's almost embarrassing? If the book in question is a memoir in which you spill family secrets so sad and self-revelations so awful that you sometimes wish you never wrote it? If you're Dave Eggers, you get on the next plane to Reykjavík.

"I'm not looking forward to being around for this," Eggers insists, scrambling around his Park Slope apartment to get ready for the flight that night. The duplex, which he shares with his teenage brother, is decorated in the vintage Dorm Gothic style, and every available surface is buried beneath rippling waves of magazines, CDs, videocassettes, unopened mail, mismatched sneakers, a Frisbee, and back issues of *McSweeney's,* the limited-circulation literary journal Eggers founded in 1998. The book, modestly titled *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius,* hits stores next week, and "the only reason I'm even going to be in the *country,*" says Eggers, flopping onto the couch in the living room, which doubles as office space for *McSweeney's,* "is because of the readings the publisher scheduled. I would much rather just come back a few months afterward."

Just like the book—a heart-wrenching yet often very funny memoir about raising his 8-year-old brother after both of their parents died of cancer within five weeks of each other—Eggers is hard to take at face value. One minute he's a shy guy from the Midwest who says "Gee whiz" and hurries over to remove a glass you just put down on a side table that belonged to his parents. The next he's a world-weary New York media insider—a former *Esquire* editor and *ESPN* consultant and a familiar voice on the NPR show "This American Life"—who's been scheduling interviews and promotions for the book with the skill of an air-traffic controller lining up approaches to Kennedy. Indeed, the main reason

Matrix

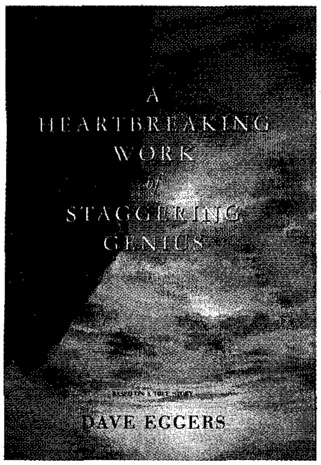
Photographs by Karen Kuehn

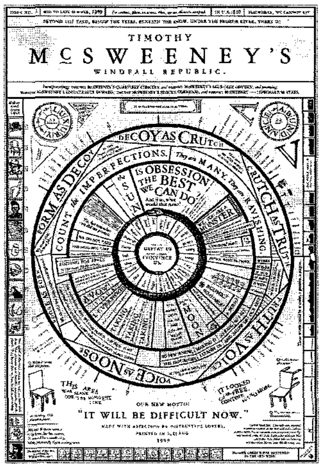
for his trip to Iceland isn't to escape his impending celebrity—although on one level he seems sincere about that. It's to supervise the printing of the fourth issue of McSweeney's, which he hopes will be ready when his national book tour begins next month. That way he can get twice the promotional bang for Simon & Schuster's buck.

NOT YET 30, DAVE EGGERS IS already shaping up as the Andy Kaufman of New York letters. "I don't want anyone to read it," he says of his book. Sure, he doesn't. He has a handsome Irish face—the kind you expect to see in a Bowery Boys film from the thirties—and when it crinkles up into his devilish smile, you know he's pulling your leg, but you're not sure why.

Eggers has long been known for this kind of self-conscious dance between earnestness and irony, especially among the New York writers and editors who are pushing 30 and creeping up mastheads. "Nothing *just* happens with him," says one magazine insider. "He thinks about everything and plans it. All his self-critiques are part of that." Six years ago, when he was 23 and living in San Francisco, he and some high-school friends founded *Might*, an often funny, sometimes annoyingly precious magazine aimed, with some misgivings, at Generation X. Influenced by *Spy* magazine, early Letterman, and *This Is Spinal Tap*, *Might* got a lot of attention for stunts like putting an advertisement on the cover (in the MIGHT SELLS OUT issue) and running a made-up story about the death of former child actor Adam Rich. "We were really desperately idealistic about a lot of things," Eggers says. "You get out of school and you just absolutely do not expect anything but your thoughts instantly implanted into the brains of everyone on the planet. The anger that we had, that came through in a sort of sarcasm, was all born of frustration." It got Eggers and his colleagues noticed ("None of us minded seeing our names in the papers, but we were sort of *knowing* about it"), and when the magazine imploded, nearly all of them moved to New York and into positions at national magazines.

"The goal was to make it painfully honest. To make it hurt me. Again and again I tried to make it so that I looked as bad as I could."





After he moved, Eggers alternated between playing the major-magazine game and biting the hand that fed him. While at *Esquire*, he founded the resolutely uncommercial *McSweeney's*, and after leaving the men's glossy, he posted a snarky piece about his days there on the *McSweeney's* Website. (In the parody, which earned Eggers a mention on "Page Six," *Esquire* is thinly disguised as *Man: The Magazine for Men*, with headlines like LAETITIA CASTA: ARE THOSE TITS TALKING TO US?) Around the same time, he was selling Simon & Schuster on a book about his own family story—potentially the same kind of exploitation of personal tragedy he had excoriated in a *Might* article about Kurt Cobain's death that began, "Courtney Love makes us sick."

Eggers seems like an easy target—and he has justifiable worries that critics may be gunning for him. But readers who open *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* (or *A.H.W.O.S.G.*, as Eggers likes to call it) expecting shallow sensationalism or easy irony are in for a surprise. For years, he had been telling friends the story: In 1991, when he was 21 and his family lived in Lake Forest, Illinois (the town where *Ordinary People* was filmed), both his parents died, leaving Eggers to raise his 8-year-old brother, Toph. The two boys moved to California, where their older brother and sister lived, and while Eggers was living the life of a cool young bohemian in San Francisco—founding a magazine, going to parties, trying to get laid—he was also leading a not-so-secret double life as a single mom raising a son in Berkeley. When it came time to write the story, Eggers resolved to hold nothing back—including his mother's painful death, his ill-advised plan to guilt-trip the producers of MTV's *Real World* into casting him for the San Francisco season, and his pathetic attempt to meet women at Toph's parent-teacher night.

Eggers lays everything out in exquisite, excruciating detail, but he wants to have his tearjerker and deconstruct it, too. All too aware of how cheesy it is to milk his tragedy in a memoir, he wraps *A.H.W.O.S.G.* in the same kind of ironic footnotes and snarky asides that make *Might* and *McSweeney's* so interesting. There's a page of "rules and suggestions for the enjoyment of this book." A lengthy preface contains passages cut from the final text. There are cute little floor plans of the house in Berkeley, jokey menus of the dinners he and his brother cooked, and more than twenty pages of small-print "acknowledgments" that include a detailed analysis of the 21 themes of the book ("the painfully, endlessly self-conscious book aspect," "the memoir as act of self-destruction aspect"), a chart of all its themes, a balance sheet showing the costs he incurred against the $100,000 advance he received from Simon & Schuster, an "incomplete guide to symbols and metaphor," and several peculiar mail-order offers, including one to send $5 to the first 200 readers who mail him proof that they have read and thoroughly understood the book. As with *McSweeney's*, some of the best parts of *A.H.W.O.S.G.* are in the fine print, literally; they exist on the margins, where Eggers seems to feel most at home. ("Does there seem to be more meaning in these asides, footnotes, marginalia?" he writes in an unsigned footnote in *McSweeney's*. "Could it be that a group of writers, of a certain . . . age, feels more comfortable here, in the crevices, speaking their minds in these small, almost hidden ways, afraid to simply say things in plain language and bold type?") This is David Foster Wallace territory, and Wallace himself says Eggers's digressions are "smart and self-conscious without being cold."

"If I had to do it over again," Eggers says, "the book might all be that sort of thing," and he continues to push his typographical and aesthetic obsessions to the limit in *McSweeney's*. The next issue, for example, is over 350 pages long and features more color and printing tricks than the last ones. It will cost $22. "We'll keep

Scrambled Eggers: **The home office where *McSweeney's* is edited and designed.**

upping the ante," he says of future issues. "Whether doing them in hardcover, or putting in every bell or whistle we can: die cuts, vellum, different paper stocks. That stuff interests me just as much as—sometimes even more than—the words on the page."

Still, he admits with *A.H.W.O.S.G.*, "the material did sort of overwhelm the gimmickry"—especially at the end when he returns to Chicago and unexpectedly finds his mother's ashes. His tone changes the moment he starts describing how he carried a small notebook with him while he spread her ashes over Lake Michigan, the better to jot down any poignant thoughts he might use later. "My poor mother," he writes. "She would do this without thinking, without the thinking about thinking . . ."

Asked about it now, he isn't the least bit defensive about taking notes for the book, even then. "Obviously, I think about this stuff," he says slowly. "But to ignore the notebook, to pretend like it wasn't there—that's not entirely honest. And the goal was to make it painfully honest. To make it hurt me. Again and again I tried to make it so that I looked as bad as I could, as I was. Anytime I felt like I was looking good, I had to undermine that and tell the complete thing."

In the final pages, during an inspired rant triggered by a perfect moment on a California beach, tossing a Frisbee with Toph, the cripplingly self-conscious voice that has carried him through 300-plus pages finally gives way to a startling explosion of anger and grief. And he finally describes the scene he's been holding back for the whole book: his mother's final breaths.

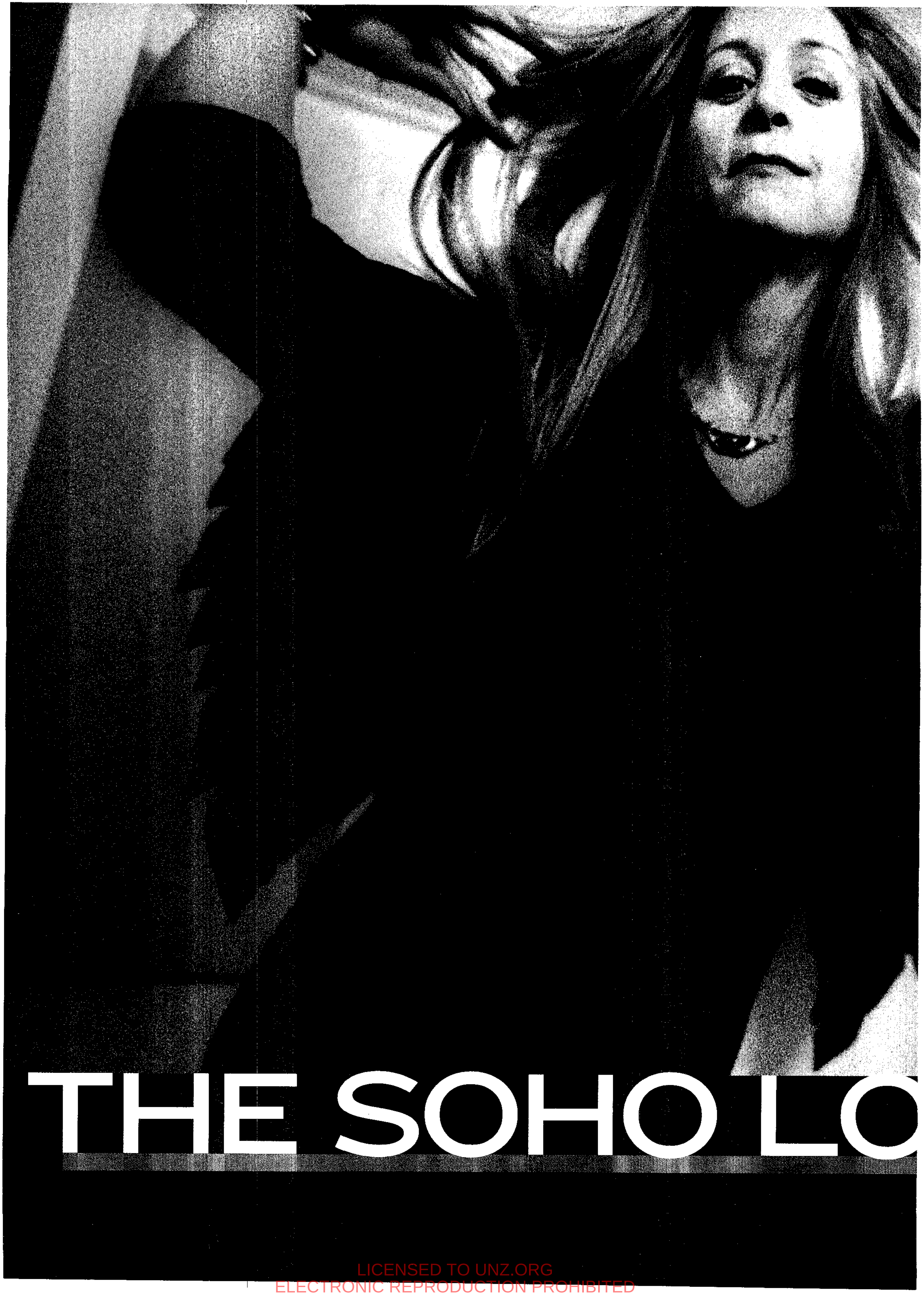
Whether he likes it or not, Eggers has written the kind of book he swears he never wanted to write: a hip tearjerker. It's *Angela's Ashes* meets *On the Road.*

I WANT TO MEET TOPH, NOW 16 AND IN high school, but the brothers won't allow it. After spilling all of his family's secrets, Eggers is ready for a little privacy. "You think you want people to know that stuff, and then after you've written it, you go, 'Oh, fuck—I don't really want anyone to know any of that stuff,' " he says. "In a way, it's sort of like a letter you write that you should have waited before you sent it."

The plane to Reykjavík is leaving in a few hours, but Eggers is still nowhere near ready. The last time he was there, over the summer, Toph went with him after reading the completed book for the first time. They hiked through a valley outside Reykjavík that is filled with thermal geysers. "We talked about it endlessly," Eggers says vaguely. "He likes the book more than I do." (Toph's only direct comment is in the preface: "Ooh, look at me, I'm Dave, I'm writing a book! With all my thoughts in it! La la la!")

As for what everyone else will think, Eggers is pretty sure he won't be invited on *Oprah.* He thinks all the postmodern reflexiveness will keep unwanted readers away. "I don't like the idea of it being a popular book; I think it would creep me out," he says. "Nobody likes the self-conscious stuff too much. I don't think the average *Angela's Ashes* reader will take to this. And the word *motherfucker* appears like 60 or 70 times."

Tucked into one corner of the living room, there's a small shrine to the Eggers and McSweeney (his mother's maiden name) families—just a few old photos and framed documents. And Eggers has no plans to write another memoir. "Never again," he says sharply. "It's one of those things where you completely get it out of your system and that's it." Now he's working on a novel written in the third person, with a woman as the main character. "I've gotten all that self-consciousness out of my system," he says. "Also, you get tired of using the word *I*. At least, I do." ■



THE SOHO LO

VE GODDESS

Dian Hanson has spent her life studying the secret desires of men, and she puts out the hottest (in two senses) soft-core magazines around. Call her the Tina Brown of porn.

By Marshall Sella

Photographed by Antonin Kratochvil

Fetishes are narrow, even brittle, phenomena. There are men who need to see women's toes but not heels, or heels but not toes; men who need to see women in leg casts; men who need to see a specific kind of woman's shoe pushing a specific kind of car's accelerator. "That's not at all an isolated fetish," says Dian Hanson, the most cerebral pornographer in America. "There's an entire club called Pedal Pumpers. The first man who called me about it could only be satisfied with a 1959 Corvette and white pumps. It had to be white pumps. He'd bring hookers home and take them to the garage."

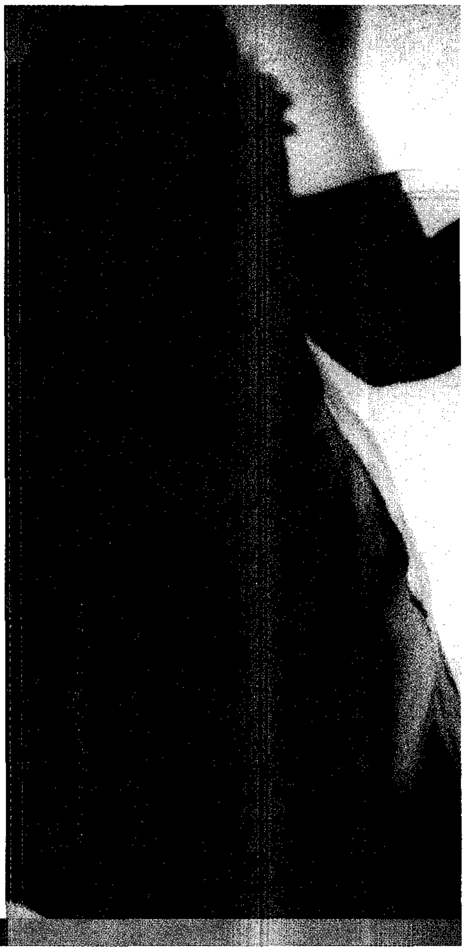
Hanson's SoHo office is scattered with pleasantly filthy memorabilia: photos of penises with her name written on them, a comic of Wonder Woman removing her panties, crutches tied together with a leather whip. Hanson has pinned up production schedules for the three soft-core magazines she edits, but these are difficult to notice. The eye more naturally falls to, say, the freeze-dried pig or the Polaroid of the three-foot man with someone's scrawled Post-it note reading "Do we need a dwarf?"

Everything Hanson has seen in 23 years of writing and editing porn has led her to one ineluctable truth: that sexual aberration does not exist. Paradoxically, aberration is the norm. The illusion of a comfortable sexual order, of a mainstream of behavior that rules the secret world of lust, did not survive the century. And if porn is even a glimpse of American sexuality, Hanson is its Margaret Mead.

In her career, she has observed several protracted seasons of erotic fashion. She has worked through the era of the curvy blonde, the cartoonishly augmented model, the hard-body, and now the natural girl. She has listened as men clamored to see shaved private parts, and now hears them clamoring to see the opposite. Recently, she offered to contribute cash to a model's favorite charity if the model would simply stop wearing thongs for a while and develop a full-panty tan line. "When I ask her to keep her buttocks untanned, she looks at me as though I'm insane," Hanson recounts. "But if I asked her to have her nipples surgically recentered, she'd say, 'I'm free next week. What day?' "

HANSON DOES NOT SWEAR. SHE says the word *pornography* in the same neutral tone one might use for *calligraphy* or *cartography*—but beyond that, her discourse is immaculate. It would be simple to mistake her for an academic if she didn't constantly refer to the magazines she edits: *Juggs, Tight,* and *Leg Show,* which is the most successful fetishist publication in the world. The text Hanson writes for *Leg Show*—what trade jargon calls its "girl copy"—is purchased by some 200,000 people each month, more than twice the circulation, for instance, of *The New Republic.*

Though she has started up other publications (*Outlaw Biker, Big Butt*), Hanson's current trinity of magazines touches nearly every demographic of porn aficionado. *Leg Show* reaches a white-collar readership; *Juggs*—which Hanson calls "the sideshow of pornography"—is consumed mainly by blue-collar guys in the South and Midwest. "The *Juggs* woman is unchanged since the dawn of time," says Hanson. "She's a fertility goddess, complete with moist, hairy folds and creases." *Tight,* at the other extreme, is carefully produced to look amateurish. In the main, it features 19-year-old girls sucking their pinkies and making comments like "I felt this big hot feeling between my legs where his thing was!" As male baby-boomers feel the sting of middle age (so the theory goes), they begin to like the idea of becoming Pygmalions. "They're married to women who, to their great chagrin, have developed minds of their own," Hanson says. "So they fantasize about having a girl to protect and mold."



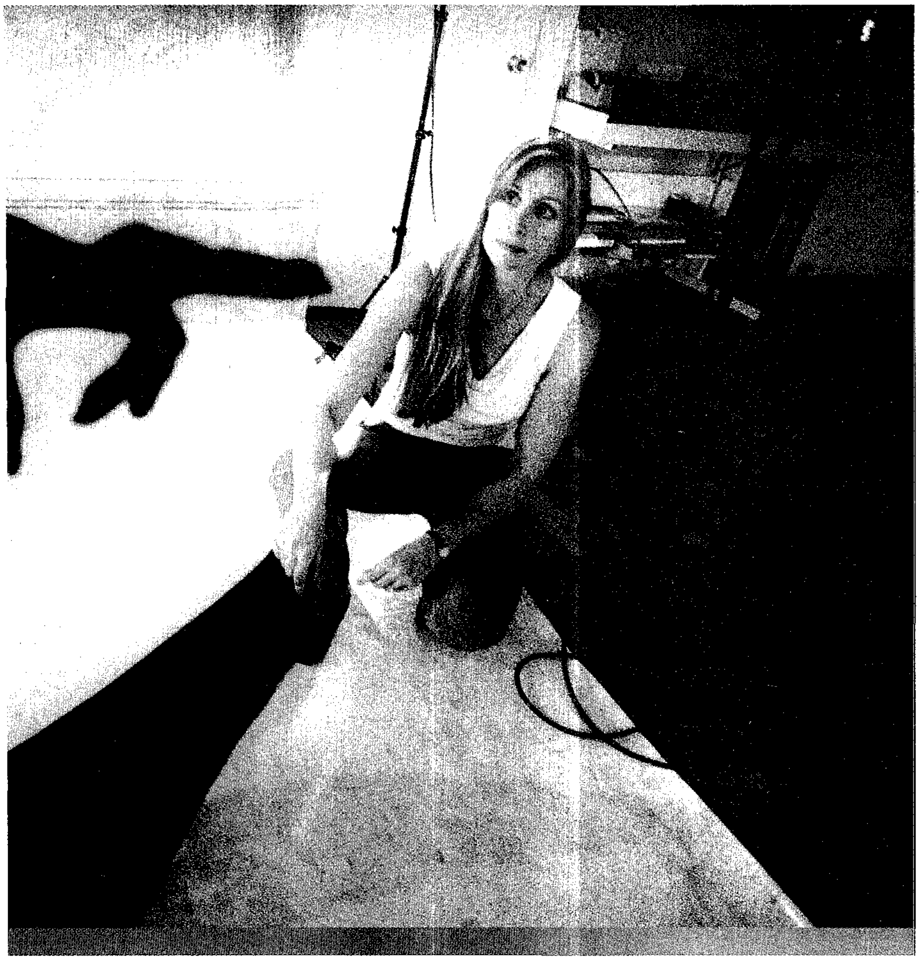
Hanson is 48 but could pass for 35. She has utterly straight blonde hair and a strong, lean body. Still, she is no exhibitionist. Posing nude is a frontier she has never crossed. "My hedonism," she says, "is leavened with caution." Staying behind the camera has not wounded her financially; she acknowledges that she does "very well" in porn. She has a flat in Park Slope but spends weekends in her house upstate, where she keeps a fine collection of taxidermy. "There's a stuffed six-foot alligator eating a fawn, a fox killing a lamb, and a beagle wearing its collar," she says quite proudly. "I've been to a few auctions."

"I've made this magazine successful by listening to guys," Hanson says. "I probe them for the subtleties of their lust."

When she's away from the gaze of those frozen animals, though, it's *Leg Show* that fixates her. On the surface, the magazine reads like standard porn: "Know what I am? I'm a bad girl!" But much of what Hanson writes is actually an earthy translation of her theories about sex—theories that, as it happens, are rooted in academia. She has read every text about the libido that has come within her reach—starting at the age of 14, when she found Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis* in her local library. From there, she wended her way through Freud, Wilhelm Stekel, the sex-change expert John Money, and even the English satirist Geoff Nicholson, who is now Hanson's boyfriend.

Having worked as a respiratory therapist, Hanson has a habit of couching her sexual opinions in medical terms. Other pornographers gibber about chakras, auras, the "weaving of energy." She prefers to muse about apocrine glands: how "those odoriferous organs are located only in the nipples, armpits, groin, and feet—hence fetishists' preoccupation with shoes, which are prized for their retention of smell." To this day, she insists that her style of directing a photo shoot (calling everyone "honey," soothing the model without losing control) was learned working at hospitals.

The rest of her pornographic schooling has come from reader feedback. Hanson's correspondence reveals sexual urges of every stripe. She especially likes to tell the story of the Little Man. In her office, there's a four-inch wax molding of a nude male figure. The Little Man was a gift from a Nebraska reader of *Leg Show.* Its nose is partly rubbed away, as is much of the crude brown coloring where its hair is meant to be. The penis, small even by Little Man standards, exists still, though most of the pubic hair has faded. The figure's face offers no discernible expression: It is blank from waiting. For the Little Man was made to be stomped,



Hole lotta glove: Hansen directs a photo shoot.

made by a real man who *dreamed* of being stomped. It was the Nebraskan's habit to stand in public and furtively place the Little Man where it would fall beneath heels—women's heels, the sharper the better. Then he watched, wincing in ecstasy, as the Little Man was impaled underfoot. He would have spontaneous orgasms seeing the Little Man trodden upon. Ideally, he would then recover it, driven by the orgasms he knew he'd have with it later, when he studied the shape and depth of the heel wounds sustained by his tinier self.

"Consider the child," Hanson says, as if the Little Man is some sort of parable. "When his mother's angry, she's powerful. The child feels safe. So he grows up fixated on a moment in his childhood where he was anxious or afraid, staring up at the tower of Mommy. It's not uncommon for men to fantasize about being small. There's even a magazine, *Giantess*, for that population of readers."

It didn't surprise Hanson to learn how the Nebraskan's fetish started: how, at the age of 4, he earned the kind attentions of a neighbor lady after she accidentally pierced his hand with her heel, and how he was discovered a week later hiding under a table, trying to get his hand under her foot again. Hanson wasn't even alarmed when the hapless Nebraskan offered his life to her ("who would know," he said, "and who would care?") so that his flesh could be fashioned into shoes or a rug. She finds it all quite endearing.

So she walks the narrow road. Any variation on a fetish, a single added or missing detail, shatters readers' fantasies. If a nylon seam is crooked, Hanson receives irate letters from any number of impassioned readers: her man at the State Department, maybe. A roofer in Toronto. *Leg Show* men cross all boundaries. "I've made this magazine successful by listening to guys," she says. "I probe them for the subtleties of their lust, and often translate their ideas directly into layouts."

But fetishists, even with their ultraprecise tastes, are not without common ground. Hanson has a complex sexual theory that draws them all together: a mental *Gesamtkunstwerk* of perversity. To Hanson, sexuality in our culture is all about protrusion. "Women are concerned about their buttocks and their breasts," she says. "They never worry about their vaginas." Sex and porn are a simple function of flesh that sticks out, and the curve of the flesh, and the motion of the curve.

The fact that women don't generally fetishize, in Hanson's view, results from the culture's more intense scrutiny of males: "Fetishes begin when a boy is attracted to something shiny or soft, something that feels like skin. It might be the satin edge of a blanket or something silky, but it's perceived by adults to be feminine. So he's directed away from it, often sternly—which fixates the boy on the object. His sexuality doesn't go away; it gets twisted. The realm of fetishism proves that, as a society, we're continuing to maim our children psychosexually."

"The moment a fetish starts," she adds, forever veering into new avenues of her Theory, "is usually the moment of anxiety and stimulation when the boy is made to feel that if he expresses sexuality—if he breaks the rules—love will be withheld from him. That's what I'd never have believed 23 years ago. Fetish pornography is all about the search for love."

In the odd metaphysics of Dian Hanson, that is possibly the oddest tenet: Everything she writes, every overripe metaphor and sordid *Leg Show* fantasy, is an expression of love. Sure, smut is easy to mistake for filth—as a thuggish con, good for a quick buck. But Hanson insists that money is not what draws her to the trade. "The old *Leg Show,* before I joined the staff, was failing because it was contemptuous of its readers," she says equably. "What we do now, and what men enjoy, is love in the *guise* of contempt.

"My magazine is a seduction, an ongoing love affair," she insists. "That's the sad thing about the Internet. Smut online isn't glossy. You can't hold it in your hand or keep track of your favorite models. The Internet is a one-night stand. So if online porn replaces magazine porn, we may all find ourselves living in a more loveless world."

WHEN DIAN HANSON FOUND Krafft-Ebing at 14, the lines of her life were drawn for good. She'd been raised, she says, by "right-wing eccentrics." Her father is the head of a Christian-mystic cult. He taught his five children to be vegetarians, occasionally driving the whole clan to his office for a colonic—just to attain that extra measure of inner godliness. The religion was so secretive that Hanson's parents never even tried to include their own kids. "They probably thought we weren't worthy," Hanson says, nearly giggling. "My father was presented to us as a holy man: not only as a godlike father but as a fatherlike god. Imagine. Instead of threats, there was always a lot of karma bandied about: 'Do you want to be reincarnated as a leper in India?' "

The girl Hanson was a pariah in school—so tormented by her classmates that she half wonders why she didn't come in one day brandishing a weapon. A photo from the time shows what her classmates scorned: She is 11, wearing a ratty straw hat and looking gangly. Crouching in the snow, she appears per-

Mighty Aphrodite: Hanson in her SoHo office.

plexed. Her feet are turned inward. One boat-size hand is feeling the ground, as if this were her first moment on earth. Hanson keeps this picture in her office, right between a photo of a man fucking a shoe and a (doctored) picture of Chelsea Clinton in the buff.

Hanson's schoolmates reserved their most exquisite derision for her height. In kindergarten, she was actually taller than the teacher, and she hit five feet ten by the sixth grade. She grew so fast that her frame outpaced her heart-lung complex. At one point, her arm span exceeded her vertical height. Doctors feared gigantism.

As a nongiant adult, Hanson has never wavered in her rebellion. Despite her vegetarian childhood, she's spectacularly carnivorous, and a good drinker. But she could never be mistaken for a pariah these days. There are many thousands of readers who hang on her every word, write paeans to "the Goddess Dian," and have even started up a club and a newsletter devoted to her.

She has also managed, quite by accident, to become a minor celebrity among media types: "It's very common, when I'm at a book party with Geoff [Nicholson], to have a publisher sidle up to me and whisper, 'I just love *Juggs*!' " New York and L.A. are sprinkled with writers and artists who have, at some point, sought out a connection with Hanson. One of the few men who openly admit this, the German publisher Benedikt Taschen, says he wants to compile "a cool book of her writings." (There's even a *Leg Show* poster prominently displayed in the strip-club set of *The Sopranos.*)

Beyond that, Hanson has had long-term relationships with artist Joe Coleman and, more famously, the cartoonist Robert Crumb. It's probably no coincidence, one way or another, that Crumb's images echo Hanson's own muscular vision of female power. At dinner on the night they met, Crumb was asked how he'd like to get home and replied that he wanted to ride on Dian's back. Tourists in the Russian Tea Room snapped photos as he leaped aboard the woman and rode her off the premises. "Oh, her legs were even more powerful back then," Crumb wistfully recalls. "She could go for blocks and blocks!

"It's devastating how well Dian understands male sexuality," adds Crumb, who now lives in the south of France. "She caters to perversions with an expertise that's scary. She's like an Albert Schweitzer to pathetic foot-suckers, and she's pretty good-hearted about it."

Inevitably, there are those who decry Hanson as a traitor to the subversive spirit of pornography. Al Goldstein, the very loud and very fat man who edits *Screw*, becomes apoplectic at the mention of her name. Goldstein has spent as many years being a reprobate as Hanson has spent not being one. "When was the last time she was busted?" he asks, touting his own nineteen arrests. "I fight for free expression. You ask me about someone who wants to keep quiet? That's like asking Martin Luther King about blacks who want to pass as white. Dian Hanson is gutless, a coward. I tolerate her like a mosquito bite on the ass!"

It's true that Hanson has little desire to spend her life in court. The magazines she edits are technically soft-core, which means they stop short of depicting actual penetration. Under federal law (namely, 18 U.S. Code, Section 2257), a hard-core-porn operation must cross-reference all models with explicit releases and every name the model has ever used in her life. It's like chasing mice through a thicket. To fail in these record-keeping duties, under the law, can bring a five-year prison term, even if the model in question is 70 years old. Hanson, as a purveyor of soft-core, is legally exempt from these inventories, but she does them anyway.

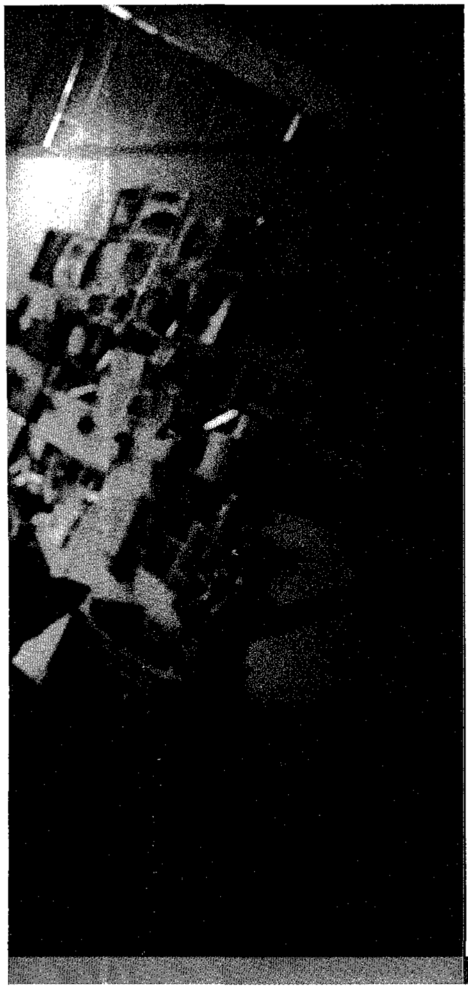
DIAN HANSON'S DIRECTION OF A photo shoot is the purest expression of her work. All her skills—her quiet command, her knowledge of exactly what poses will provide *Leg Show* readers with quality masturbation—are called into play. On a breezy Tuesday, she packs a few bags with clothes she has bought for Tammy Lee, a longtime favorite with her readers.

Walking to the studio, Hanson gushes about cookbooks she has purchased over the weekend. "You should see *The Poultry Bible* or some of my German books!" she says. "They're lit much the same way we light a shoot—the same contrivances. Everything is well oiled. Everything's full and round, meticulously arranged to stimulate the appetite."

The studio, run by a Swedish photographer named Anneli Adolfsson, is a vast room in Chelsea. Nine giant shades keep out the piercing sunlight; a German boxer dog is sleeping in a cage. Nearby is a closet filled with legal boxes marked ANTIQUE LINGERIE and, true to *Leg Show* fetishism, GAS MASKS.

Beneath the chipped white ceiling, Tammy Lee is standing nude as Hanson "de-malls" her flame-red hair. It needs to be de-malled: This is a glamour shoot and must elicit images of old Hollywood, not the shopping center where Dian Hanson finds fabulous deals on Manolos and Betsey Johnsons.

Tammy Lee, a "featured entertainer" who performs in San Francisco, Miami, and other strip-friendly cities, has



“Dian Hanson,” says her former lover R. Crumb, “is like an Albert Schweitzer to pathetic foot-suckers, and she’s pretty good-hearted about it.”

earned combat pay from *Leg Show*. In past issues, she has exposed herself on the streets of New York and London. On a more puzzling assignment, she was taken to a meatpacking plant and photographed among cattle parts. There was so much suet on the floors that, to avoid slipping on her stiletto heels, she had to be carried out to the meat hooks, where she bravely swung around until Hanson and Adolfsson got the pictures they needed. “We shot her near a hanging tree of gluteus muscles,” recalls Hanson, who never resists the chance to be medically specific. “It was a beautiful layout.”

A porn photo shoot is itself a slightly medical, or at least clinical, event. It’s five or six hours—fifteen on a tough day—of asking a model to move her elbow three inches to the left, or arch her back, or swivel her left buttock just slightly toward the lens. Every few minutes, Hanson reminds Tammy Lee to “Barbie the foot”: her slang for making the perfect S-shape that drives *Leg Show* readers to private distraction.

As an extra favor to those who lust after Tammy’s curvy feet, Hanson has brought a pair of custom-made English shoes she’s been saving for the occasion. She rightly calls them “the torture shoes.” They look like matching cliffs. The heels are a ludicrous six and a half inches high, with an angle of descent of 45 degrees. “Tammy’s woman enough to wear these,” Hanson says, in the calming voice of a respiratory therapist. “We love our Tammy!”

Eventually, her lips rocketing into hypergloss, Tammy is trapped in a wilderness of straps, nylon, and silk. From the looks of her, she might explode if just one of the hooks or clips gives way. “Men are entranced by the complication of lingerie,” Hanson says, buttoning Tammy’s gold *bustier*. “The fact that women need pounds of elastic and tressing fascinates them, because all they wear is a shred of cotton underneath their clothes. And it’s a very male urge, an aggressive and sexual one, to want to fight through layers to get to the female.”

Tammy slips on a pair of long black gloves and strikes an Evita pose for fun. Then she gingerly makes her way to the square of glass she’ll pose upon first. The effect of the glass, in addition to playing up the veins in her brand-new four-pound breasts (she recently weighed them, at 2 A.M., on a grocery store’s fruit scale), is to make her look like one of Hanson’s happy German recipes.

“Don’t ask me to smile,” Tammy says in her rough Pennsylvanian accent. “I look stupid when I smile.”

But the last thing on earth Dian Hanson wants is a smile. Tammy’s target reader, she tells me quietly, is the man whose fantasy is to marry a bad girl—one who will cheat, bring strangers home, have sex with them in his presence. “Do the smirk,” she tells Tammy. “There! There’s the resentful look. It says, ‘Your penis isn’t good enough!’ ”

Within minutes, Tammy collapses on the torture shoes. Hanson rushes over and lowers her to the floor like a mortally wounded soldier. “She’s crippled but beautiful,” Hanson says. “We’re a full-service magazine.”

TAMMY SMOKES. SHE’S BEEN DYING for a cig anyway, and now has the double joy of smoking it while she works. As Hanson is proud to remind us, Tammy was *Leg Show*’s very first smoker, way back in 1996. Some readers were electrified; others dashed off complaints, desperately hoping their “favorite woman” would give up this filthy habit before she died of it.

Over the entire shoot, the spite in Tammy’s baby eyes never dims. She is tireless. Into the fifth hour, the entire crew’s performance has taken on an air of athletic prowess. Anneli Adolfsson, herself a classically beautiful woman, has not faltered in her singsong praise of Tammy’s dirty poses. Dian Hanson presides over the event playfully but with a hidden gravitas when it comes to the exactitude of poses.

For the nude shots, Tammy taps her labia to wake them for the lens. Hanson has a score of euphemisms for *vagina*. She asks Tammy to reveal her “bunny parts,” then, moments later, compliments her on the “cootchie.” Tammy, sprawled upside-down beneath three 2,400-watt klieg lights, doesn’t alter her smirk by one degree.

“Hey—let’s get some butt shots,” Hanson says, as if this is only now occurring to her. “We can’t waste those fine buttocks of yours.”

“Oooh, very nice,” Adolfsson chirps. “Yum, yum, yum, yum!”

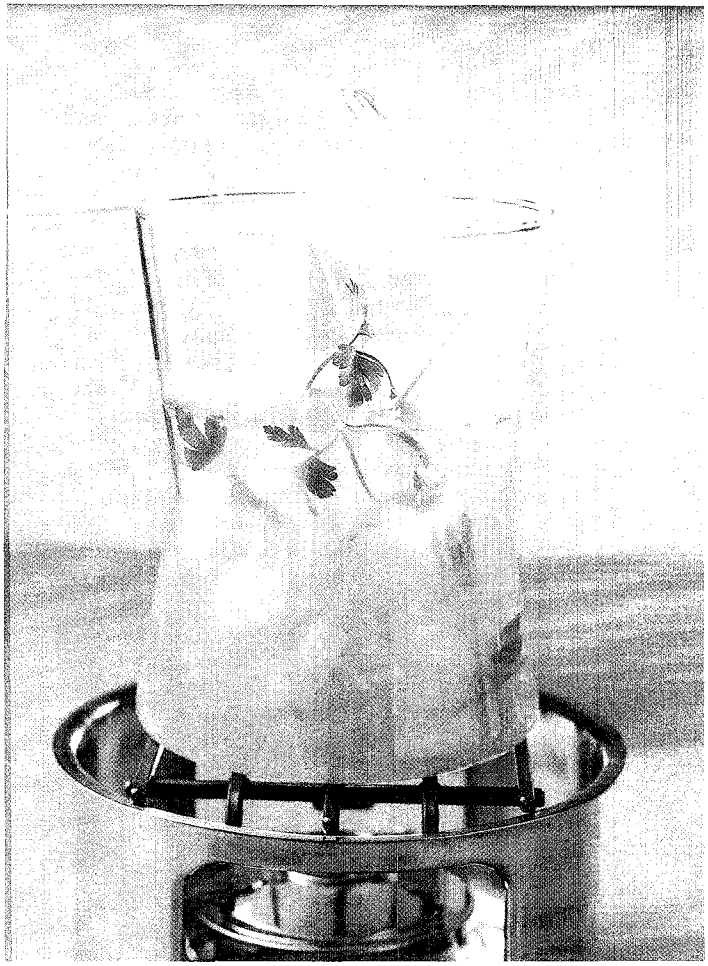
“More, Tammy,” Hanson says. “Obey Mommy!”

Tammy gives more. She suddenly shouts, “Kiss my ass! Lick my shoes!”

Hanson corrects her: “*Buy* me shoes!”

The shoot ends. Hanson steps back into the gray light of Chelsea. People on the street alternately smile at her, glance at her, ignore her. Unlike the masturbators and transvestites who favor *Leg Show*, she has no secret terror that she’ll be revealed as an Unacceptable Person.

Quite the opposite. Last year, a German fan wangled her a ticket to the 300th performance of *The Sound of Music* as well as a private party with the Von Trapps. Hanson dined across from one of the storied couple’s grandsons. “They were a hearty bunch—genetically superior people with fabulous blue-green eyes,” says Hanson, as ever connecting beauty to biology. “I sat behind Maria during the play, listening to her whisper, ‘Oh! That isn’t how it happened at all!’ It made me realize: *What a wonderful life I have.* And I owe it all to pornography.” ■



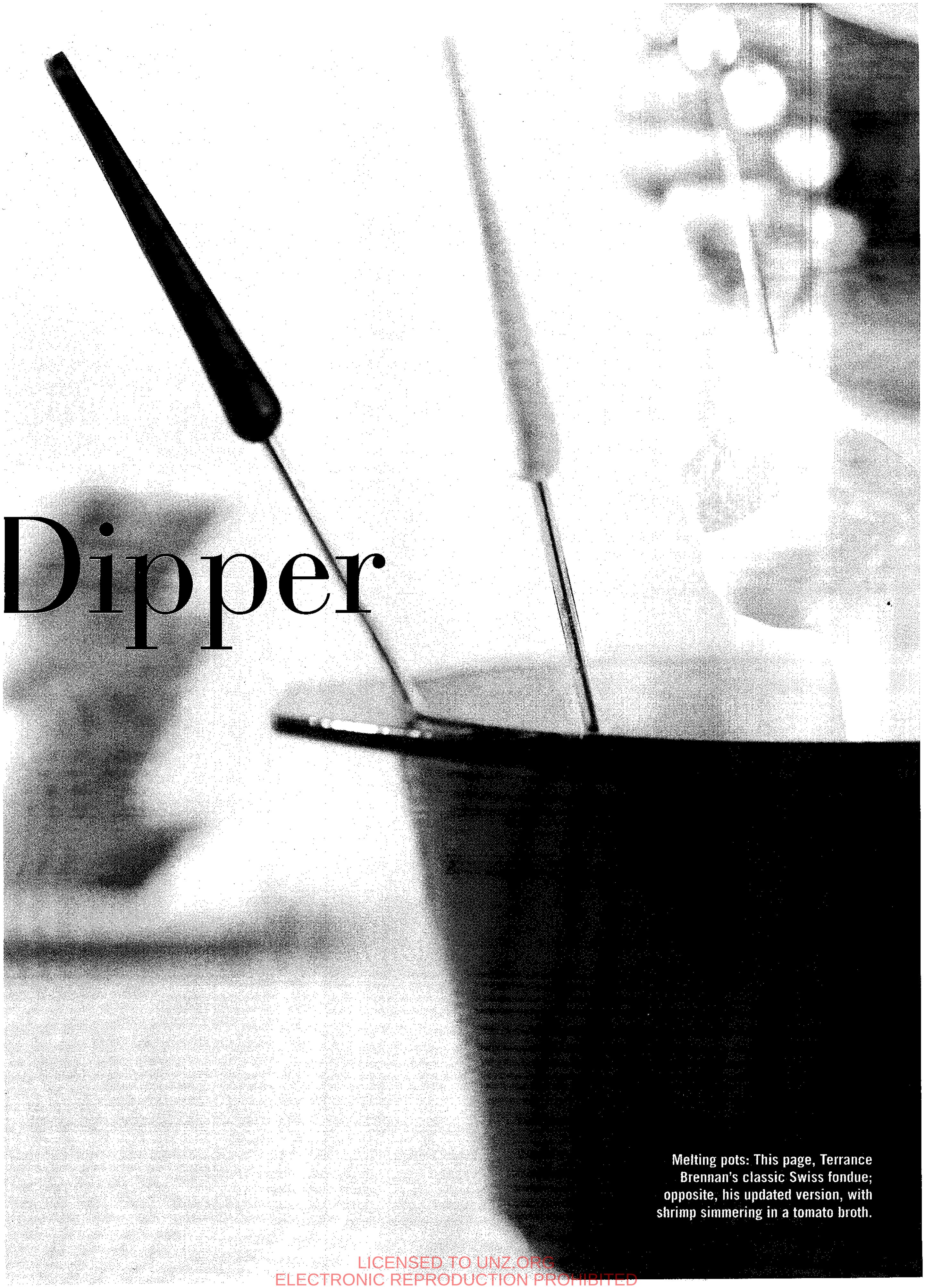
Fondue comes in from the cold, making the leap from Nixon-era kitsch to rehabilitated classic. Sometimes cheesy is a *good* thing. By Gillian Duffy

The Big

WE'RE GOING TO ASSUME THAT YOU ALREADY HAVE A fondue pot. Everyone who got married in the Cheese Decade, 1967 to '77—or whose parents did—owns one. (Possibly three or four, at least one of them in that ubiquitous burnt orange.) Fondue was the redoubtable suburban party fare of those looser times: *Everyone cooks his own! Eat as much as you want!* A can of Sterno, a pot of Wesson or Velveeta, some cut-up flank steak or bread, and you had a happening worthy of *Rabbit Redux.* Toni Tennille would've fit right in. • And so a meal became a punch line that belied its Alpine history. (Swiss shepherds apparently got in the habit of dunking their bread in melted cheese spiked with wine.) Enter Terrance Brennan, chef-owner of Picholine, known for the quality and breadth of its cheese selection, a man who knows a thing or two about the world of curd. (His new restaurant, Artisanal Fromagerie & Bistro, will open in the spring, with a dozen fondues on the menu.) "Fondue is certainly retro, and it goes along with this whole cheese thing growing in popularity," Brennan says. "The fondue is part of the hors d'oeuvre, with more substantial food to follow, so it turns into a dinner. I did a fondue last night at the restaurant with white truffles," he adds, "and the guests loved it." • *White truffles?!* Indeed, what might be called *nouvelle fondue* owes little to its very Brady cousin. That deadly cauldron of oil has been replaced by healthier, tastier broths. Shrimp go into a fresh-tomato-and-white-wine sitz bath; strips of lamb, skewered like Thai satays, go into hot chicken stock. (Brennan serves a complementary dip alongside each.) The result, the chef notes, is a little like the Korean hot-pot dinner—and since the broth keeps getting richer as the meal goes on, the flavors keep improving. For the fat-fearless, the classic Swiss cheese fondue (Emmental, Gruyère, white wine) is along for the trip, joined by a new adaptation in which cheeses commingle with dark beer and apple butter for a smokier rendition. • And—because, let's face it, any meal involving color-coded cutlery is still a little goofy no matter how much you dress it up—dessert has a definite kids'-party quality. ("People have to go fishing," notes Brennan.) You get to dunk your fruit or pound cake or marshmallows in molten chocolate (admittedly tweaked with Grand Marnier) or butterscotch. If your brother is poking you with his fork, that's your problem. Or you can call Mom—unless you're afraid she'll want her fondue pot back.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARIN AND DAVID RILEY
FOOD STYLING BY WILLIAM L. SMITH • PROP STYLING BY ROBYN GLASER

Dipper



Melting pots: This page, Terrance Brennan's classic Swiss fondue; opposite, his updated version, with shrimp simmering in a tomato broth.

the recipes

PARTY FOR EIGHT TO TEN
Terrance Brennan
PICHOLINE AND THE
ARTISANAL FROMAGERIE & BISTRO

Classic Swiss Fondue

1 clove garlic
1 cup dry white wine
1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
2 tablespoons Kirschwasser
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 cups shredded Emmental cheese
2 cups shredded Gruyère cheese
Pinch of freshly grated nutmeg
Sea salt and freshly ground black pepper

Vigorously rub the garlic clove around the inside of a medium-size heavy-bottomed saucepan. Discard the garlic; add the wine and the lemon juice to the pan and bring to a simmer.

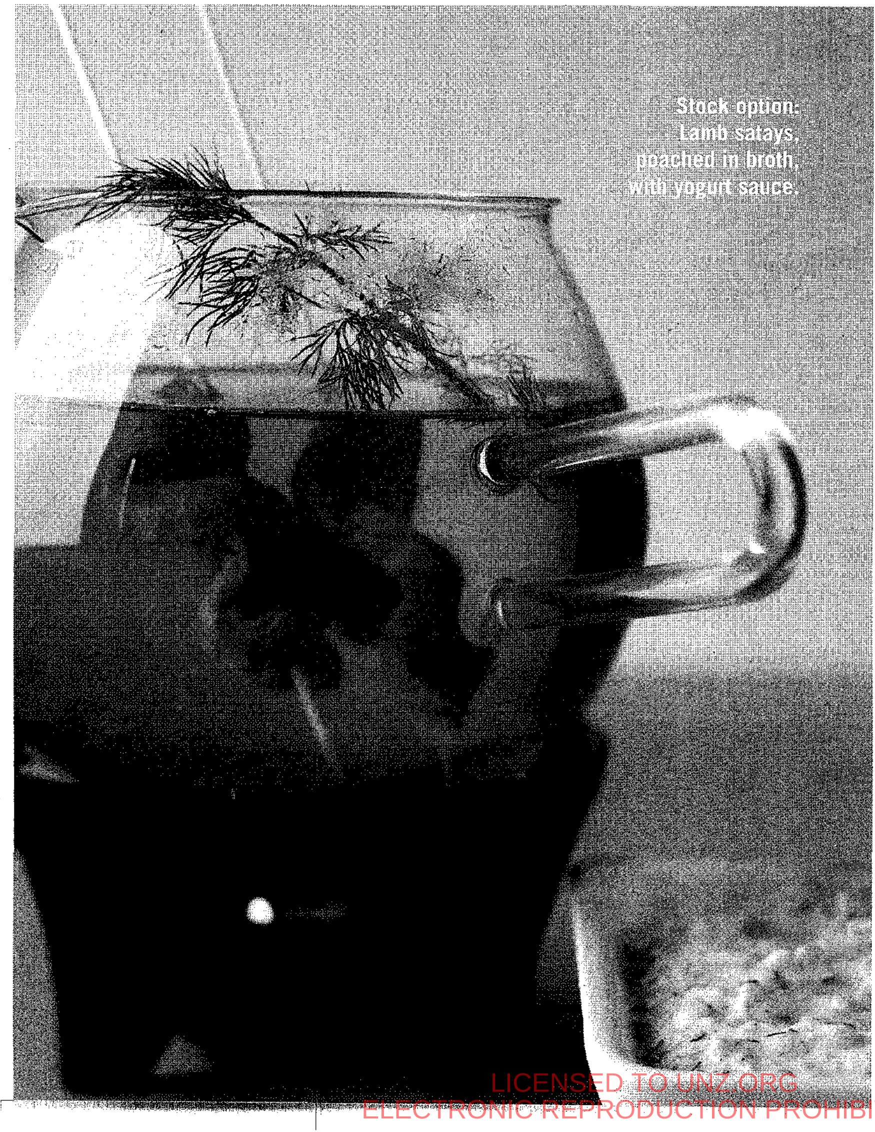
Mix in a small bowl the Kirschwasser and the cornstarch until smooth. Add to the saucepan, and simmer for 1 minute. Slowly stir in the cheeses until they have melted (the mixture can simmer but not boil). Remove from the heat, stir in the nutmeg, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Transfer to a fondue pot.

Serve with assorted cubed breads and your choice of bite-size dippers.

Smoky Cheese Fondue

1½ cups (1 12-ounce bottle) dark beer (such as Sierra Nevada; don't use stout)
1 tablespoon freshly squeezed lemon juice
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon dry English mustard
3 cups shredded smoked Jarlsberg or smoked Gouda cheese, firm rinds removed
1¼ cups shredded Emmental cheese
½ cup apple butter
1 teaspoon toasted caraway seeds
Sea salt and freshly ground black pepper

In a medium-size heavy-bottomed saucepan, bring 1¼ cups of the beer and the lemon juice to a simmer. Add the remaining beer to a mixing bowl with the cornstarch and dry mustard, stir until smooth, and add to the pan. Simmer the liquid for 1 minute before gradually whisking in the cheeses. Once the cheese has melted, remove from the heat (a few lumps of cheese will remain). Stir in the apple butter and caraway seeds, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Transfer to a fondue pot.



Stock option: Lamb satays, poached in broth, with yogurt sauce.

Serve with rye and pumpernickel bread, sausages, cured meats, and cornichons.

Lamb Satay With Yogurt Sauce

Satay:
1½ to 2 pounds boneless leg of lamb (or chicken), sliced into thin strips
4 cups chicken broth
Sea salt and freshly ground black pepper
Yogurt sauce:
1 medium English cucumber, peeled
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups plain yogurt, well drained through a cheesecloth
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh dill
1 tablespoon finely chopped dried oregano
2 pinches cayenne pepper
Sea salt and freshly ground black pepper

Satay: Thread the strips of lamb onto skewers and arrange on a platter. Place the chicken broth in a fondue pot and season with salt and pepper. Set the pot over enough heat to keep the broth at a simmer. Poach the lamb in the broth to desired doneness, about 1 to 2 minutes.

Sauce: Split the cucumber in half lengthwise, and remove the seeds with a spoon. Place the cucumber in a food processor fitted with a metal blade. Pulse until finely chopped, about 6 to 8 times. Toss with 1 teaspoon salt and allow to drain at room temperature in a fine-mesh sieve for 1 hour. Press to remove excess liquid.

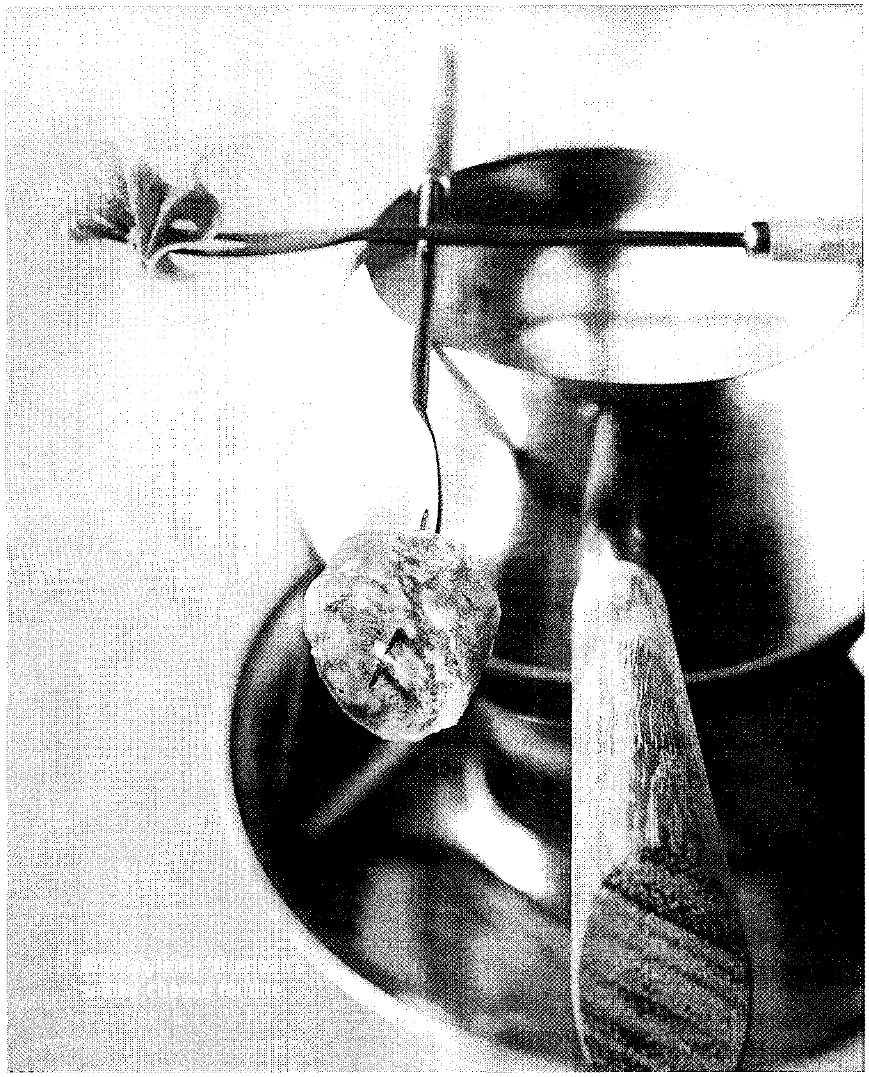
Place the chopped cucumber in a small bowl with the yogurt, garlic, dill, oregano, and cayenne, and mix well. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Place in a serving bowl.

Shrimp in Tomato Broth With Mediterranean Dip

Shrimp:
4½ pounds large red beefsteak tomatoes (do not use canned)
1 teaspoon chopped garlic
½ cup thinly sliced celery
1 cup dry white wine
36 fresh medium shrimp (16 to 20 per pound), shells removed and reserved, deveined
2 pinches saffron (optional)
Sea salt and freshly ground black pepper
Mediterranean dip:
1 cup mayonnaise
2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
¼ cup pitted Niçoise olives, finely chopped
3 salted anchovy fillets, rinsed and finely chopped
2 teaspoons freshly squeezed lemon juice
½ cup peeled, seeded and finely chopped tomatoes
1 pinch saffron (optional)

Shrimp: Place the tomatoes in a food processor fitted with the metal blade. Add

Previous pages: left, glass pot from Ad Hoc Softwares, fondue base by Spring from Zabar's; right, fondue pot by Le Creuset from Zabar's.



[illegible] Swiss cheese fondue

the garlic and celery, and purée for 1 minute. Line a fine mesh sieve with cheesecloth, and place over a large bowl to catch the juices. Allow to drain overnight in the refrigerator.

The next day, gently press the pulp to extract any remaining juices, and put the juice in a medium-size stock pot with the white wine. Add the shrimp shells and the saffron, and allow to simmer over medium-low heat for 20 minutes. Strain the tomato broth into a fondue pot, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Set over fondue burner, and adjust heat to keep the broth at a simmer. Place each shrimp on a skewer, and poach for about 1 minute, or to desired doneness.

Dip: Place mayonnaise in a small bowl. Add the garlic, olives, anchovies, lemon juice, tomatoes, and saffron (if desired). Mix together well, and transfer to a serving bowl.

Chocolate, Hazelnut, and Grand Marnier Fondue

¾ cup heavy cream
12 ounces semisweet Valrhona or other high-quality chocolate, finely chopped
½ cup finely chopped toasted, skinned hazelnuts (or almonds)
1 tablespoon grated orange zest
2 tablespoons Grand Marnier

Heat the heavy cream in a medium-size heavy-bottomed saucepan to a simmer. Add the chopped chocolate, and remove the pan from the heat. Stir until the chocolate has completely melted. Add the nuts, orange zest, and Grand Marnier, and whisk until incorporated. Transfer to a ceramic fondue pot, and serve immediately, with strawberries, chestnuts, pound cake, meringues, oranges, blood oranges, clementines, coconut bars, or marshmallows.

Butterscotch Fondue

¼ cup unsalted butter
¾ cup dark brown sugar
¼ cup light corn syrup
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
12-ounce can evaporated milk
2 tablespoons brandy (optional)
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Heat the butter, the sugar, and the corn syrup in a medium-size heavy-bottomed saucepan until the mixture starts to bubble and caramelize. (It should read 121 to 123 degrees on a candy thermometer.)

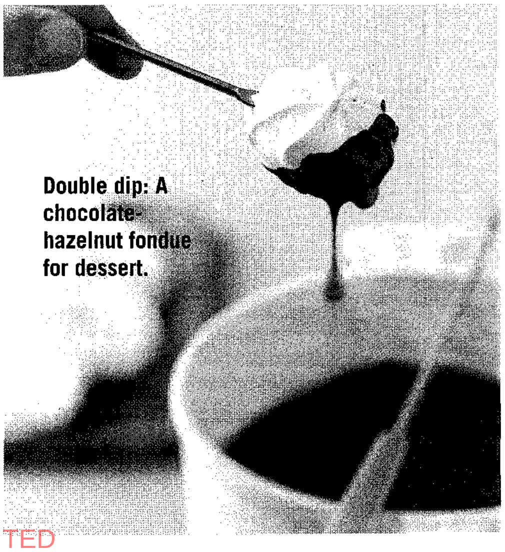
Mix in a bowl the cornstarch with ¼ cup of the evaporated milk until mixture is smooth. Add the remaining evaporated milk to the saucepan and bring to a simmer. Whisk in the cornstarch mixture and simmer for 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from the heat, and add the brandy and vanilla. Transfer to a ceramic fondue pot.

Serve with small chunks of angel-food cake, apple, banana, and pear.

Swiss Accuracy

Tips to make your fondue party a slam dunk:

- For cheese and delicate fondues such as chocolate, use a heavy ceramic fondue pot to prevent scorching. For a broth fondue, use a metal pot, so the stock will reheat quickly after each round of dipping.
- *Don't omit the lemon juice or other acid* from a cheese fondue—it's required to keep the melted cheese smooth.
- For accompaniments, let your imagination roam past bread cubes. Blanch your favorite vegetables, cut them into bite-size pieces, and arrange attractively on platters. Consider serving chunks of meat, fish, or shellfish.
- Figure on six to eight diners at most for each fondue pot.
- When serving a broth fondue, warn your guests that the forks get hot.
- Encourage diners to stir the fondue as they dip their forks and to scrape the bottom of the pot occasionally. The motion helps to keep the fondue from separating and burning.
- If a cheese fondue does separate, return the pot to the stove and whisk it hard over medium heat to bring mixture back together.
- At the end of a cheese fondue, leave a thin layer of the mixture in the pot over the flame and let it brown. Once it cools, peel it off and share with your guests.
- Make up your own penalty for anyone losing a piece of bread in the pot—perhaps kissing the cook. (In a Swiss restaurant, the offender would have to buy the next bottle of wine, usually Fendant.)



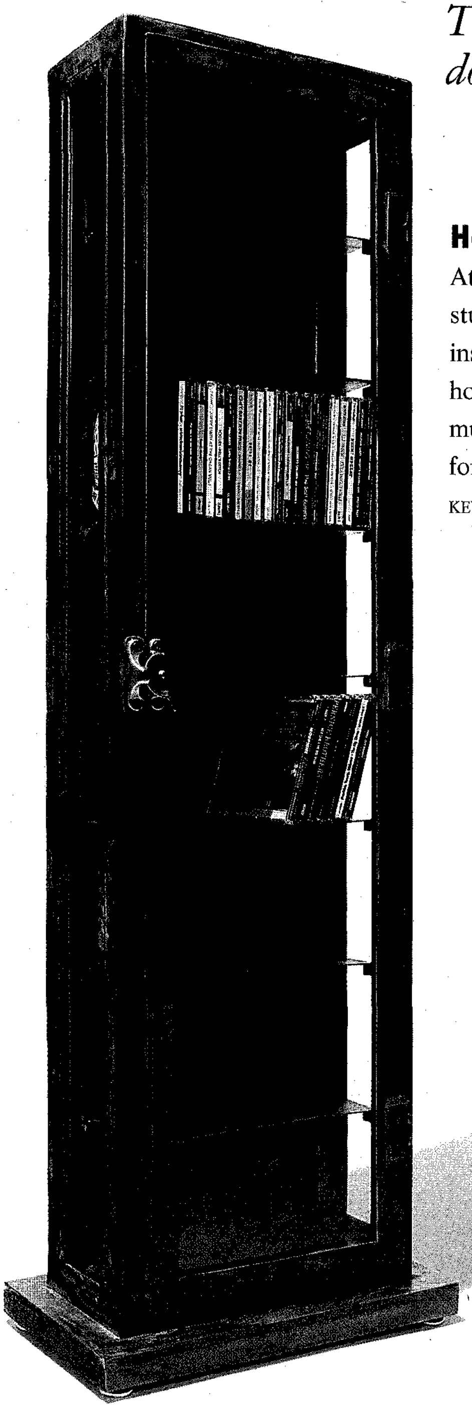
Double dip: A chocolate-hazelnut fondue for dessert.

Opposite page, glass bowl by Catamont and La Saucière base by Le Creuset from Zabar's, dish by Swid Powell from Fortunoff. This page, top, bowl and forks by Alessi from Moss; right, fondue pot by Le Creuset from Zabar's.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Holds Anything

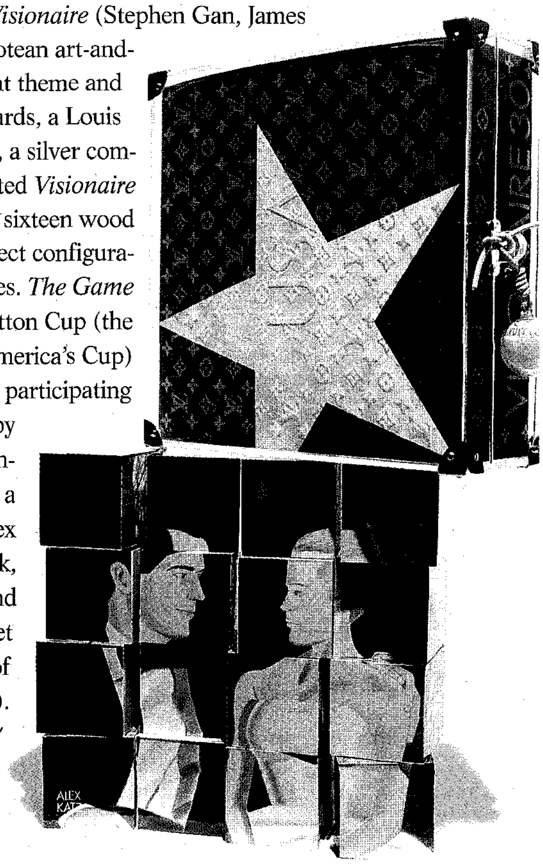
At last, a CD holder that a fractious puppy can't knock over. This sturdy glass-and-steel cabinet was made in the Southwest, but it was inspired by French medical cabinets of the twenties and thirties and can house a serious CD library—184 cases to be exact. And it's not only for music buffs: The steel shelves are removable, so film freaks can use it for videos, bibliophiles for books ($575).

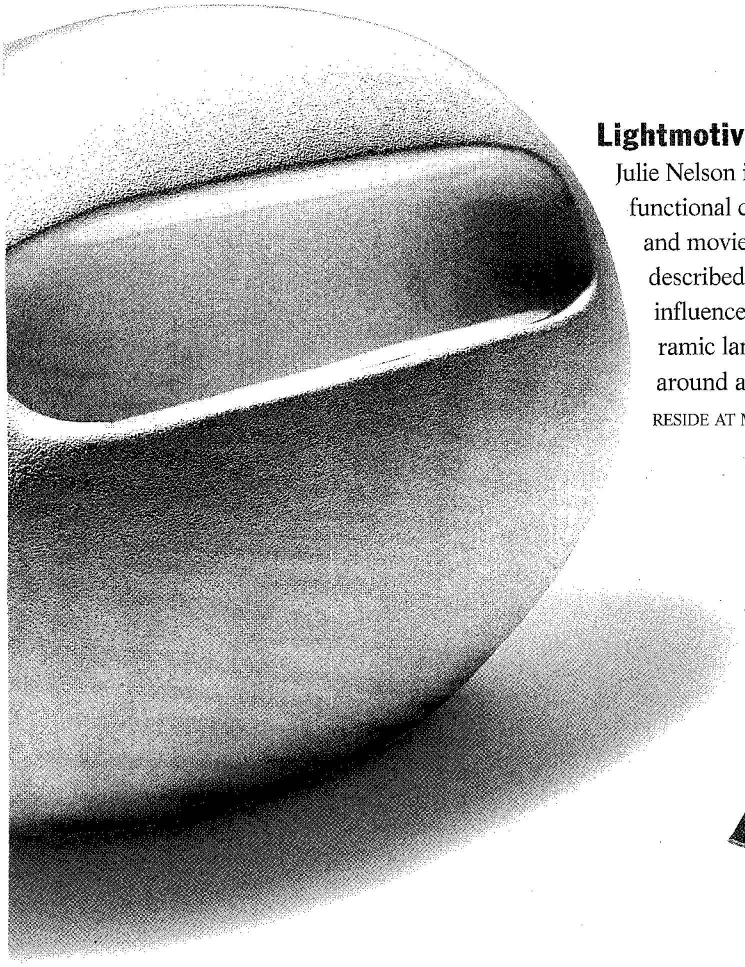
KEVIN HART & CO./*31 North Moore Street/212-966-1963*

A Vision Wrapped in a Puzzle Inside a Lucite Case

By the time they've been around for nine years, most magazines are pretty predictable. But each issue of *Visionaire* (Stephen Gan, James Kaliardos, and Cecilia Dean's protean art-and-fashion un-magazine) has a different theme and takes an unusual form: a deck of cards, a Louis Vuitton portfolio case, a light box, a silver compact. Now the threesome have created *Visionaire 30—The Game.* It's a puzzle of sixteen wood cubes that, when placed in the correct configuration, form one of six different images. *The Game* was inspired by the Louis Vuitton Cup (the qualifying round of races for the America's Cup) so there's a version for the seven participating countries, each nation represented by its painters, photographers, and image-makers, and each game comes in a silk-screened Vuitton Lucite case. Alex Katz, Nan Goldin, Mary Ellen Mark, Steven Klein, David LaChapelle, and Elizabeth Peyton are the artists we get to play with ($150; limited edition of 6,000 hand-numbered copies).

LOUIS VUITTON/*116 Greene Street/ 212-274-9090*





Lightmotiv

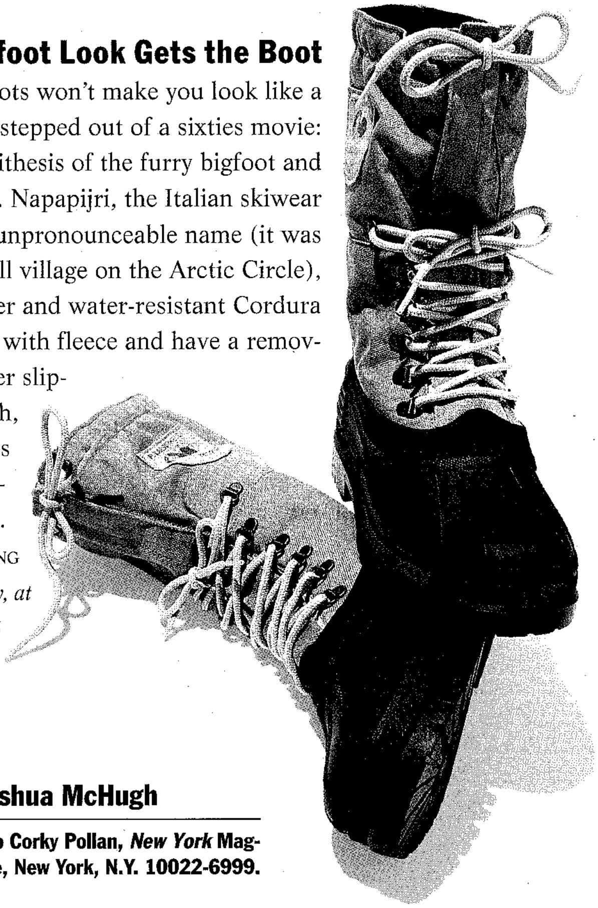
Julie Nelson is a London-based sculptor who went from creating nonfunctional ceramic forms in college to assembling 3-D props for TV and movies to designing lighting. At various times, her work has been described as sculptural, architectural, fluid, inspired by the body, and influenced by fifties organic modernism, but what really sets her ceramic lamps apart from others is that they're as splendid just sitting around as they are when lit ("Cavity," $400; "Ellipse," $440).

RESIDE AT MXYPLYZYK/*123 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street/212-989-5094*

Bigfoot Look Gets the Boot

These après-ski boots won't make you look like a snow bunny who stepped out of a sixties movie: They're the antithesis of the furry bigfoot and space-agey looks. Napapijri, the Italian skiwear company with the unpronounceable name (it was taken from a small village on the Arctic Circle), makes them of rubber and water-resistant Cordura nylon. They're lined with fleece and have a removable thermal-felt inner slipper for added warmth, Velcro closures for easy on-and-off ($120).

PARAGON SPORTING GOODS/*867 Broadway, at 18th Street/212-255-8036*



Baby Basics

They're cute (but not cutesy), they're practical (but not boring), and they solve the niggling problem of baby-shower and newborn gifts. Little Chums by Best of Chums cotton baby sets cover the basics—long-sleeve T-shirt, leggings, and cap. The embroidery makes them special ($39; sizes 6 months and 12 months).

COZY'S CUTS FOR KIDS/*448 Amsterdam Avenue, near 81st Street/212-579-2600; and 1125 Madison Avenue, near 84th Street/212-744-1716*

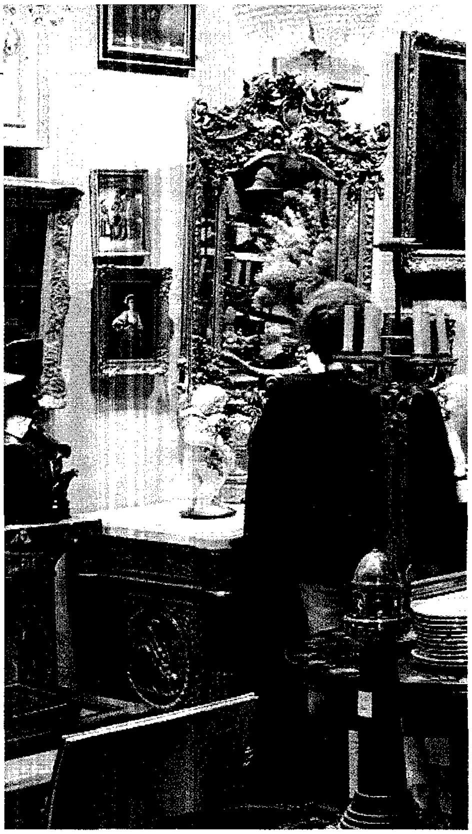
Photographed by Joshua McHugh

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

SMARTCITY

Bid Players

Why pay retail for *new* home furnishings when you can go to an auction house and acquire a well-crafted piece of history? By Roberta Maneker



Treasure hunting: Clockwise from above, the William Doyle Galleries; a bronze sculpture to be auctioned this month at Phillips; a nineteenth-century gilt-metal Argand lamp, also at Phillips.

WHEN YOU THINK "AUCTION," YOU perhaps picture an elegant room crackling with excitement, testosterone, and Shalimar, an imposing mise-en-scène where the staff, decked out in black tie and attitude, spot bids as cool young women murmur into wireless phones to moguls whose rooms—or wives—cry out for Rembrandt and Chippendale. It's true, the soigné evening rites at Christie's and Sotheby's are a fascinating, high-theater spectacle of the rich and mediatropic. But the city's auction houses move a vast amount of goods, decorative and useful, for hundreds, not thousands, of dollars; the average lot price at Tepper Galleries, a good resource for home furnishings and decorative objects of varying age and value, is only $400 to $600. It's surprisingly easy to buy reasonably priced, comfortable home furnishings at auction—and you'll enjoy living with a little piece of (someone's) history instead of a bland and banal item with a glassy shine that covers who-knows-what wood by-product.

Like prewar apartments, these older pieces are often better-made than brand-new furnishings. And as a rule they maintain—or sometimes increase—their value, so that later, when you switch from Victorian to Bauhaus, you can put them up for auction again. This certainly beats the fate of the average retail purchase, which becomes virtually worthless upon crossing your doorstep. And unless you're shopping for a museum-quality dining table, chances are good that you'll pay less at auction than you would for the same thing at a retail store or to-the-trade showroom. In December, Christie's East sold a Biedermeier secretary for $1,840. And Tepper recently sold a nine-by-twelve-foot Karastan rug for a hard-to-match $225.

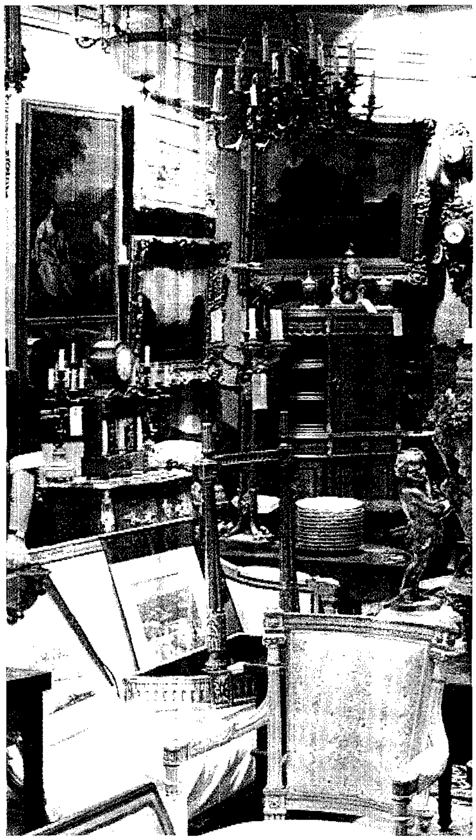
All of the city's auction houses compete at this level, so it's impossible to say which one is most likely to have that specific item you're hunting for—say, a German mantle clock. But they do have separate personalities. Tepper is perhaps the most unassuming, holding mixed property sales every other Saturday, usually selling in one auction every kind of household furnishing you can think of. It also holds the occasional specialty auction. The very user-friendly William Doyle Galleries is frequented by decorators, neighborhood yuppies, and scruffy dealers who mutter in the back of the room during auctions. It holds approximately 60 wide-ranging auctions annually. Phillips has perhaps the least-defined market niche. It conducts twenty sales a year in categories ranging from general, European and American furniture, which have wide ranging and often appealing price points, to contemporary and Impressionist pictures, which carry much fancier numbers.

EXPERT TESTIMONY

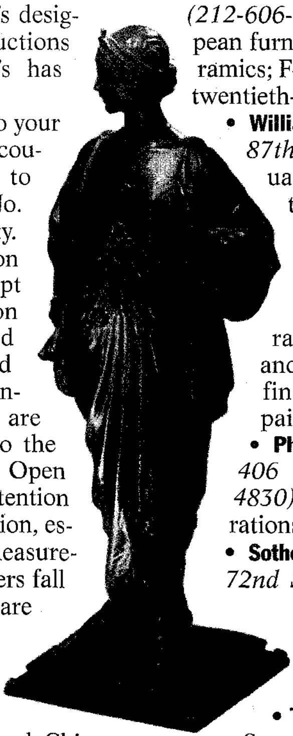
Animal Houses

Finding a decent apartment in this city—or any apartment at all, for that matter—is agonizing enough. Add a pet to the equation, and even your broker will groan along with you. "When people call and say they have a dog, it's like, 'Oh God, *no*!' " says Janice Silver of Bellmarc Brokerage. "We have to cross off 30 percent of our list right off the bat." If you can't part with your beloved pooch, python, or cockatiel, Silver suggests checking out www.nycdoglife.com, a Website that posts Bellmarc's and other brokers' pet-friendly co-op, condo, and rental listings. Most are for the Upper East Side, the Upper West Side, and the West Village, in that order, since those neighborhoods have the highest concentration of prewar buildings, which, as Silver explains, tend to be the most welcoming to our fellow members of the animal kingdom. And for good reason: thicker walls, fewer apartments (and therefore pets), and shorter hallways in which to leave a puddle. **SARAH BERNARD**

Photographs: top, courtesy of William Doyle Galleries; bottom, courtesy of Phillips International Auctioneers (2).



Even Christie's and Sotheby's, which thrive on Hepplewhite and Homer, are just as happy to put Aunt Tillie's old dining-room table on the block. They've managed to successfully straddle the divide between fabulous artifacts and used furniture. Sotheby's designates its lower-end auctions Arcade sales; Christie's has Christie's East.



Before you head out to your first auction, there are a couple of things you need to know. Immutable rule No. 1: Examine the property. Nowhere is the expression *caveat emptor* more apt than in a public auction room. So take a good look—a really good look—at the lots that interest you. Exhibitions are always free and open to the public. Sit on the chairs. Open the drawers. Pay close attention to the catalogue description, especially furniture measurements; all too often buyers fall in love with things that are much bigger or smaller than they imagine. Be wary of terms like Chippendale (handcrafted around 1775) and Chippendale-style (often not much older than Aunt Tillie). And it's perfectly appropriate (in fact, it's considered quite normal) to upend any piece of furniture that interests you, to examine the backs of mirrors and paintings and rugs. Most catalogues carry an estimated price range, based on recent sales for similar pieces, next to each lot, but it's merely a guideline.

Don't be afraid that you'll blow your bonus by rubbing your eye. Secret bidding signals are prearranged and reserved for high rollers. Do worry about succumbing to the mounting tension, the speed of the escalating banter, the need to win. Which brings us to immutable rule No. 2: Don't even think about raising your paddle without deciding in advance what your maximum bid is. Tell your partner, write it on your palm, repeat it mantralike, inwardly—but stick to it. (And don't forget to add on a 15 percent buyer's premium and another 8.25 percent in sales tax.) Auction fever, which these businesses depend on, can strike without warning and quickly leads to maxed-out credit cards and, eventually, couples counseling.

Auctions blend entertainment and possibility. You might acquire a jaw-dropping bargain—a brass six-armed Dutch chandelier that brought $600 at William Doyle Galleries, perhaps—or draw a blank. Either way, it's an afternoon well spent. Do I hear $500?

- **Christie's East** *219 East 67th Street (212-606-0400)* January 26–27, European furniture, decorative arts, and ceramics; February 15, Impressionist and twentieth-century art.
- **William Doyle Galleries** *175 East 87th Street (212-427-2730)* January 26, English and Continental furniture and decorations and old-master paintings and drawings; February 9, "Belle Epoque": nineteenth- and twentieth-century decorative arts; February 15, "Dogs and Cats in Art"; February 23, fine furniture, decorations, and paintings.
- **Phillips International Auctioneers** *406 East 79th Street (212-570-4830)* January 25, furniture, decorations, silver, and carpets.
- **Sotheby's** *1334 York Avenue, at 72nd Street (212-606-7000)* There are no live Arcade sales until June, but check out ongoing online auctions at www.sothebys.com
- **Tepper Galleries** *110 East 25th Street (212-677-5300)* February 5, fine and decorative arts; February 10–11, jewelry, books, furniture, decorations, and works of art; February 19, fine and decorative arts. ▬

NAVIGATOR

Q: I love sushi, but at $4 a mouthful, I can't afford my frequent cravings. Is it possible to prepare it at home?

A: Sushi doesn't have to be a special-occasion dish. With some instruction—and fresh ingredients—you'll no longer have to depend so heavily on Nobu Matsuhisa. The New School (100 Greenwich Avenue; 212-255-4141) offers two three-hour classes, each costing $75 plus a $22 materials fee. The first, "The Cooking of Asia: Introduction to Sushi," teaches the basics, from preparing sticky rice to selecting and slicing sushi-grade fish. Students are told where to find Japanese markets in the New York area and learn that *sushi* in Japanese refers not to raw fish but to flavored rice. Class enrollment is limited, which leaves instructor Pat Kinney ample time to help each student perfect the maki-rolling technique. The second class, "Beyond Sushi: From Soup to Sukiyaki," covers the preparation of dishes such as miso soup that complement basic sashimi and sushi rolls. Peter Kump's New York Cooking School (50 West 23rd Street; 212-847-0700) provides similar East-meets-West opportunities: "The Art of Sushi 1" ($95) focuses on choosing and preparing ingredients found in California rolls and other popular maki, while "The Art of Sushi 2" ($95) includes the proper combination of classics such as battera-zushi (layered sushi prepared in a wooden box) and nigiri sushi (raw fish atop balls of rice) with sake and green tea. Finally, the Kump school's "Maki Party" ($90) is a great way to cover the basics and quickly learn to prepare several unique dishes—including sake shrimp maki and vegetable nabe—that will impress even your most sushi-savvy friends.

TARA MANDY

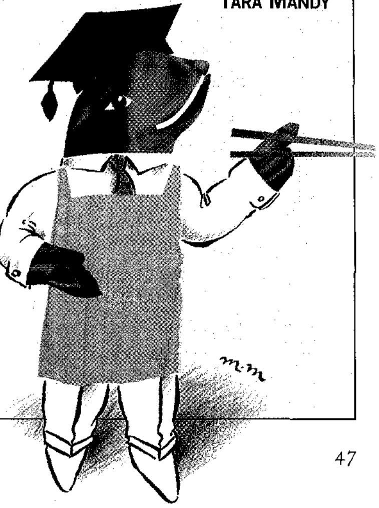
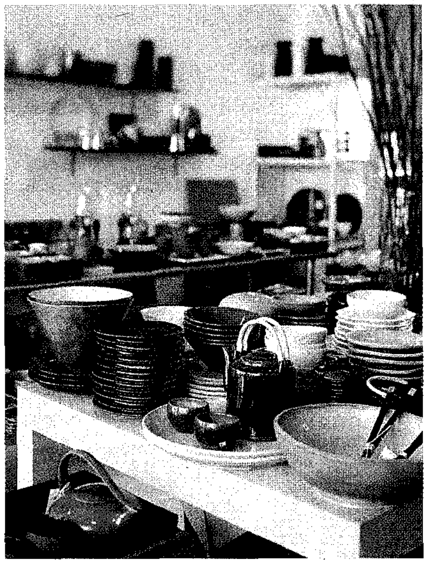


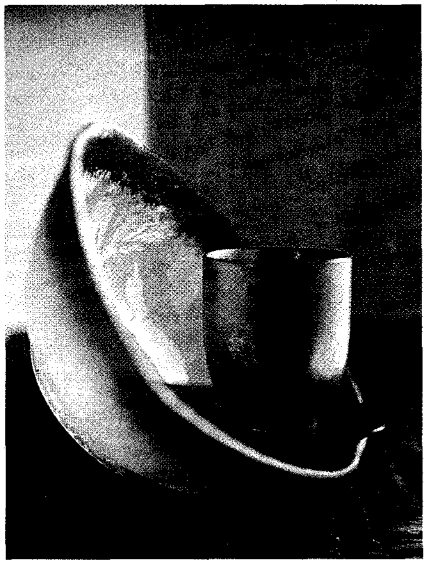
Illustration by Matthew Martin.

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

China From Japan

Nothing fishy here: *Madison Avenue's taken to minimalist Asian tableware, but the originals are a better deal—and they're* **not just for sushi anymore.**





JUDGING FROM THE MINIMALIST TABLE settings in our favorite designer home collections, you'd think Calvin, Donna, and Nicole Farhi—like so many figure-conscious New Yorkers—eat nothing but sushi for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. It doesn't take a genius to figure out that the inspiration for these products is Japanese, or that a little hunting could turn up something equally elegant and Zen for much less. In fact, many Chinatown stores have piles of surprisingly affordable Japanese tableware hidden amid the heavy red-and-white restaurant stuff we all know too well.

Besides stocking everything you'd need to open your own noodle shop, the basement of **Kam Man Food Products** offers loads of Japanese imports that look like they belong somewhere far more expensive (much of it is the same stuff you'll find for twice the price in SoHo). A very Calvin Klein Home–ish collection of smooth graphite-toned ceramic pieces is $3.60 to $29.95 (a cup and small plate, pictured, will set you back $10). Mint-glazed ceramic soup bowls with rough-finished bases are $4.95. And a free-form handmade bowl—perfect for serving or as a striking centerpiece—is $22.50 (pictured).

For a combination of the traditional Japanese stuff and more Western-inspired pieces to mix in for that cool, cosmopolitan look, head to **Pearl River Mart**. There's an outstanding selection of neutral-toned crackle-glazed dinner plates, large serving pieces, and pretty pastel-glazed bowls (pictured, $6 to $8).

And for a few great items to round out the minimalist-table wardrobe (albeit at slightly higher prices than in Chinatown), check out **Global Table** (pictured), an upmarket SoHo shop full of imports from all over East Asia that's great for showy serving platters, salad bowls, and trays to set off your sharp, off-priced basics. Try a pearwood tray with stainless-steel base ($36), simple bamboo coasters ($2.50 each), or a pair of Thai hardwood candleholders ($18 each).

Kam Man Food Products, 200 Canal St. (212-571-0330); Pearl River Mart, 277 Canal St. (212-431-4770); Global Table, 107 Sullivan St. (212-431-5839).

Picks of the Week

The Rug Warehouse is closing—and clearing out 5,000 new and antique carpets at 30 to 70 percent off: a four-by-six-foot new Afghan-style is $199, a nine-by-twelve-foot antique Persian carpet is $4,699. *220 W. 80th St. (212-787-6665); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 11–7, Thurs. till 8, Sat. 10–6, Sun. 11–6; 1/24–2/28.*

Gianfranco Ferré clothes and accessories for men and women are 60 percent off at the sample sale. Coats are from $350, suits from $300, pants from $100. *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St.; A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Tues. 9–6:30, Wed. till 5; 1/24–1/26.*

Deborah Harper and Patricia Underwood are joining forces for a half-off sale of their chic uptown hats (as seen at Bergdorf Goodman). Wool, cashmere, and fur-trimmed styles are from $25 for a crusher to $250 for a fox-fur-and-brocade style. *114 Chambers St., Suite 3F (212-227-3831); M.C., V.; Fri.–Sat. 11–6; 1/28–1/29.*

Hoyt & Bond's sample-and-stock sale means 40 to 60 percent off the company's chic woolly knits and separates for women and kids (sold at stores like Barneys and Spooly-D's). Wool skirts are $70; wool-and-mohair cardigans are $75; kids' twill pants are $20. *611 Broadway, near Bleecker St., Suite 716 (212-228-9102); cash only; Wed.–Fri. 10–6; 1/26–1/28.* ■

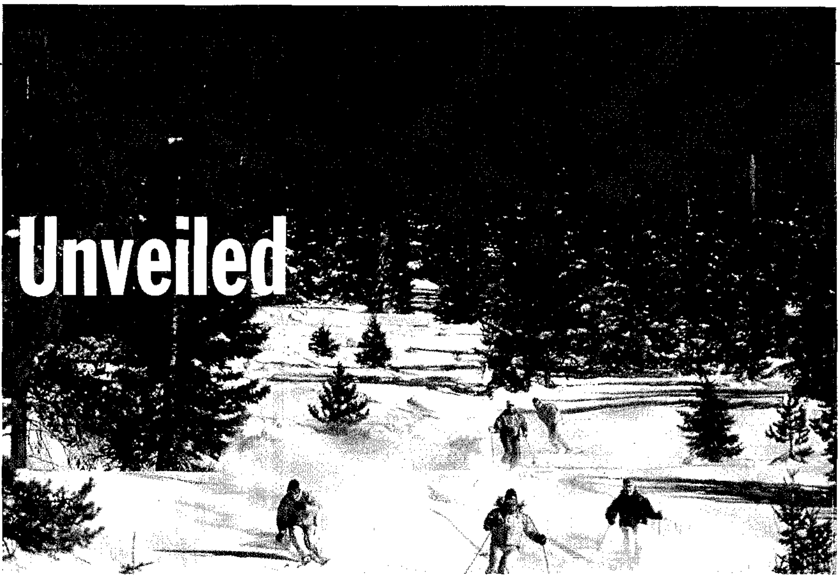
DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photographs by Sang An.

SMARTCITY

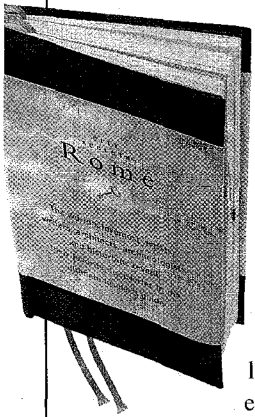
TRAVEL

Vail Unveiled



Dropping into 50 inches of untracked Colorado powder, we marveled at how different this felt from skiing the rest of Vail. The newest addition to Vail Resorts' gargantuan back bowls opened this month, and Blue Sky Basin, as they're calling it, is the best example of what we hope will be a new trend in mountain sports: bringing the backcountry experience inbounds. There are more than 500 acres of intermediate-to-advanced skiing and snowboarding, and the feel is rustic and undeveloped. Even the lift houses resemble nineteenth-century mining structures. "It's a work in progress," explains Vail's Tom Allender, meaning that the ski patrol is still marking obstacles. But that was fine with us. Once we were off-trail, what difference did it make?

Daniel Kunitz



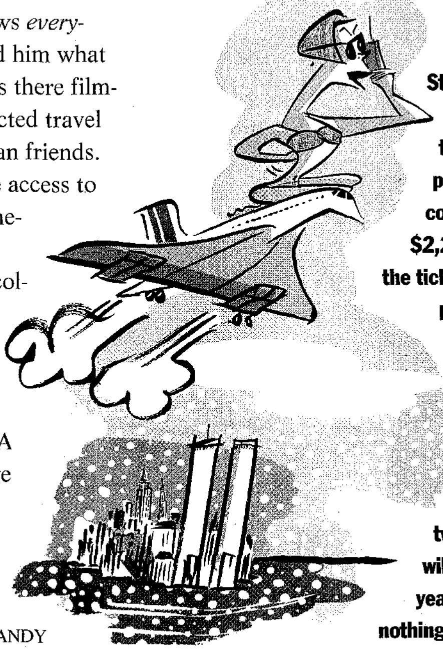
Insider Secrets

New York architect Robert Kahn knows *everybody*, so when Gwyneth Paltrow asked him what she should see in Rome (while she was there filming *The Talented Mr. Ripley*), he collected travel tips from his artist, writer, and historian friends. Realizing that "everybody should have access to these invaluable opinions," Kahn, a one-time resident of the Italian capital, decided to publish *City Secrets: Rome*, a collection of tips, comments, and mini-essays, mainly about art and architecture, whose 200-plus contributors include restaurateur Danny Meyer, painter Frank Stella, architect Michael Graves, and playwright John Guare. His favorite secret? "A Clerical Shopping Spree," by art historian R.J.W. Cro (page 105), which describes the store where Kahn likes to stock up on the distinctive fuchsia socks favored by Catholic cardinals. The elegant, pocket-size book, published by the Little Bookroom, goes on sale in March. Next up? *City Secrets: New York*.

Tara Mandy

Supersonic Sale

Wondering what it's like to fly on the Concorde but just not ready to spend $10,000 for a weekend in London or Paris? British Airways has a solution: In February and March, it is diverting one supersonic jet to the Caribbean. "Barbados in Style" includes seven nights at one of five luxury hotels and starts at $4,499 per person, round-trip Concorde ticket included. (For $2,200, the airline will sell you the ticket without the hotel.) The plane makes the 2,000-mile journey from JFK in two and a half hours, less than half the usual flight time to Barbados. Think of it as your chance: We're told the entire twelve-plane fleet of SSTs will likely be retired in a dozen years or so, and there's nothing on the drawing board to replace them *(800-222-7342)*. T.M.



etc.

Is that sand in my foie gras? As an off-season inducement, the Sonesta Resort in Aruba is offering cooking classes the week of June 8 with Andrew Carmellini, executive chef at Café Boulud—packages start at $612.50, less than dinner for four at Daniel *(800-766-3782)* . . . **It's pronounced *skinny atlas:*** Obscure Skaneateles, in upstate New York, is suddenly a hot destination, what with the Clintons' visit last summer and Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger taking up part-time residence; in May, the town gets a new country inn, the Mirbeau Inn & Spa, featuring a 10,000-square-foot luxury spa and French-American cuisine *(877-647-2328)* . . . **High-speed access:** Amtrak has rescheduled the debut of its delayed Acela express service, the high-speed train that should cut travel time on the Washington–to–New York–to–Boston corridor nearly in half: "Definitely late spring," they're saying now *(215-349-3339)* . . . **Yes, we have no Nokia:** Your cell phone may not work in Europe, but World in Touch and Alitalia Airlines now offer their own rent-a-phone service: A StarTAC can be waiting at the airport or at any Italian address you choose *(888-552-8550)*.

Photographs: top, Jack Affleck; bottom, Carl Saytor. Illustration by Tom Bachtell.

MOVIES **PETER RAINER**

The Big Picture

Documentarian Frederick Wiseman brings an author's vision to his craft; for three decades he's really been writing the Great American Novel.

In the can: Inside a sardine-packaging plant, from Wiseman's latest film, *Belfast, Maine*.

THE AMERICAN DOCUMENTARIAN FREDERICK Wiseman will be receiving a complete month-long retrospective of his 30 films at the Walter Reade Theater beginning January 28 with his latest, **Belfast, Maine**, and it signals a major cultural event. Because Wiseman's films are tightly controlled by his own distribution company and are not readily rentable through the usual video-store outlets, they have not had the full-scale recognition, except among filmmakers and awards-givers and Wiseman devotees, that they deserve. Ever since his first film, *Titicut Follies* (1967), about the state prison for the criminally insane in Bridgewater, Massachusetts (it was famously banned by the state of Massachusetts from public screenings until 1991), Wiseman has been turning out documentaries annually, with few exceptions, on the nature of American institutions and communities. Although his films are unsurpassed as ethnography, they have far more than ethnographic value. No contemporary American director of any kind can surpass Wiseman's body of work for its range of sympathy and power and emotion and intelligence.

In looking again at a half-dozen Wiseman documentaries in preparation for this piece, I found myself ravenous to get at everything he's ever done, to re-immerse myself in their amazing human density. I wasn't aware until I started re-seeing these films how starved I am for an experience at the movies that calls on all my faculties. After you've seen a great Wiseman movie, it's painful to contemplate the paltriness of most of the current dramatic films, with their glossy star turns and pumped-up plots. In the pantheon of art, documentaries are traditionally marked down as raw material compared to the supposedly deeper voyagings of drama, but Wiseman's movies give the lie to such arbitrary demarcations. His best films—ranging from his earliest, such as *High School, Law & Order, Basic Training,* and the harrowing, transcendent *Hospital,* which I think is the greatest documentary ever made in this country, on through *Juvenile Court* and *Welfare* up to, more recently, *Public Housing*—have the richness of major novels. They have the same capacity to disturb and open up worlds. I am not saying here that Wiseman's movies are great because they are more "real" than dramatic films. His films are great precisely because he *doesn't* try for omniscient objectivity. Like any filmmaker, whether working in fiction or nonfiction, Wiseman filters through his own sensibility what he chooses to reveal. He's supremely open to experience, and so we feel we can trust what he shows us—not necessarily as "the truth," but as Wiseman's truth.

Belfast, Maine is a remarkable panorama; a mix of blue-collar and upscale, this port town of almost 6,500 people offers up lobstermen, clothes pressers, recovering addicts, taxidermists, sardine canners, high-school teachers, judges, telemarketers in cubicles, community-theater actors, medical-outreach workers. Running just over four hours, the film could be read as a summation of what Wiseman has been doing for more than 30 years—except, of course, that Wiseman's art is too open-ended to ever allow for finalities. What you get in his best movies is a sense of the sheer *ongoingness* of life; his films, which he also edits, superbly, are layered with incident, but they proceed from the assumption that life is far more complex than our attempts to understand it would suggest. For Wiseman, nothing is mundane, because everything human is deserving of our gaze; everything human is, in the most embracing and secular sense, sacred. No other director has given us as many overpoweringly expressive close-ups of faces in moments of undisguised agony and endurance. Wherever Wiseman points his camera, people's lives bubble up, as if the intensity of their experience was there all the time, waiting to be grasped.

Wiseman's movies don't just offer up an antidote to Hollywood's pat manipulations and sentimentalities. They make most of what pass for documentaries in this country seem equally spurious (especially the so-called "reality" docs on TV). For audiences, his avoidance of any voice-over narration or musical score can seem mulish and effete; at times we wish we knew more about what he's showing us, more background and details. He has an unfortunate fondness for long-form sequences elapsing in seeming real time, particularly in his films

Photograph courtesy of the Film Society of Lincoln Center.

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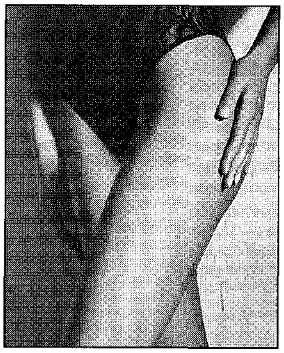

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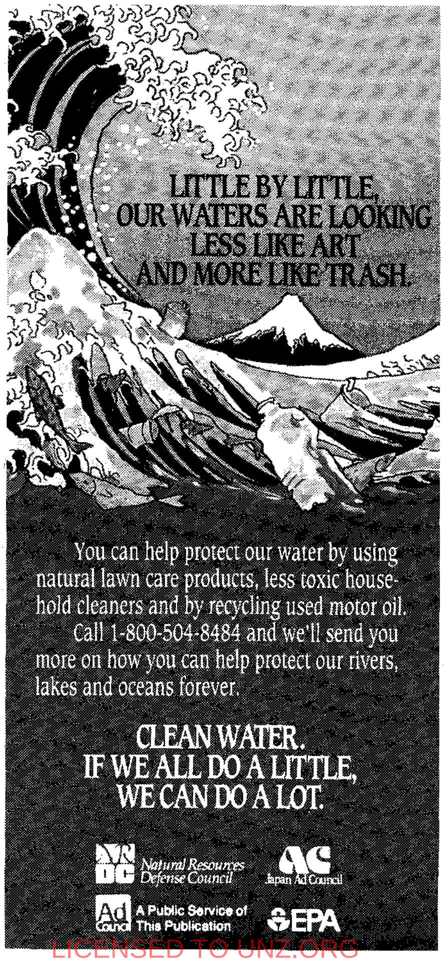
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from the past decade or so, and his extended takes on, say, neighborhood planning sessions sometimes simulate the effect of being trapped inside a community-action cable-access channel. But Wiseman's faults are by-products of his virtues, and piddling beside them. Coercion is anathema to his sense of authenticity. He doesn't go into a project with an agenda; discovering his subject as he goes along, he wants audiences to make their own discoveries, too. Which is not to say that his movies are simply accretions of impressions lacking any point of view. Wiseman may not go into a project with preconceptions, but that doesn't mean he leaves it the same way. *High School* (1968), for example, set in a Philadelphia school, is practically a species of prison film. I remember seeing it when it came out—I was just finishing high school myself—and registering the shocks of recognition: the regimentation, the stultifying attempts at scholarship, the petty tyrannies. (And I went to a "good" school.) Seen today, the film has an added dimension; these bored, beaten-down kids would soon coalesce into the counterculture, or be streaming into Vietnam.

There are documentaries, such as Robert Flaherty's, that move us because of the heroic quality of the lives and the imagery; *Nanook of the North* and *Man of Aran* seem to stand out of time as icons of experience. Wiseman's films bring the heroic down to manageable size; he's the most democratic of great movie artists. What is so devastating, finally, in his films is simply the ways in which people play out their days, the way moments of cruelty and evasion alternate, often in the same person, with moments of overwhelming generosity. We realize from Wiseman's movies how much we know about other people, and how little. The lives we see onscreen come and go, and we want more of them, we want to hold on, because Wiseman's depth of feeling makes them seem central to our own.

In brief: THE WRITER-DIRECTOR RON SHELTON has made some of the best sports-themed movies ever: *Bull Durham, White Men Can't Jump, Cobb, Tin Cup*. His rapt, loosey-goosey gifts are partially on view in **Play It to the Bone**, featuring Woody Harrelson and Antonio Banderas as middleweight lugs and best friends coerced into fighting each other for a fat purse and a title shot. That's a great premise, but, aside from some sass from Lolita Davidovich as their mutual love interest, and a devastating fight scene between the two guys near the end, the picture, made on a shoestring, is blotchy and disappointingly low on boxing atmosphere. Maybe all that cigar smoke clouded everybody's judgment. ■

Peter Rainer's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

PETER G. DAVIS

Sound and Fury

Violinist Anne-Sophie Mutter's astonishing technique in a difficult repertoire has made fans of New Yorkers used to a more Romantic sound.

AT THE AGE OF 36, **Anne-Sophie Mutter** ALREADY seems to have had three careers. First there was the earnest violin prodigy of 13 who found a powerful mentor in the great conductor Herbert von Karajan. Next came the glamorous young thing who often captured more attention for her strapless concert gowns than for her playing (the instrument, we were told, needed direct contact with bare skin in order for the tone to throb with maximum vibrancy). Just when many were beginning to dismiss her as another bimbo violinist à la Vanessa-Mae, Mutter suddenly got very serious, addressing contemporary music and commissioning important composers to write pieces for her. She now plays that repertory with ferocious commitment, and even fills halls with it; her recent recitals in Carnegie Hall and appearances with the New York Philharmonic, spread over twelve days, attracted large audiences.

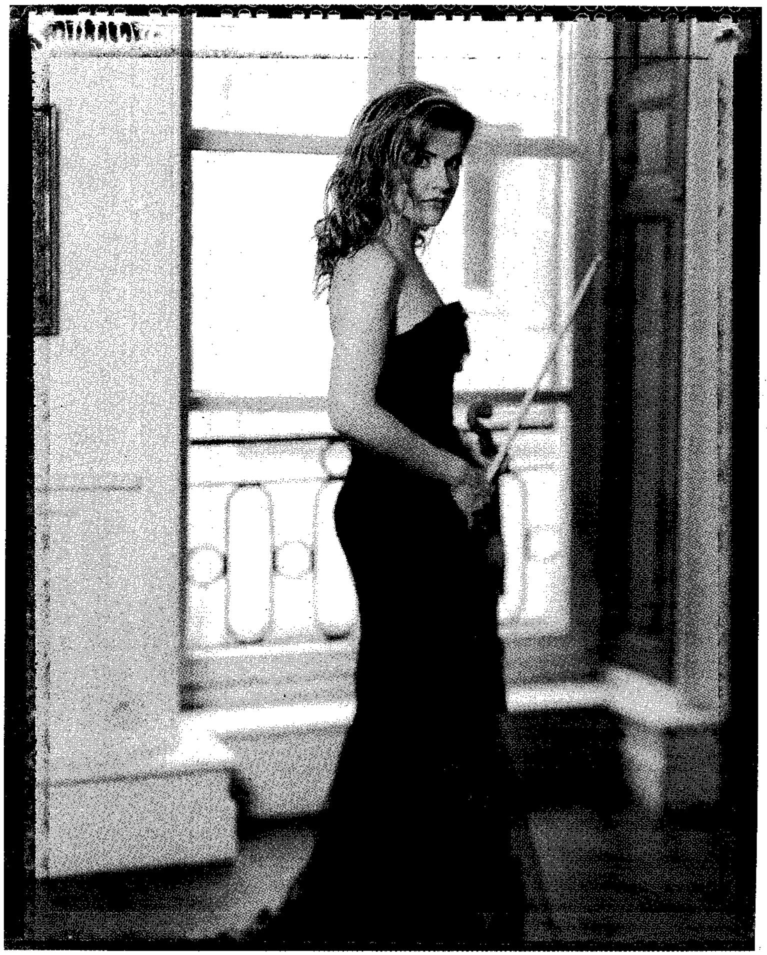
And those audiences were treated generously to a lot of tough music. On two solo recitals and three programs with orchestra (each played twice), Mutter performed a total of sixteen scores, offering a veritable crash course in twentieth-century violin music. Such retrospectives have been cropping up everywhere as the new millennium dawns, but that hardly detracts from Mutter's enterprise, her stamina, and her technical excellence. Her programming was equally crafty, balancing such familiar nonthreatening classics as the Sibelius Concerto and Ravel's *Tzigane* with the newer, more challenging sounds of George Crumb's *Four Nocturnes* (*Night Music II*) and Wolfgang Rihm's *Time Chant.* There were also major works that hover on the periphery of the repertory, all deserving of more exposure: Lutoslawski's *Chain II,* Bernstein's *Serenade,* the Berg Concerto, Bartók's Sonata No. 2, Respighi's Sonata from 1916–17.

Now flourishing in career No. 3, Mutter has it all: audience acclaim, critical respect, a technique second to none, a sense of musical adventure, the luxury to play what she wants, a faithful record company (Deutsche Grammophon), and classic ice-princess beauty. In some ways her most amazing achievement has been winning over concertgoers in New York City, where the long-preferred standard has been the more highly charged, lushly phrased playing of such violinists as Isaac Stern or Itzhak Perlman. Mutter's style is far removed from theirs in its emotional restraint yet exceptionally wide tonal range and willingness to risk unconventional expressive gestures—the Sibelius Concerto was full of them, extreme tempo contrasts and coloristic touches that surely startled many ears. Well, good for her; such independent spirits who can grow up so impressively and bring audiences along with them are always rare.

THE LAST ACT IN NEARLY EVERY FAMOUS OPERA SINGER'S career is the authorized biography or the ghostwritten memoir, a much-maligned genre littered with embarrassments. Not long ago, I read more than a hundred such volumes in preparation for a book project of my own, and the experience was positively mind-frying. The first-person accounts are almost always shamelessly selective and self-serving, as the retired diva settles old scores, reinvents history, and polishes the carefully fashioned image she'd like posterity to remember. The official biographies are not much better—especially if their subjects are still alive—since these narratives are too often written by fawning fans with little on their minds other than idol worship.

Right now there seems to be a run on life-and-times books from the generation of important singers who flourished between 1950 and 1980, and as usual the rewards are meager. Along with several more useless biographies of Maria Callas—publishing them is an industry unto itself—we have recently heard from Montserrat Caballé, Franco Corelli, Régine Crespin,

Modern woman: Violinist Mutter puts all her gifts in the service of contemporary composers.



Photograph by Jillian Edelstein/SABA/Network.

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Nicolai Gedda, Christa Ludwig, Giulietta Simionato, Joan Sutherland, and Renata Tebaldi. Only Crespin and Ludwig, who wrote their own books largely unaided, come off in print as intelligent, thoughtful, forthcoming, and honest, as they did onstage. I applaud their literary efforts, and they are now joined by two other major artists who have also lucked out with their life stories: tenor Jon Vickers and soprano Eileen Farrell.

I'd even go so far as to say that **Jon Vickers: A Hero's Life**, by Jeannie Williams (Northeastern University Press), ranks among the most impressive books I have ever read about an individual singer. Vickers did not cooperate with Williams and even discouraged people from speaking to her—no surprise, considering that tenor's lifelong distrust of publicity and the press. On the other hand, her not having to worry about Vickers's official approval has definitely been a liberating factor here. A staff columnist for *USA Today* and an astute, knowledgeable writer on opera, Williams has not only found plenty of key sources willing to talk but is also free to see her subject whole and make shrewd, fair observations about this paradoxical, often infuriatingly contradictory man. No judgments are passed—readers are given more than enough information pro and con to make up their own minds—but one indisputable fact emerges: Vickers was indeed a great singer who did it his way, and he had a talent big enough to make the crazy world of opera bend to his standards. He ran his world, as one fellow tenor remarks. He told people the rules by which he would play, and they followed them.

More importantly, between his official Covent Garden debut in *Un Ballo in Maschera* in 1957 and his final Metropolitan Opera performances as Saint-Saëns's Samson in 1987, Vickers developed into one of the most strikingly original vocal personalities of his generation. His unusual background surely played a part in shaping that peculiarly urgent voice, a rugged childhood in western Canada that prepared him for a life as a farmer, preacher, or tradesman rather than an international opera star. How Vickers came to that calling and why he regarded his voice and the music he sang as sacred trusts is a fascinating tale. That fundamentalist upbringing also helps explain his positively biblical attitudes and explosive temper, character traits that led to violent disputes throughout his career. Williams recounts them all in detail: the stormy battles with conductors, directors, and impresarios; the infamous *Tannhäuser* controversy that left two opera houses in the lurch when Vickers pulled out after deciding that Wagner's opera was blasphemous; his conflicted relationship with Canada; his virulent homophobia; the sudden rages that alienated so many colleagues. On the plus side is Vickers's ferocious commitment and devotion to the important people in his private life, as well as to the artistic ideals he believed in so passionately.

We also read how all this emotional energy was channeled into the creative vitality of his singing to interpret, incomparably, a gallery of troubled heroes: Otello, Siegmund, Peter Grimes, Don José, Canio, Tristan, Parsifal, Florestan, Aeneas, the Samsons of Handel and Saint-Saëns. The astonishing stylistic range of Vickers's roles immediately sets him apart from other tenors of his generation, but what really makes him special is the haunting plangency of his distinctive timbre and that edge of fear and excitement he brought to his work. If the man himself remains an intriguing enigma, that in no way lessens the achievement of this objectively written, painstakingly researched, immensely readable biography.

In **Can't Help Singing: The Life of Eileen Farrell** (Northeastern University Press), the soprano tells her own life story with the aid of co-author Brian Kellow, executive editor of *Opera News* and definitely the right man for the job. Still feisty as she approaches 80, Farrell may not have left as deep a mark on the opera world as Vickers did, but she too was a maverick who had the career she wanted. The sheer quality of her voice and the varied uses she put it to made it all possible; it was probably an element of diffidence in her makeup that meant she was going to disappoint many along the way who thought her career decisions and approach to high art rather casual. Farrell came to opera late and left early, but she sang steadily for nearly 60 years and excelled every step of the way. Although her ample voice would surely have made her the leading Wagnerian soprano of her day, she preferred concert and radio work and, inspired by her idol Mabel Mercer, singing jazz. Most of all, though, she valued her role as wife and mother.

Farrell's blunt-spoken manner may also have impeded her progress, although her reputation as the foulest mouth in the business appears to be exaggerated (she denies that she ever told conductor Thomas Schippers, "You leave the singing to me and I'll leave the cocksucking to you"). Even at that, her racy language and disarming honesty about herself and the many famous musicians she worked with makes her book an entertaining read. And, as with Vickers, we are finally left to admire a unique voice and the one-of-a-kind musical personality that drove it, indispensable elements for any great singer. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Childrens' Crusades

An HBO documentary brings home the heart-wrenching reality of war's impact on kids; 'Common Ground' is no 'Angels in America.'

CHARLES LAMB, THE ENGLISH ESSAYIST AND critic best known for his *Tales From Shakespeare* (1807), a prose retelling of the plays for children, never had any of his own, probably because he spent most of his life taking care of his sister, Mary, who had killed their mother in a mad fit. It was Lamb, nevertheless, who advised his readers: "I am determined my children shall be brought up in their father's religion, if they can find out what it is."

If they can find out what it is . . . an irony but also a curse. We meet dozens of young people in the depressing course of the Alan and Susan Raymond documentary **Children in War** (Monday, January 31; 10 to 11:50 P.M.; HBO). In Sarajevo and Mostar, in Gaza and Hebron, in Belfast or Rwanda, Susan Raymond asks them on-camera questions that range from the gentle probings of a facilitator at a touchy-feely group grope (*Tell us about the sniper, the bus bomb, the machete*) to the embarrassing puerilities of a TV airhead reporting "live" from the scene of a trauma ("How do you feel about the men who killed your parents?). In response they are sometimes articulate, even pleased to be listened to; sometimes just plain chatty, as if discussing clothes, or music, or weather; sometimes propagandistic, spouting a line they've been fed, the littlest ideologues; and sometimes blankly numb, not always because they are waiting for a translation of her questions into Serbo-Croatian or Arabic. What they are never is cute.

Meanwhile, of course, we've become acquainted in lurid footage with the religion of their fathers—not Protestantism or Catholicism, Judaism or Islam, but state violence and sectarian terrorism, tribal genocide and ethnic cleansing—speechifying, suicide missions, refugee camps, and a church full of skulls. To all of which, the best that *Children in War* can offer by way of an escape hatch is art therapy. Art therapy! We see these children (Muslims in Bosnia, Tutsis in Rwanda) scribbling on sheets of white paper, with watery paints and colored crayons; drawing houses about to be burned, schools soon to be bombed, and families presently to be dismembered; scissoring doves of peace. It breaks the heart, this therapy, like the hopeful murals on the walls of Belfast, a kind of counterpropaganda to the color-coded slogans and fists of the paramilitaries and intractables, militant orange or bloody green. But whose heart does it break? I am inclined to think that this art, of dispossession, is more therapeutic for those of us who should have been fathers and guardians than it is for the children who made it, as if its naïve beauty gave us permission to go on believing we hadn't betrayed the very idea of childhood. The death-camp art we find next door to the old synagogue in Prague didn't, after all, do much good for the Jewish children who created it at Theresienstadt.

The Raymonds—who spent two years filming *Children in War;* who somehow got a camera into the Gitagata youth facility where Hutu boys as young as 8 are detained for killing Tutsis, and into the Alshariyeh Boys School run by Hamas in Hebron—tell us in dreadful passing that 2 million children have died in the past ten years in 30 wars around the world. It is a statistic as shocking as the moment in the film when a 12-year-old agrees to show Susan what's left of his arm after a Serb shelling; as shocking as the recent estimate from UNICEF that 4,500 children under the age of 5 die every month in Iraq, from malnutrition and disease as a result of the "allied" embargo. Are all the children all over the globe to be held hostage by the geopolitical fanaticisms of their fathers, kicked around like an Elián González soccer ball?

"These soldiers surely liked to kill," says a 13-year-old Bosnian girl who survived the Trnopolje death camp. "So they chopped us with machetes," says an 11-year-old Tutsi who saw her parents hacked to pieces. Teenage veterans of the Palestinian Intifada are as unrepentant as Jewish settler girls in Hebron, while the camera tracks from bags of body parts collected from bus-bomb carnage in Jerusalem to the monument to the Goldstein who gunned down Arabs in the Tomb of the Patriarch. A bright child of Ulster talks about his own father's going out one morning "to kill a Catholic." Another, pretty

Haunted: Survivors from Rwanda, above, and Gaza, left, in *Children in War.*

Photographs by Alan Raymond/HBO.

Love Needs No Pedigree

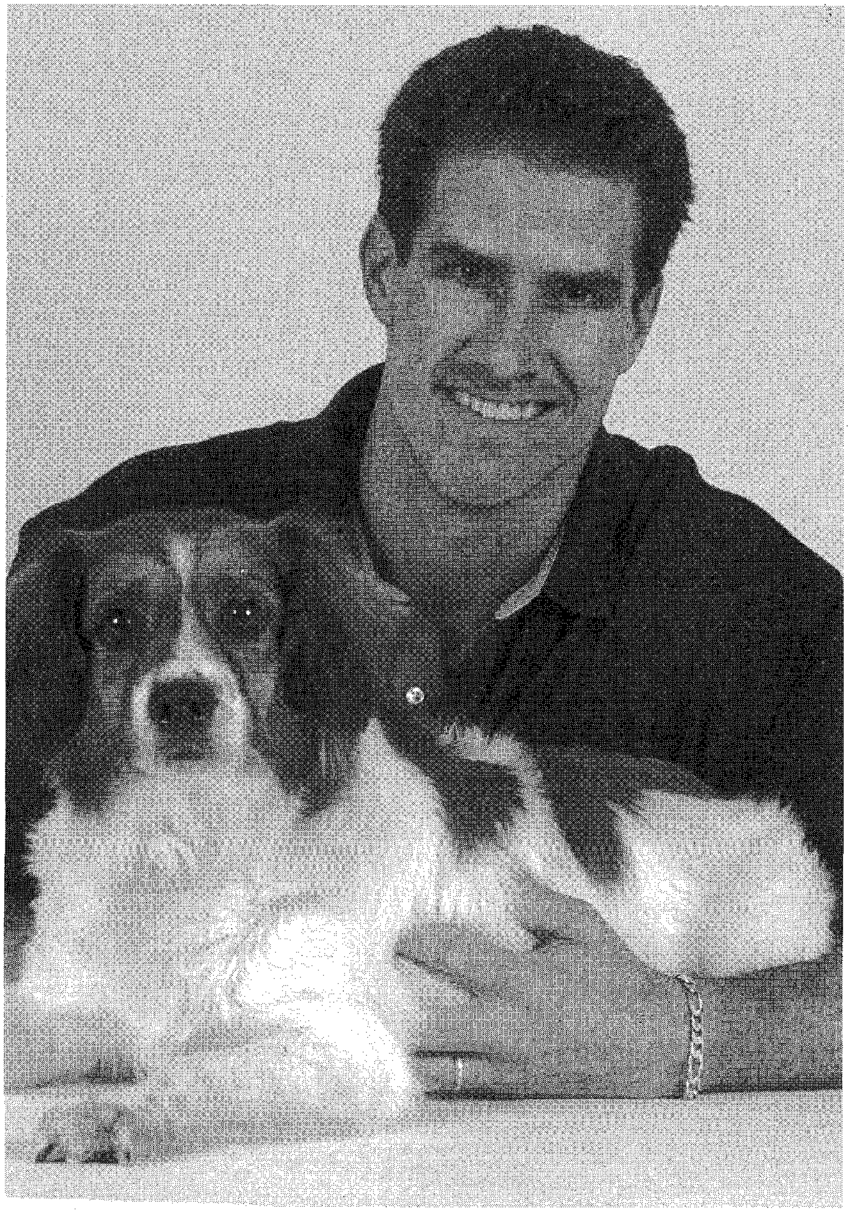

Photo by Mary Bloom

New York Yankees star Paul O'Neill with 6 year old Sassie.

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Kathleen, parrots bloodthirsty I.R.A. bombast. A half-dozen more, young women at one of the few "integrated" schools in Northern Ireland, are positive they won't see peace in their lifetimes and look forward to leaving Belfast forever, if they can. This is the opposite of a feed-the-Third World–children infomercial.

Somewhere along the line, much earlier even than the last wretched century of the second millennium, we decided that civilians could be targets, too, so pure was our cause, so fervent our commitment, so consuming our abstract expressionism. So we seized hostages, bombed hospitals and schools, strapped Semtex to our sacrificial lambs, decided we could live with "collateral damage," and launched the skywriting kamikazes of the one true religion and its Kingdom to Come. Terrorism and counterterrorism—abduction, torture, rape, murder—all spin political excuses from their spidery bowels, but all are, equally, brain-smoking forms of crack. When you kill children, there is no excuse. And the children you didn't finish off will kill you back.

TELEVISION

I WISH **Common Ground** (SATURDAY, JANUARY 29; 8 TO 10 P.M.; Showtime) were altogether wonderful instead of merely all right. Paula Vogel, Terrence McNally, and Harvey Fierstein have written screenplaylets to depict gay life as it may have changed in a fictitious New England town called Homer between the fifties and the nineties—from invisibility in 1954 to coming out in 1974 to same-sex marriage in 2000. The redoubtable likes of Ed Asner, Beau Bridges, Brian Kerwin, Margot Kidder, Dan Lauria, James Le Gros, Brittany Murphy, Jason Priestley, Mimi Rogers, Helen Shaver, Eric Stoltz, Jonathan Taylor Thomas, and Steven Weber are directed with efficiency and affection by Donna Deitch. We spend some time in the Navy (Joe McCarthy is on the black-and-white set); in a high-school French class and swimming pool (Nixon is impeached in color); and, on the morning of a wedding day and a protest demonstration against that wedding, up in a tree house in the municipal park as a father and son take each other's measure.

As well meaning, nobly intended, and skillfully played as it is (Asner is terrific, and so are the turkey-baster jokes), what *Common Ground* isn't is *Angels in America.* And while Tony Kushner's angry epic may be too much to ask for from cable TV, we've already seen, to recall a couple of notable instances, not only *Longtime Companion* but also *Tongues Untied* and might at least have hoped for an equivalent to the sophistication of *In the Life,* the monthly gay-themed PBS magazine show. ▬

John Leonard's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

HAL RUBENSTEIN

Ghost Story

Quince suffers because it's haunted by the specter of the old Quilted Giraffe; Icon is simply bedeviled by spirits from the bar next door.

TWO WEEKS AGO, I HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF SPEAKing to the senior class at the Culinary Institute of America on the subject of what today's diners want. Speaking to students is as daunting as trying to calculate how many points foie gras gets on the Duchess of York's 1, 2, 3 diet plan. Near adults are not nearly as cynical or worldly as James Van Der Beek's buddies and bedmates would have us believe. Hormones notwithstanding, they are as hungry for information about the "outside" world as would-be settlers in the days of the Homestead Act.

It doesn't take too many paychecks for one to realize that dining out in New York is usually about confessing, interviewing, celebrating anniversaries, signing contracts, making amends, keeping Mom happy or Dad quiescent, saying you're welcome, saying I love you, and sighing good-bye. In all of these instances, how often is the meal paramount? If it were otherwise, more people would be doing knockoffs of Le Bernardin than of Balthazar. Of course, good food matters. Pastis's pork belly on lentils is as vital a puzzle part as its don't-you-look-fabulous lighting. (Though which would you part with first?) But the desire for a culinary epiphany every night at the stroke of nine is a myth conjured by food magazines and critics. You and I know this.

But these kids sitting up there in Hyde Park in their crisp white toques don't. They think success is only counted in home runs. Why? Our media tells them so. *Variety* counted more than 3,000 showbiz awards last year. Fashion tomes now bestow honors as though they mattered. Sportscasters ask silver medalists what they think "went wrong." Big surprise that my young audience reads about four-star restaurants and three-star chefs and assumes that's all diners look for to guide them through the night. So, after the third senior anxiously asked some variation on "How can I compete with Le Bernardin when I'm just starting my career?" my heart went out to them.

Then my heart rate went up. It's these kinds of skewed standards that drive restaurants to squander their own resources by overreaching for what is often unnecessary. And it's not impressionable young graduates who are miscarrying their dream projects—they're not even there yet—it's the generation in front of them, the ones who are finally in charge but are still spooked by their past experience. This is the formidable ghost that stalks the creaky floors of chef Morgen Jacobson's first restaurant, **Quince**. You are bound to hear its name intoned religiously by staff several times a night. The specter of the Quilted Giraffe, Jacobson's former employer, is never very far from his thoughts, either. This talented chef recently received two stars from the *Times*, and yet there he was, shortly afterward, openly bemoaning his plight in front of a nearby table of four.

Can't get no satisfaction: Is Quince (above) proof that there's such a thing as trying too hard?

Why? The same rating didn't exactly decimate Balthazar, Payard Patisserie, Bolo, or BondSt. But the Quilted Giraffe, that ghost of restaurants past, got four. Never mind that it was one of the most arrogantly oppressive and gastronomically cloying restaurants ever to put one over on the feeding-frenzied of the eighties. Forgotten, too, are the $12 petri-dish portions of mashed potatoes with four black beans and the stainless-steel ambience radiating all the warmth of an emergency room, which, frankly, fit its owners like a surgical glove.

Because it got four. And so, woe to him who comes up with less. It's unfortunate that Quince could serve as a textbook for CIA students on how trying to don someone else's mantle just leaves you wearing a hand-me-down. Because Jacobson has an adventurous spirit. His menu is uncluttered by the otherwise ubiquitous foie gras, tuna tartare, skate, and rib-eye that have become staples of the gourmand's Happy Meal. His shrimp's curry sauce is brightly seasoned and just a bit unexpected. Slices of duck breast are framed in temptation: salty, succulent fat. His perfect duck confit has skin that crackles more loudly than if you scrunched the original Declaration of Independence. A turbot is surrounded by peppers, luscious as they are languid. And his rack of lamb has the outré guts to come with mint.

But the pear salad alongside the curry incites a shiver of disorientation. And serving winter wheat with the duck breast just makes things heavier. Pairing pasty quince pancakes with the fat-rich confit turns the plate monotonous halfway through. The turbot's pale delicacy is capsized by a sauce too lush with black truffles and lobster, and a potato-and-celery-root gratin sends the lamb's fragrant mint packing. If these choices are from

Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

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Jacobson's soul, so be it. But they're also too reminiscent of the syrupy and saccharine taste of Barry Wine, the Giraffe's master quilter. Wine's presentation has been appropriated, too, with each element sharply separated as if the plate contained assets of a bitter divorce settlement. And it's almost inevitable that desserts reflect the unbearable sweetness of being caught up in someone else's sugar rush for too long. Odd how the dishes that seem most unconnected with Jacobson's past—white bean, garlic, and sage soup; sashimi hamachi in lemon soy; scallops with wild mushrooms and salsify—clearly suggest the prospect of a more satisfying future.

Luckily, Quince doesn't resurrect Wine's twisted attitude toward staff. Waiters are pleasant, if theatrical. The sommelier is a wizard; if only he could conjure up a new room as readily as an undiscovered Pinot Noir. But the space's partially redecorated gracelessness seems more the result of budgetary constraints than of bad taste. What's more disturbing is witnessing a potentially original chef subjugate his *own* taste in pursuit of a cachet no longer worth cashing in on.

One uncertain student admitted to me that his mom advised him "once I get the chance, I should cook what I love. Isn't that unrealistic?" Sure, but even Mr. Jacobson would probably agree that owning a restaurant is hardly the most pragmatic of career options. And if he's willing to admit that, then he should stop counting stars and give his ghost the air. Because now he *has* the chance—to be himself.

Quince, 33 West 54th Street (212-582-8993). Lunch, Monday through Friday, 11:45 A.M. to 2 P.M., dinner, 5:30 to 10 P.M. Closed Saturday and Sunday. Prix fixe menus only: lunch, $34 or $40; dinner, $58 to $100. All major credit cards.

"HOW MANY RESTAURANTS CAN ONE GUY own?" asks a spirited young man in the back. It depends, I say. Maguy LeCoze of Le Bernardin refuses to go higher than two. David Bouley can't get past two. Pino Luongo opens and closes them in bunches. But no man has the appetite for new stationery like Drew Nieporent. With eighteen restaurants uptown, downtown, and in Pittsburgh, and management teams of varying strengths, he matches his ceaseless enthusiasm only with his love of diversity. "How do you know when you have too many?" the young man shoots back.

Probably when you can't keep the bathrooms clean. On my first visit to Nieporent's new outpost, **Icon**, my stall is flooded and tissueless. On my second, another stall door has been ripped off one hinge so it won't close. On my third, a girl is hoisted onto a sink getting felt up. "I hope you don't mind," she giggles, then asks if I would mind not using the urinal. I offer to pee in the sink. The mood broken, she and her momentary date leave.

Okay, it's not Icon's fault that it shares facilities with the Wet Bar, Rande Gerber's lounge in the new W Court hotel. Actually, that's where much of the raucous clientele comes over from. However, it is Icon's disastrous flaw that its success by overflow has completely blurred the line between restaurant and bar. The similar dark décor and dank light levels encourage the continuity of attitude. But so does the ratcheted-up music, the needy table-hopping, and a steady seepage of standing drinkers into the dining room . . . ultimately, one is dining by hoverlight.

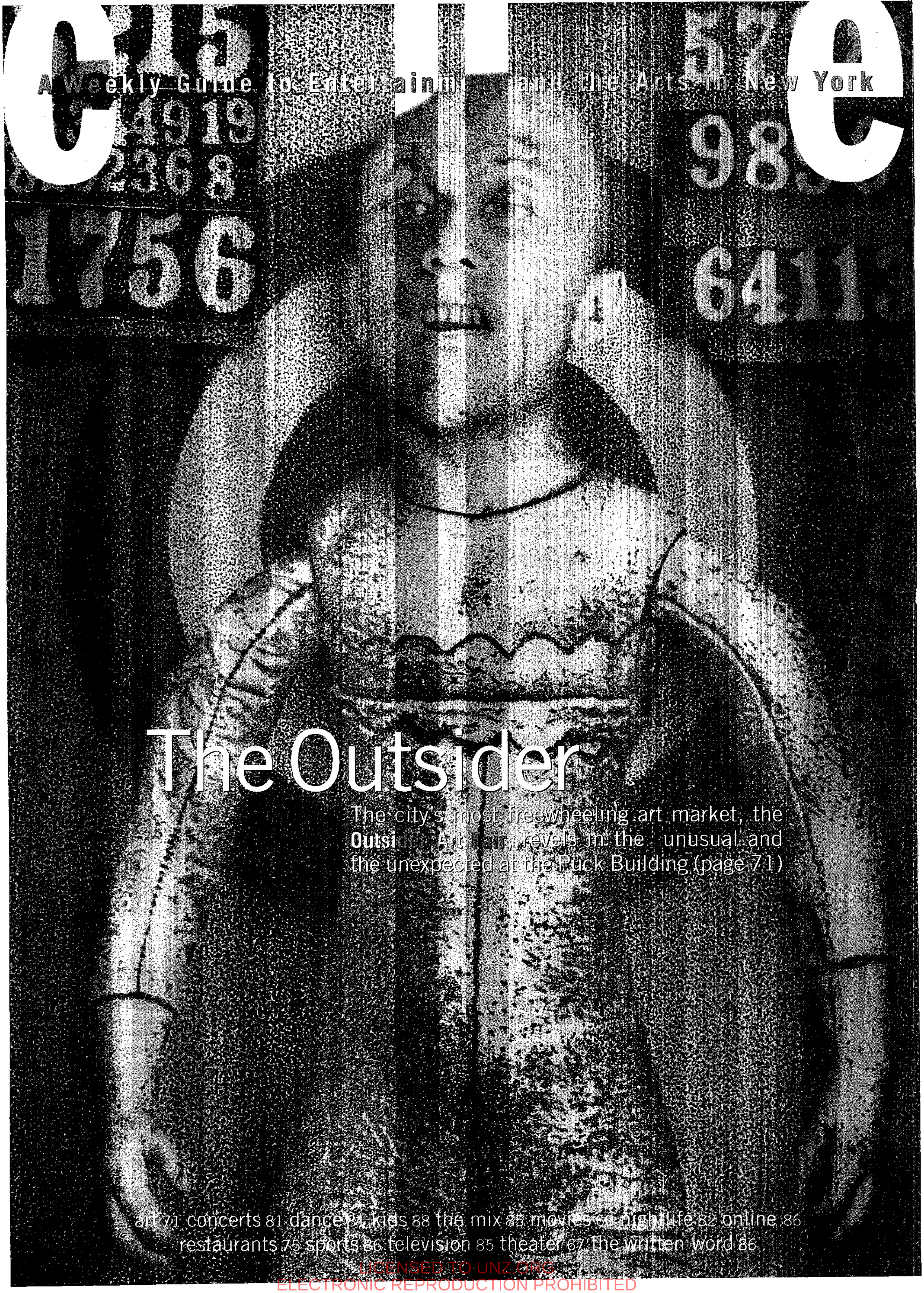
There'd be little reason to complain if the menu featured burgers and tacos. But Nieporent has never opened a room where he didn't want the food to matter. And many of chef Paul Sale's dishes—oysters in tomato-horseradish granité, pumpkin-seeded goat-cheese tart, braised oxtail in celery-root purée, pan-seared veal medallions, herb-crusted rack of lamb—are worth turning the lights up for. But under these conditions, Nieporent should find the guy another gig and start serving bar food.

CIA's future mogul has one more question: "When you find a formula that works, how long can you milk it?" Until it runs dry. Icon is bustling, albeit with a crowd about as classy as a boff on a basin. But in a few months, I'm coming back, because I refuse to believe the man who owns Nobu and Montrachet and has heartaches over Heartbeat deliberately devised this. If I'm wrong, fine. Then I'm drinking right from the bottle and ordering guacamole for everyone. And I'm bringin' my own Charmin.

Icon, 130 East 39th Street (212-592-8888). Lunch, daily noon to 2:30 P.M.; dinner, Monday through Wednesday 5:45 to 10:30 P.M., Thursday through Saturday till 11:30 P.M. Appetizers, $6 to $15; entrées, $16 to $25. All major credit cards. ■

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Photograph by Magdalena Caris.



cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

The Outsider

The city's most freewheeling art market, the **Outsider Art Fair**, revels in the unusual and the unexpected at the Puck Building (page 71)

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movies

The Cup...*New York Film Critics Circle*...Kestrel's Eye

New Films

★**All About My Mother**—Pedro Almodóvar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls, is his best in years. It's a heavily sentimentalized vision of femalehood, a cross between Tennessee Williams and Ross Hunter. In Spanish with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Angela's Ashes—Frank McCourt's whimsical coming-of-age memoir, starring Emily Watson and Robert Carlyle, is blarney-free but also spirit-free, humor-free, depth-free. It's a sodden, grayed-out thing. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CO Coronet; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Anna and the King—Jodie Foster stars in this epic period romance based on Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The King and I,* with Asian action hero Chow Yun-Fat as the King of Siam, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. (2 hrs. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Ziegfeld; UA Gemini.*

Any Given Sunday—Oliver Stone's movie about the cutthroat world of professional football stars Al Pacino as the head coach who can't adapt to the new-style market chicaneries and disloyalties of the game and Cameron Diaz as his bitch-on-wheels boss. James Woods, Jamie Foxx, Dennis Quaid, Jim Brown, and many others show up. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 40 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Being John Malkovich**—A stunning piece of metaphysical vaudeville with John Cusack playing a dejected puppeteer who, working as a file clerk, discovers in the wall of his office a portal leading directly into the head of John Malkovich (playing himself). (Rainer; 11/8/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

The Big Tease—The story of a Glaswegian hairdresser who thinks he has what it takes to be in the World Freestyle Hairdressing Championships in Los Angeles. With Craig Ferguson, Frances Fisher, and Veronica Webb. *Starts 1/28 at the Angelika Film Center.*

Bicentennial Man—Robin Williams is an android housekeeper who grows human while caring for a family and its many generations over the course of 200 years. Based on the Isaac Asimov short story. (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG) *Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

★**Boys Don't Cry**—Directed by first-timer Kimberly Peirce, the film is about Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; UA Criterion; UA Gemini.*

The Cider House Rules—Michael Caine, Delroy Lindo, and Tobey Maguire star in Lasse Hallstöm's sweet coming-of-ager, based on the novel by John

Running Time

Quietly Now: Free Tibet!

You've heard it before, but seriously: Khyentse Norbu is not your average filmmaker. Sure, he's an avid film buff who left school to work with Bernardo Bertolucci after being inspired by the likes of Vittorio De Sica and Yasujiro Ozu, but he's also a Tibetan Buddhist lama, more widely recognized as H. E. Dzongsar Jamyang Khyentse Rinpoche—the incarnation of the great nineteenth-century religious reformer and saint Jamyang Khyentse Wangpo. (Wait a minute! Wasn't that Steven Seagal?) Shrouded in a saffron robe and matching T-shirt, sitting among the ancient Tibetan tapestries and paintings in the Shelley and Donald Rubin Cultural Trust offices overlooking lower Fifth Avenue, however, Norbu is anything but holier-than-thou. "People in the West think Buddhism's like a religion—some people even think it's a cult! But that's not how it is. For me, Buddhism is a philosophy—it's a science, a very sophisticated training for me to see things from a different angle." For his debut film, *The Cup,* Norbu shied away from celebrity-soapbox rhetoric and instead chose to gently poke at the current political situation (politely noting, for example, that "China is still serving rice in Tibet") and impart some philosophical wisdom while still keeping it light (and his audiences receptive). "I think it's wrong to always be extreme," the director says. "It's safer to choose the middle path." *The Cup* is, for the most part, a comedy based on the true story of several young monks-in-training who become obsessed with soccer while living in an exiled Tibetan monastery. Set during the World Cup finals in 1998, the film playfully tells of how the boys rally together and get a satellite dish, while also beautifully depicting the otherwise quiet, daily rituals of their lives. "There are two things I must be trying to say," Norbu ventures. "One is to Tibetans, and the message is the modern world is there and we should be open to this and at the same time keep our tradition and culture and our values intact. And to the Western audience, what I wanted to say was generally people think that Tibetan, Bhutanese, lamas, monks, they're very pure, holy, rigid—they don't eat, they don't sleep, they don't speak, they don't watch football—but that's not true. They are just human beings. This is maybe what I wanted to tell the world—that they watch football, they have posters in their rooms just like any other kids." *The Cup* opens January 28 at the Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

BRETT KELLY

Photograph courtesy of Fine Line Features.

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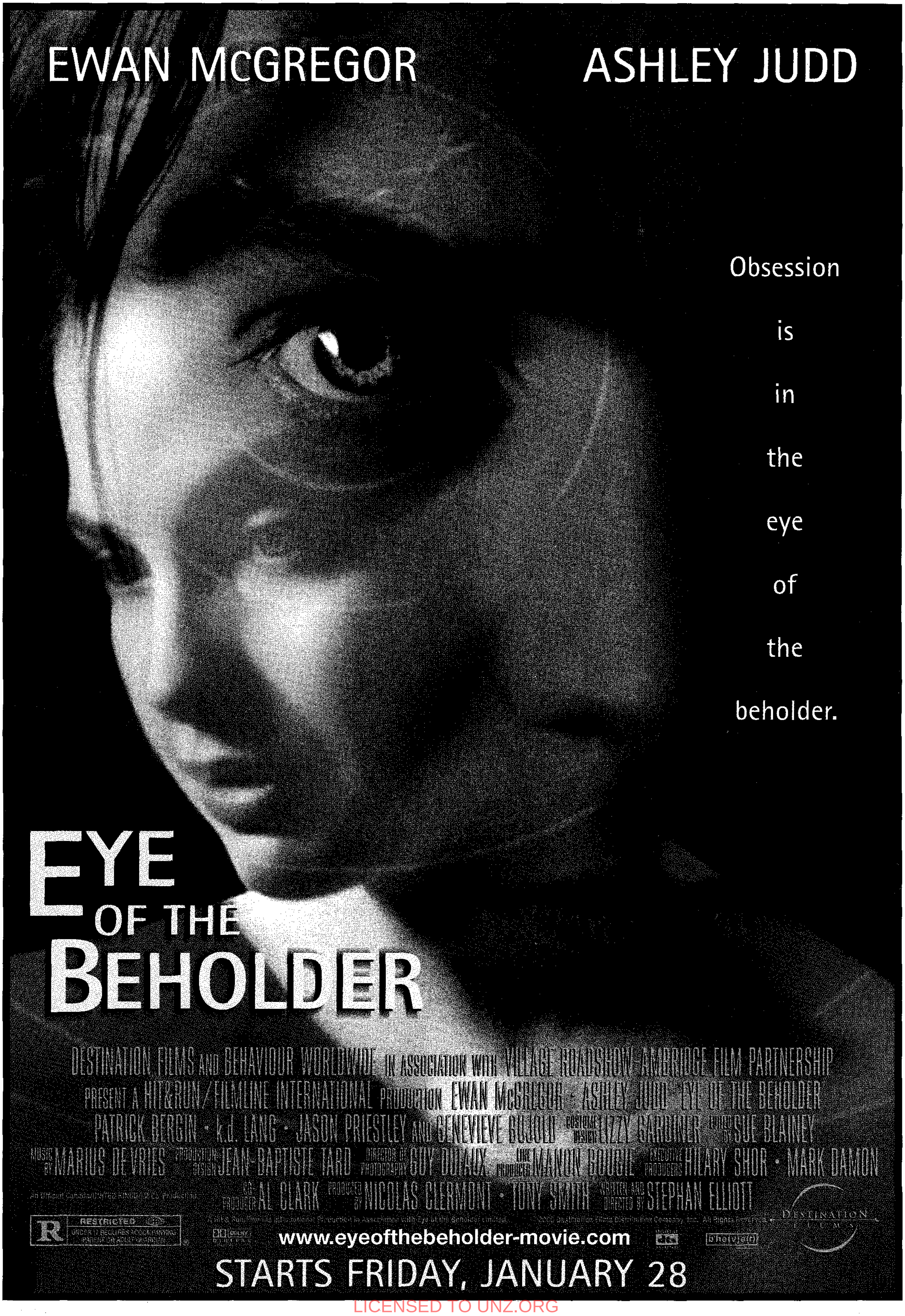

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Irving. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Cradle Will Rock**—Tim Robbins's movie is almost insanely ambitious: an attempt to convey the full fracas of art and theater and politics in thirties New York. It misses more often than not, but it's a spirited comedy about a great subject. Ruben Blades, as Diego Rivera, and Bill Murray, as a scarily despondent vaudeville ventriloquist, are especially good. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; UA Marboro.*

The Cup—The directorial debut of Tibetan lama Khyentse Norbu is a sweet, thoughtful look at the lives of soccer-obsessed boys living in an exiled Tibetan monastery in the Himalayas during the summer of 1998. (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) *Starts 1/28 at the Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo—Former *SNL*-er Rob Schneider gets inspired by the male prostitute he's house-sitting for. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Down to You—Freddie Prinze Jr. (*The House of Yes*) and Julia Stiles (*10 things I Hate About You*) are two college freshman who fall in love amid the chaos of college life in New York. With teen idols Shawn Hatosy, Selma Blair, and the always-welcome Henry Winkler. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Emperor and the Assassin—A sweeping epic about Ying Zheng, who unified China and became its first emperor during the third century B.C. In Chinese with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 41 mins.; NR) *CC Village East.*

★**The End of the Affair**—This Neil Jordan adaptation of Graham Greene's 1951 sin-and-redemption novel has a hushed, spectral atmosphere. It's an impressive, and oppressive, achievement, featuring Ralph Fiennes, Julianne Moore, and Stephan Rea. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Eye of the Beholder—Ashley Judd is a vicious thief and chameleon who says things like "Merry Christmas, Daddy," every time she murders some unsuspecting man in her underwear. Ewan McGregor is the secret agent, haunted by delusions of his lost daughter, who falls in love with her whilst tracking her. Ludicrous and knotty. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Starts 1/28.*

Fantasia/2000—A restored print of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and seven other animated extravaganzas set to the sounds of the Chicago Symphony. (1 hr. 25 mins.; G) *Sony Lincoln Square IMAX.*

Galaxy Quest—Taking the postmodern approach, Sigourney Weaver, Tim Allen, Tony Shalhoub, and Alan Rickman are seventies-TV has-beens mistaken for bona fide galactic warriors by aliens while attending a sci-fi convention. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Girl, Interrupted—*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* meets *Clueless.* With Wynona Ryder and Angelina Jolie. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Green Mile—Stephen King's serialized novel, set in a southern penitentiary's death row in the thirties, has been made into a pretty good film starring Tom Hanks as a prison guard and Michael Clarke Duncan as the hulking death-row behemoth with the healing grace. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (3 hrs. ; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CO Coronet; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Grizzly Falls—A kids' nature movie about a boy who is abducted and adopted by a mama grizzly bear when her own cubs are taken from her by nasty hunters. With Bryan Brown, Daniel Clark, Richard Harris, and Ali Oop (the bear). (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *Starts 1/28 at Main Street and Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Hellhounds on My Trail: The Afterlife of Robert Johnson**—Robert Mugge's documentary on the great bluesman doesn't go very deep, but it features some remarkable musicians, including Johnson's stepson Robert Lockwood Jr. and David "Honeyboy" Edwards, covering some of Johnson's compositions, and the energy and inspiration on view is staggering. (Rainer; 1/24/00) (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Through 1/27 at The Screening Room.*

Holy Smoke—Kate Winslet is an Australian girl who falls under a guru's spell while traveling in India. Harvey Keitel plays the cult deprogrammer who gets caught up in the swirl. The relationship between them, heavy with sexual politics, is like *Feminism for Dummies*, and the film, directed by Jane Campion, becomes more and more absurd as it plays itself out. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Hurricane**—Denzel Washington gives a powerhouse performance as Rubin "Hurricane" Carter in this film about the middleweight contender's fight for exoneration after being wrongfully arrested on a murder rap and imprisoned for almost nineteen years. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (2 hrs. 26 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; UA Criterion; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Insider**—Al Pacino plays *60 Minutes* producer Lowell Bergman and Russell Crowe is Jeffrey Wigand, the reluctant tobacco company whistleblower whom Bergman coaxed into an interview. It's a florid, doomy movie, but the muck here is worth raking. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3.*

Isn't She Great—Bette Midler and Nathan Lane ham it up with David Hyde Pierce, Stockard Channing, and John Cleese. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Starts 1/28.*

Kestrel's Eye—Mikael Kristersson's beautiful, patient animal film about two kestrels (brown-and-gray European Falcons) living in the steeple of a Swedish church and overlooking the inhabitants of a small town as they go about their daily rituals. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Starts 1/26 at Film Forum.*

Liberty Heights—Barry Levinson's fourth entry in his Baltimore series has a self-congratulatory earnestness. But the film has some sweet moments and a terrific performance from Joe Mantegna as the family patriarch who cuts out on Rosh Hashanah services to check out the new Cadillacs in a local showroom. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg—Through archival footage and interviews, Aviva Kempner's tribute to "the baseball Moses" tells the story of Greenberg, a handsome Jewish kid from the Bronx who made it to the Detroit Tigers and became a baseball legend. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Life Is to Whistle—Fernando Perez's "cinematic love letter to Cuba" involves the intertwining stories of three orphans. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

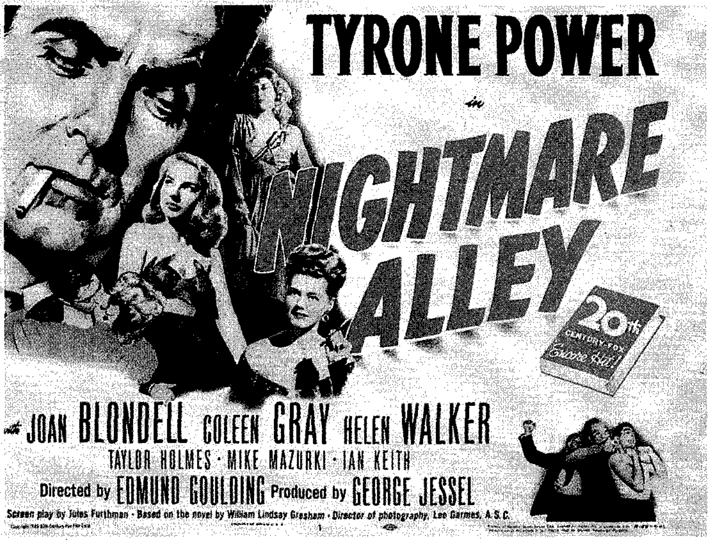
★**The Limey**—Terence Stamp is Wilson, a career criminal from England in L.A. to avenge his daughter's murder. He's as implacably invincible as Lee Marvin was in *Point Blank*. The film itself isn't to that level: It's too fancy for its own good. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

Magnolia—*Boogie Nights* writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson is extravagantly gifted, but this

Revival

Power Trip

In his prime, Tyrone Power was the Leonardo DiCaprio/Brad Pitt of the thirties and early forties—often prettier than his leading ladies. But from World War II he returned a changed—if not simply more wrinkled—man whom Hollywood cast into darker (though often more challenging) roles like "The Great Stanton" in *Nightmare Alley*. This time, as a conniving mind-reader who takes high-society suckers for a ride, Power captivated audiences with his glower instead of his grin. See Power's finest performance ever when a newly restored print of the 1947 noirish carnie classic—which isn't available on video—comes to Cinema Village on January 28.


TYRONE POWER
in
NIGHTMARE ALLEY
20th Century-Fox
with JOAN BLONDELL COLEEN GRAY HELEN WALKER
TAYLOR HOLMES · MIKE MAZURKI · IAN KEITH
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING Produced by GEORGE JESSEL
Screen play by Jules Furthman · Based on the novel by William Lindsay Gresham · Director of photography, Lee Garmes, A.S.C.

San Fernando Valley–based epic of alienation comes across like a concatenation of soap-opera stories. A remarkable cast, including Julianne Moore, Jason Robards, and William H. Macy, is featured in mostly unremarkable settings. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (3 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Man on the Moon—Jim Carrey plays nowhere man Andy Kaufman in this lackluster biopic directed by Milos Forman. Carrey's impersonations of Kaufman's routines are uncanny, but otherwise, there's nothing there, and the entire production has a scrubbed, authorized feel. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Mansfield Park—Patricia Rozema's sexy adaptation of Jane Austen's novel, starring Frances O'Connor as a young girl who falls in love with her cousin (Jonny Lee Miller). (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) CC *Angelika Film Center; Clearview's First & 62nd St..*

A Map of the World—Sigourney Weaver plays a rural housewife whose life is turned upside down when a friend's daughter dies while under her supervision. With Julianne Moore, David Strathairn, and Chloë Sevigny. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Sutton.*

Mr. Death—Errol Morris's latest documentary is about Fred Leuchter Jr., who drinks 40 cups of coffee a day and designed "more humane" electric chairs before becoming the unwitting hero of the Holocaust-denial movement when he delivered up a report at the trial of a neo-Nazi alleging that there were no gas executions at Auschwitz. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

My Dog Skip—The late Willie Morris's best-selling memoir about his growing up in Mississippi with his beloved fox terrier, Skip, is now a sweet, warm family film (starring Kevin Bacon, Diane Lane, and Frankie Muniz) about a boy growing up in Mississippi with a Jack Russell terrier. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *UA Union Square; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Next Friday—Picking up where we left off with Ice Cube and his reefer-toking pals in *Friday,* only this time they're in the suburbs. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Nightmare Alley—A restored print of the freak-filled 1947 noir classic starring Tyrone Power as a no-good carnie act who manipulates the rich and famous, pretending to have the power to read their minds, until his wife (Colleen Gray) spills the beans. (1 hr. 51 mins.; NR) *Starts 1/28 at Cinema Village.*

Onegin—Ralph Fiennes stars in his sister Martha's screen adaptation of the Alexander Pushkin story about a dashing and jaded lad who moves to the Russian countryside and crushes the heart of his beautiful neighbor (Liv Tyler). (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Play It to the Bone—See Rainer, page 50. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Pokémon: The First Movie—Pokémon are collectible

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

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creatures with special powers (151 in all). Fight the power. (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) *Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Princess Mononoke**—The great Japanese animation director Hayao Miyazaki has crafted a ravishing epic set in mythic fourteenth-century Japan, filled with gods and demons and forest creatures. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Cinema Village.*

The Quarry—An escaped convict poses as a priest and frames a local delinquent for a murder he committed until his conscience finally emerges and gets the better of him. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Rear Window**—Alfred Hitchcock's 1954 classic has been wonderfully restored by Robert Harris and James Katz. James Stewart is the news photographer sidelined with his leg in a cast in his Village apartment, and Grace Kelly is his marriage-minded girlfriend. When Stewart, peeping into his neighbors' windows across the courtyard, thinks he's stumbled upon a murder, he sets in motion a ghastly black comedy of voyeurism. It has a spectral quality that's very unsettling. (Rainer; 1/24/00) (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG) *Film Forum.*

★**Rosetta**—An engrossing, if somewhat forbidding, drama about a 17-year-old girl, played powerfully by Emilie Dequenne, who wants only to leave behind her trailer-trash life and get a job. In French with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Santitos—A woman sets out to find her daughter after a vision of St. Jude appears in her oven. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Starts 1/28 at New Coliseum; Nova; Jackson Triplex and Ridgewood.*

Sleepy Hollow—Tim Burton's latest creepfest is a triumph of production design, of gnarled vistas and foggy woods and slime, but the horror stays at a fairly adolescent level. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Loews State.*

Snow Falling on Cedars—Save the performances of James Cromwell and Max Von Sydow, this admittedly picturesque adaptation of David Guterson's best-seller is almost unwatchable. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion; UA Astoria; UA Movieworld.*

Stella Does Tricks—Kelly MacDonald (*Trainspotting, Elizabeth*) stars as a mettlesome teenage prostitute on the streets of London trying to overcome her abusive childhood and make sense of it all with the help of her junkie boyfriend. Good luck. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Starts 1/28 at The Screening Room.*

★**The Straight Story**—David Lynch's affecting, meditative movie about a stubborn codger (Richard Farnsworth) who rides his lawn mower clear across Iowa to visit an ailing, estranged brother. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) *CC Village East; North Shore Towers.*

Stuart Little—A sweet, funny, dumbed-down version of E. B. White's children story. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Supernova—The sky is falling! The sky is falling! With Angela Bassett and James Spader. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Sweet and Lowdown—Woody Allen's latest piece of implied self-criticism is less interesting as an artwork than as an analytic session writ large. Sean Penn plays a legendary (and fictionalized) jazz guitarist from the thirties who lives his life as a heel and puts all his emotions into his art. Sound familiar? (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemart.*

The Talented Mr. Ripley—Anthony Minghella's adaptation of the celebrated Patricia Highsmith novel (also the basis for Rene Clement's *Purple Noon*) is a dark thriller made luxurious under a bright Italian sun. Matt Damon plays the psychopathic Tom Ripley. Jude Law and Gwyneth Paltrow co-star, looking embossed in expensiveness. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; UA East; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Third Miracle—A priest (Ed Harris) in the midst of a spiritual crisis is sent to verify some miracles being performed by a young woman (Anne Heche). (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Titus**—Julie Taymor's stab at Shakespeare's most Marlovian play (which she's also directed Off Broadway) comes across as the granddaddy of all Hollywood ghoulfests, with some kind of limb-hacking going on every other minute. The film is striking and original and, in its clash of the brutal and the delicately poetic, supremely off-putting. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Previews
The Hair Up There

In between episodes of 'The Drew Carrey Show,' Scottish comedian Craig Ferguson (pictured with supermodel Veronica Webb) co-wrote 'The Big Tease,' an airy mockumentary in which he stars as a flamboyant Glaswegian hairdresser who leaves the highlands for a coif competition in the Hollywood Hills and gets mixed up in the vapid world of couture and celebrity cultism. Starts January 28 at the Angelika Film Center.

Photograph by Sheri Lane/Warner Bros.

★**Topsy-Turvy**—Mike Leigh's movie about Gilbert and Sullivan and what led to *The Mikado* is a rich tribute to the theater and theater people. It's an uncharacteristic work for a filmmaker devoted almost entirely to modern-day movies about the messes of the lower-middle classes, but Leigh moves right into the late-Victorian era without a hitch. The feelings in this film run very deep, and Jim Broadbent's Gilbert and Allan Corduner's Sullivan are marvelously played. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Paris Theatre; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Toy Story 2**—Woody and Buzz Lightyear and the rest of the toy chest are joined by a fresh fleet of computer-generated rapscallions in this marvelous sequel. The results are so exhilaratingly spry that it sends you out on a high: a sure sign of an instant classic. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 38 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The War Zone—Actor Tim Roth makes his directorial debut with this disquieting story of a teenage boy struggling along with his less-than-happy family. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

Wirey Spindell—Fearing commitment in the days preceding his wedding, a neurotic Upper West Sider takes a stroll down memory lane. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *CC Village East.*

The World Is Not Enough—In this Bond movie, Pierce Brosnan, looking neither shaken nor stirred, goes through the motions with Robert Carlyle. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG-13) *Loews State.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave. at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Galaxy Quest; Play It to the Bone.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *All About My Mother; The Cider House Rules; Cradle Will Rock; Mansfield Park; A Map of the World.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; The Emperor and the Assassin; Next Friday; The Straight Story; Supernova; Toy Story 2; Wirey Spindell.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *The Limey; Onegin; Princess Mononoke; The War Zone.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Being John Malkovich; The Hurricane.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *American Movie; Kestrel's Eye; The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg; Rear Window.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Angela's Ashes; Any Given Sunday; The End of the Affair; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Topsy-Turvy.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Boys Don't Cry; Mr. Death; The Quarry; Rosetta; The Third Miracle; Three Seasons.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *American Beauty; Hellhounds on My Trail: The Afterlife of Robert Johnson.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *Down To You; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; The Insider; Magnolia; My Dog Skip; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Sweet and Lowdown; Titus.*

14th-41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Any Given Sunday; The End of the Affair; Liberty Heights; Play It to the Bone.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *All About My Mother; The Cider House*

Previews

Kestrel Maneuvers

It took Swedish director Mikael Kristersson three years to complete shooting on *Kestrel's Eye,* and thankfully, his unconventional wildlife documentary isn't just for the birds. While it does record the daily life of a kestrel couple (one of which is pictured left) nesting in a village steeple, it also grants its audience the viewpoint of the birds themselves. The result is a fascinating meditation set to the clucking and cooing of these two extraordinary creatures as they share field mice, ruffle their feathers, engage in fly-by lovemaking, warm their eggs, and overlook the comings and goings of Homo sapiens in the churchyard below. Starts January 26 at Film Forum.

Rules; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Hurricane; Magnolia; Next Friday; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little.

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Next Friday; Play It to the Bone.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *American Beauty; Any Given Sunday; Man on the Moon; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Angela's Ashes; Being John Malkovich; The Cider House Rules; Cradle Will Rock; Down To You; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Magnolia; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

42nd-60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *The Insider; Magnolia; Titus.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *The Cider House Rules.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *All About My Mother.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *A Map of the World; Play It to the Bone.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Closed for the week.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Anna and the King.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Angela's Ashes; The Green Mile.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Best Man; Double Jeopardy; Flawless; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Ride with the Devil; Three Kings.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Angela's Ashes; Any Given Sunday; Down To You; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Magnolia; Play It to the Bone; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Next Friday.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; Man on the Moon; Sleepy Hollow; The World Is Not Enough.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Topsy-Turvy.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *Boys Don't Cry; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; The Hurricane; The Sixth Sense; Supernova.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Bicentennial Man; The Cider House Rules; Cradle Will Rock; Magnolia; Toy Story 2.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Hurricane.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *American Beauty; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; Mansfield Park; Snow Falling on Cedars; Supernova.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Man on the Moon; Supernova.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Any Given Sunday.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Down To You; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Any Given Sunday; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Anna and the King; Boys Don't Cry; The End of the Affair; Stuart Little.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Being John Malkovich.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *The Hurricane; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *All About My Mother; Holy Smoke; Life is to Whistle; Sweet and Lowdown; The Third Miracle; Titus.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Any Given Sunday; Down To You; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Stuart Little; Supernova.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *La Ciudad; Down To You; Next Friday; Stuart Little.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *The Hurricane; Next Friday; Stuart Little.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Angela's Ashes; The Cider House Rules; The End of the Affair; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Magnolia; Man on the Moon; My Dog Skip; Play It to the Bone; Snow Falling on Cedars; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.* IMAX: *Fantasia/2000.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Down To You; Galaxy Quest; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Down To You; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Supernova; Toy Story 2.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Down To You; End of Days; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Brooklyn

BAM **Rose Cinemas**—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *All About My Mother; Being John Malkovich; The End of the Affair; Topsy-Turvy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Down To You; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Supernova.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *The Cider House Rules; The Hurricane; Magnolia; Sweet and Lowdown; Toy Story 2.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Down To You; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Down To You; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *Angela's Ashes; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Down To You; The Hurricane; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Supernova.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Any Given Sunday; Cradle Will Rock; Girl, Interrupted; Play It to the Bone; Toy Story 2.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Down To You; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Angela's Ashes; Down To You; Girl, Interrupted; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Supernova.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Magnolia; Play It to the Bone; Supernova; Sweet and Lowdown; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

Series

Vicious Circle

"Critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion," wrote Alexander Pope 300 years ago. And whether you fear them, love them, or delight in loathing them, one thing's for sure: They're still here, and they're not through. This truth will be made evident when the Museum of the Moving Image presents "The New York Film Critics Circle Looks at the 1990's," in which the cranky and callous, the eloquent and erudite review their favorite films of the decade—like Owen Gleiberman's preferred comedy, 1997's 'Waiting for Guffman' (directed by and starring Christopher Guest, pictured, center). The four-week series begins January 29 with a discussion on "The Future of Film Criticism" with panelists John Anderson, Stuart Klawans, and our very own John Simon. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *Angela's Ashes; Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Down To You; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *La Ciudad; Down To You; Next Friday.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Angela's Ashes; Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; The Bone Collector; The Cider House Rules; Girl, Interrupted; The Hurricane; Magnolia; Man on the Moon; Next Friday; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *All About My Mother; American Beauty; Angela's Ashes; The Cider House Rules; Pokémon: The First Movie; Topsy-Turvy.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *Down To You; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Hurricane; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Liberty Heights; The Straight Story.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *La Ciudad; Play It to the Bone; Supernova.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Down To You; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Play It to the Bone; Snow Falling on Cedars; Supernova.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *The End of the Affair; Galaxy Quest.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Next Friday; Play It to the Bone; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Any Given Sunday; Down To You; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Stuart Little; Supernova; Toy Story 2.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *Any Given Sunday; Down To You; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Girl, Interrupted; The Hurricane; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Down To You; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Play It to the Bone; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Any Given Sunday; Down To You; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Magnolia; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Any Given Sunday; Down To You; The Green Mile; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *Angela's Ashes; Any Given Sunday; The Cider House Rules; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Down To You; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Evening Screening" 1/29–1/30: *Eternity and a Day (1998)*. 1/29–2/20: "The New York Film Critics Circle Looks at the 1990s." 1/29: Manny Farber portrait accompanied by *Negative Space;* Panel Discussion: "The Future of Film Criticism," with John Anderson, Stuart Klawans, and John Simon; John Anderson introduces *Swoon* (1991). 1/30: Godfrey Cheshire introduces *A Brighter Summer Day* (1991). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—1/25: *Megacities—12 Stories of Survival* (1998). 1/26: "New Filmmakers" shorts: *Theme: Murder;* feature: *Reno Finds Her Mom.* 1/27: "A Tribute to Kino International." *La Vie de Boheme* (1992); *M* (1931). Through 2/2: "Essential Cinema: Brakhage & Bresson." 1/27: *Songs 15-22* (1965–66). 1/28: *Les Dames du Bois de Bologne* (1944); *23rd Psalm Branch* (1966); *Diary of a Country Priest* (1950). 1/29: *Un Condamne a Mort s'est Echappe* (1956); *Scenes From Under Childhood* (1969–70). 1/30: *Pickpocket* (1959). Also 1/29–1/30: "Tribute to Zöe Lund." *MS. 45* (1981); *Bad Lieutenant* (1992). 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—1/25: *The Kingdom,* Part I (1994). 1/26: *Three Women* (1924). 1/27: *Mean Streets* (1973). 1/28: *Knife in the Water* (1962). 1/29: *High Sierra* (1941). 1/30: *In a Lonely Place* (1950). 1/31: *A Stolen Life* (1946). 2/1: *The Kingdom,* Part II (1998). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—1/25: *Murder My Sweet* (1944). 1/26–1/27: *Mildred Pierce* (1945). 1/28–1/30: *The Big Sleep* (1946). 1/31: *The Letter* (1940). 2/1–2/2: *Ride the Pink Horse* (1947). 332 E. 11th St. (212-675-6692); $5.

Different Light—1/30: *Logan's Run* (1976). 7 p.m. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 1/27: "The Ninth Annual New York Jewish Film Festival." 1/28–2/24: "Frederick Wiseman: American Filmmaker." 1/28: *Belfast, Maine.* 1/29: *Belfast, Maine; Titicut Follies* (1967). 1/30: *High School* (1968); *High School II* (1994). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 for Jewish Museum and Film Society members, $4.50 for seniors.

Japan Society—1/28: "An Evening with Keiko Tsuno: Video and Discussion." *Canal Street: First Stop in America* (1998). 333 E. 47th St. (212-752-3015); $8, $5 for students, and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 2/24: "The American Place: Landscape in the Early Western." 1/27: "New Documentary." *The Brandon Teena Story.* 1/31: "Cineprobe." *Junk.* 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult.

New York Public Library—1/26: *Varsity Show* (1937). 1/27: *Super-Artist* (1967); *America's Pop Collector* (1974). Also 1/27: "New York Expo of Short Film and Video, Part IV." 1/29: "Meet the Music Maker." *Hotel Imperial* (1927) to be accompanied by composer Philip Carli on piano. Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (212-621-0619); free.

Ocularis—1/30–1/31: *A Clockwork Orange* (1971). At Galapagos, 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn; 718-388-8713. $5.

The Light + Screen Film Festival—1/25: *Cupid's Mistake* (1999). At Siberia Bar, 50th St. and Broadway subway station, west side (212-333-4141); free.

The Screening Room—1/25: "Delicious Cinema." *Big Night* (1996). Through 1/27: "Steady Rollin' Man: The Films of Robert Mugge." 1/25: *The Kingdom of Zydeco* (1994). 1/26: *Black Wax* (1982). Also playing through 1/27: *Deep Blues* (1992) and *Hellhounds on My Trail.* Through 1/30: "Kirk Douglas: An American Classic." 1/29–1/30: *The Bad and the Beautiful* (1952); *Two Weeks in Another Town* (1962). "Midnight Screenings." 1/28: *Basket Case* (1981). 1/29: *Brain Damage* (1987). Saturday afternoons: *The Wizard of Oz* (1939). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Tonic—1/31: *The Thing from Another World* (1951); *The Thing* (1982). 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7501 or visit www.tonic107.com); $5.

YWCA Cine-Club—1/29–1/30: *Kriemhild's Revenge* (1924). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Photograph from Photofest.

theater

Bad Boy Nietzsche...Deborah Swisher

Broadway

Now Playing

Amadeus—Nearly two decades after its London and Broadway triumphs, Peter Shaffer's play returns, again directed by Sir Peter Hall. Michael Sheen purrs, hisses, and farts as Mozart; David Suchet, known best as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot on *Mystery!,* plays his conniving nemesis, Salieri. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back. (No, not the mouse.) Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$90. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Bebe Neuwirth and Robert Urich. $20–$80. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. He is a great improviser who plays with his audience as if it were a beach ball. (Simon: 11/2/99.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this musical adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

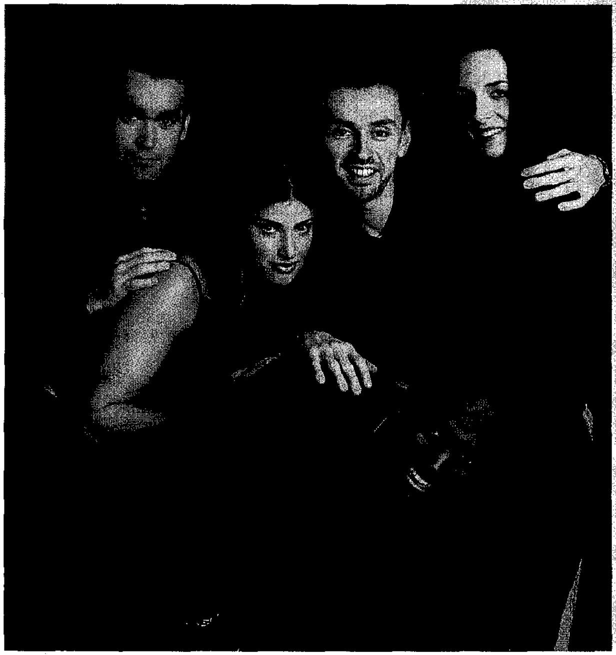
Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Jackie Mason is not so funny as Dame Edna (who is?) but still damned funny. He is politically incorrect, and glories in it with ecstatic gloat. (Simon: 1/17/00) $65–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

James Joyce's The Dead—Transferred from Playwrights Horizons, a musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book; Jack Hofsiss directs. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Previews

Party of the First Party

The first of two new musicals titled *The Wild Party,* and based on Joseph Moncure March's raucous Jazz Age poem about a soirée that ends in a police bust, is presented by the Manhattan Theatre Club, with book, music, and lyrics by Andrew Lippa (pictured top, second from right) and a cast featuring Brian d'Arcy James (far left), Julia Murney (far right), and Idina Menzel and Taye Diggs (bottom; these last two fell in love while originating roles in *Rent*). Diggs plays Mr. Black, who, in the poem, is a sexy square seduced by Queenie, the host of the party, in order to rile her jealous boyfriend. James described the new production, Diggs recalls, as "a musical pop-up book, so that with each page you turn, these amazing three-dimensional figures appear." The poem found a contemporary audience a few years ago when Art Spiegelman illustrated a new edition. "Some of the choreography and staging," Diggs says, "is based on the Spiegelman illustrations. It's not necessarily raunchy, but it's very forward—definitely titillating, arousing, and sexual. There are strains of serious sex going on." (This should bring comfort to fans who remember Diggs's steamy shower scene with Angela Bassett in *How Stella Got Her Groove Back.*) And fans exhausted by the swing craze have little reason to worry, says Diggs. The music is not just from the Hoagy Carmichael catalogue. "The sound is a combination of periods, the avant-garde mixed with the standard styles," he explains. "The poem doesn't give Black much of a back story, so we tried to give him one. We've fleshed out the character so that he's not at all a goody-two-shoes, not the angelic figure that sweeps Queenie off her feet in the book. He's on the run. I see him from Chicago and entwined somehow with a crime family." Diggs says that his character's race will not change the story. "This was the kind of party that happened at a very underground sort of place," he explains, "where the rules that held true aboveground didn't really exist." But has the role of party boy required any intense research at New York clubs? "Not at all," says Diggs. "Idina and I just come back to the crib and chill." Previews begin January 25. (See "Off Broadway.") LOGAN HILL



Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie will interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical—for a generation obsessed with the backstage canoodling of celluloid Shakespeareans like Paltrow and DiCaprio. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Previews

The Rebirth of Tragedy

In *Bad Boy Nietzsche,* Off-Off Broadway's patron devil, Richard Foreman, pays tribute to philosophy's favorite Antichrist, Friedrich Nietzsche, 100 years after the iconoclastic philosopher's syphilitic death. Previews begin January 27. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Paula Court.

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Price—James Naughton directs Arthur Miller's 1968 family drama, starring Jeffrey DeMunn, Bob Dishey, Lizbeth Mackay, and Harris Yulin. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Putting It Together—The Stephen Sondheim musical revue roars back with enough big-name talent to fill a basketball squad. Carol Burnett, George Hearn, John Barrowman, Ruthie Henshall, and Bronson Pinchot star. The bench is strong, too: Kathie Lee Gifford spells Burnett on Tuesdays. $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Saturday Night Fever—Bee Gees! $30–$80. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Waiting in the Wings—Noël Coward's fiftieth play (1960) still remains a minor gem in that bittersweet mode at which Coward excelled. A seemingly inconsequential piece about former-star stage actresses living out their declining years in the Wings, a less-than-lavish retirement home, the play is a wise and compassionate address of the problems of aging and death that confront us all. To miss this play (starring Rosemary Harris and Lauren Bacall) would be a major folly; not having a good time at it is a real impossibility. (Simon: 1/10/99). $25–$70. Call for schedule. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Wrong Mountain—In this new play—a rarity on Broadway—by David Hirson, Ron Rifkin plays a bitter elder poet who envies his ex-wife's new husband, a fabulously successful younger playwright. The poet writes his own popular play and propels a satire of the whole theater biz. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Arms and the Man—Roger Rees directs the Roundabout Theater's revival of George Bernard Shaw's classic drama of bullets and bonbons. Starring Henry. Czerny, Katie Finneran, and Paul Michael Valley. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 2/10 opening. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

=Celebration—This isn't your father's vacation-slide show. Ethan Sandler traveled from the Times Square Disney Store through the Sweatshirt Capital of the World to Celebration, Florida. He tells his tale with AV samples recorded during his odyssey. $12. In previews for a 1/25 opening. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *John Houseman Studio, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-592-4005).*

Fuddy Meers—This is a deftly zany absurdist comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire, a young but already much-produced playwright. The heroine, Claire, suffers from psychogenic amnesia, waking up every morning as a blank slate, on which her husband and Kenny, her teenage son from a former marriage, must imprint the facts of her life, only to have her forget them overnight. The evening explodes with laughter, magisterially provided by J. Smith-Cameron and others. (Simon: 11/15/99.) $19.50–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 at 7. Performances begin 1/27. Reopens 2/10. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

Hundreds of Sisters & One Big Brother—Deborah Swisher's one-woman show about her bizarre life on a California commune; directed by Elyse Singer. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/27 opening. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

King John—No more *Midsummer Night's Dream,* you say? Fine then. Directed by Karin Coonrod, this neglected play by the Bard chronicles King John's contentious medieval reign. Presented by Theater for a New Audience. $10–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/25 for a 1/30 opening. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Monster—Eek! Frank Hertle's comic mystery pits a small-town family against a very scary creature. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. 1/28–4/16. *Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).*

Our Place in Time—Clarence Thomas and the Cuban Missile Crisis! Six actors play 32 New Yorkers in Clare Coss's oral history of the past 50 years. $10–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat and Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/26 for a 2/6 opening. *Women's Project & Productions Theatre, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).*

Small Potatoes—Small-town bureaucrats accidentally arrest Feds on trumped-up charges, then hustle to cover up their petty misdeeds in Bob Roger's comedy set in upstate New York. Marha Pinson directs. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6:30 and 9, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/27 opening. *John Houseman Studio A, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-532-8887).*

The Time of the Cuckoo—The classic romantic comedy about an American woman in Venice (Debra Monk) who finds love in a cute shopkeeper (Olek Krupa). By Arthur Laurents, author of *Home of the Brave, Invitation to the March,* and the books for *West Side Story* and *Gypsy.* $50. Previews begin 1/27 for a 2/21 opening. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Wild Party—Andrew Lippa's new musical, inspired by the Joseph Moncure March poem. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Previews begin 1/25 for a 2/24 opening. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Now Playing

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story about divorce in a Buffalo family (Grandma leaves

Gramps for his best friend) returns to Lincoln Center, with a rotating cast of Broadway veterans assuming the key roles. This is a reading only, so most actors will have scripts firmly in hand. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Another American: Asking & Telling—Don't ask, don't tell? Marc Wolf asked 150 people what they thought of gays in the military, including many gay soldiers and veterans. Now, in a production directed by Joe Mantello, he tells their stories in an Anna Deveare Smith–style monologue. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 2/6. *The New Group at Theatre @ St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

Bomb-itty of Errors—A funky-fresh "add-rap-tation" of the Bard's classic. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

The Country Club—This play by Drama Dept. artistic director Douglas Carter Beane about Wasps in their late twenties who hang out in the Cub Room of a provincial Pennsylvania country club is both funny and moving, devilishly well observed, and niftily constructed. (Simon: 10/4/99.) Jessica Stone has replaced Amy Sedaris. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-239-6200).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—In their Connecticut home, Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

Dirty Blonde—The brash actress-author Claudia Shear (*Blown Sideways Through Life*) stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, and mixes delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $12–$45. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. Sam manipulates several telephones simultaneously to create seating for the rich, the famous, and those willing to spend half their lives on hold. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization and tabloid fame through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical. $19.99–$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. Through 1/31. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$52.50. Mon., Tues., Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Keep Bangin'—Soft-shoe-shufflin' Savion Glover directs the talented bucket drummers of *Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk.* $20–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).*

Maybe Baby, It's You—After their successful run at the Currican Theatre earlier this summer, playwright-performers Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian play eleven couples in this romantic comedy. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 6. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Opening

Dimension Tension

Did you hear the one about the videotherapist, the financial consultant, the actor, the journalist, and the extraordinarily honest parrot? No? Well, they all get zapped here from Dimension X and spend three years living among us until the PanDimensional Bureaucracy finds out, in 'The Sadness of Others: A Situation Comedy' (with Nan Schmid, pictured left, and Valerie Stanford). Opening January 27 at La MaMa. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Mark C.

The Merry Wives of Windsor—Pearl Theatre presents Shakespeare's giddy gals. $26–$33. Tues., Thurs.– Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 2/27. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).*

Morning, Noon and Night—Spalding Gray (*Swimming to Cambodia* and *Monster in a Box*) reflects on his beloved family. $25–$45. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Now Hear This!—Kathy Buckley, who describes herself as "America's First Hearing Impaired Comedienne," won multiple writing and theater awards when this, her comic one-woman show, premiered in Los Angeles in 1997. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. Featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change*, about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Cathtilian lithp geth a tuneful thong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner 90 minutes before curtain. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Sexual Perversity in Chicago/The Duck Variations—All that is original and good in David Mamet is encapsulated in these early plays, which were news then. The rest of Mamet is the same thing rehashed over and over, and no longer news. Both plays are about

Opening
We Are Family

In the one-woman show *Hundreds of Sisters & One Big Brother,* HBO host Deborah Swisher (pictured) describes what it was like to grow up in Synanon, the cultish California commune, with plenty of sisterly love under the shadow of The Man. In previews for a January 27 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")

the broken dialogue between people, the hollow inarticulateness that pseudo-savvy verbiage tries to plaster over. They are about us, idiot savants all, and the comic-pathetic ways in which we struggle to make do. At the Atlantic Company, they are decently but not brilliantly produced. (Simon: 1/24/00.) $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Spermegga—Black-theater icon Clarice Taylor, best known as Bill Cosby's mother on *The Cosby Show,* presents a one-woman show about a girl who grows up. $25. Wed. at 3 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. (212-353-1176).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

Teahouse of the August Moon—John Patrick's adaptation of the Vern Sneider novel, in which G.I.'s and Okinawans learn to kiss and make up. $30–$45. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-279-4200).*

This Is a Test—In Michael D. Conway's multimedia one-man drama, a man reexamines a childhood of "Tang and Swanson's Salisbury-steak frozen dinners" and an adulthood of love and regret on the eve of his HIV-test results. $15–$20. Through 2/6. *Sanford Meisner, 164 Eleventh Ave., bet. 22nd and 23rd Sts. (212-613-1682).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with over 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(212-239-6200).*

True History and Real Adventures—Kathleen Chalfant, last seen in *Wit,* is back, and everyone is eager to see if she'll be adored again when she returns to the stage in Sybille Pearson's new play. As excited as the rest of us, Angela Goethals plays a young Scottish woman who leads a ragtag band of teens on a cross-country road trip out West, where they finally meet Calamity Jane, played by Chalfant. $45. Call for schedule. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Beginning 2/8, Eve Ensler will be replaced by three actresses together: Audra McDonald, Swoosie Kurtz, and Julie Kavner. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Voysey Inheritance—Harley Granville-Barker's 1905 family drama returns after its successful revival last spring, again starring George Morforgen and directed by Gus Kaikkonnen. $30. Tues.–Thurs. at 7, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/13. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-315-0231).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's Holy Sonnets? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Lisa Harrow. $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

Off-Off Broadway

Annie Body in Ambiguity—Bill Etra collaborates with actress-writer Carol Bradley to present a one-woman, many-machines cyberspace comedy. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/6. *Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (800-965-4827).*

Bad Boy Nietzsche—Richard Foreman's new play. $15. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Previews begin 1/27 for a 2/8 opening. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).*

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 8. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Edward II—Bertolt Brecht's tragedy. $15–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/20. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).*

Extreme Girl—Barbara Blackburn's comic monologues on sex, beauty, and the surprising similarities between trophy wives and the Mercedes Benz. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/27. *Currican Theater, 154 W. 29th St. (212-532-8887).*

In the Shadow of the Third Rail—Michael Schwartz's one-man comedy set on a subway platform, featuring a militant squirrel and a crooner with cerebral palsy. $10. 1/27–1/29 at 7:30. *NuYorican Poets Cafe, 236 E. 3rd St. (212-505-8183).*

Infrared—Mac Wellman's new production. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, Sat. at 2. Through 2/5. *Flea, 41 White St. (212-226-0051).*

Inky—A new dark comedy by Elevator Repair Service co-founder Rinne Groff. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 2/12. *Altered Stages, 212 W. 29th St. (212-802-8007).*

Lady/Speak/Easy—To present the late-night life of Billie Holliday, Sean Power's new jazz play turns La MaMa into an after-hours club, complete with a jazz quintet and cigarette girls. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, Sun. at 5. 1/27–2/13. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

The Launch Festival—A festival of New American plays presented by John McCormack's All Seasons Theatre Group and Red Line Theatre, featuring new one-acts by Warren Leight and Keith Reddin. $10. Call for schedule. Through 2/1. *Ryan Stage I at Red Line Theatre, 128 Chambers St. (212-566-1500).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).*

My Father Piece—Accomplished performance artist and singer Shelley Hirsch (*O Little Town of East New York*) presents a musical about the relationship between her and her father. $15. 1/28 and 1/29 at 8, 2/4 and 2/5 at 10. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-255-5793).*

Night Vision—Billed as "a New Third–to–First World Vampyre–Opera," this new operatic Afro-Asian jazz-piece by Fred Ho and Ruth Margraff presents a 2,000-year-old woman who becomes a pop star. $12–$15. Wed.–Sat. at 9. Previews begin 1/26 for a 2/2 opening. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (212-647-0202).*

North Atlantic—The Wooster Group's no-holds-barred satire of the absurdities of the Cold War military stars Willem Dafoe and Kate Valk. $25–$30. Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).*

The Sadness of Others: A Situation Comedy—Mike Taylor's new comedy. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. 1/27–2/13. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

The Servant of Two Masters—In Carlo Goldoni's classic slapstick comedy of mistaken identities and silly romance, a foolish servant waits on a "man" who's not male. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/24. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).*

Simply Barbra: 2000—Crooner Steven Brinberg channels Streisand. $30. Fri. and Sat at 7 and 9:15, Sun. at 7. Through 1/30. *Dominion Theater, 428 Lafayette St. (212-473-1698).*

Sizwe Bansi Is Dead—Athol Fugard's anti-apartheid play. Directed by Fugard veteran Thomas Bullard. $10–$15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (212-873-9050).*

That Greasy Ridge Look—White-trash camp by Dixieland drag stars Vesta Lee Juker and Dreama Dixie Dawson. $10. Thurs. at 10. Through 2/24. *Duplex Theatre, 61 Christopher St. (212-255-5438).*

Who Chops FOO II—The Dean Street Field of Operation (FOO) cuts and mixes irreverent vignettes from four years of experimentation, including eight- and sixteen-millimeter-film loops, video, Butoh, and slapstick. $12. Most nights at 7:30. Through 2/6. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Michael Hall.

art

Corsets...Outsider Fair...Steve Kaltenbach

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Ron Schwerin—Large-scale figure paintings, small portraits, and studies; through 2/29. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (212-987-4997).

Richard Serra—New works on paper; through 2/14. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (212-228-2828).

Theodoros Stamos—A survey of paintings and works on paper from the late forties through the eighties by the abstract expressionist (1922–1997); through 2/26. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-5888).

Frantisek Vobecky—Surrealist-influenced photomontages made between 1935 and 1938 by the Czech artist (1902–1991); through 2/26. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444).

57th Street Area

Carmen Calvo—Blown-up prints of vintage photographs, objects and collages, and tableaux composed of numerous line drawings, installed to suggest a kind of fragmented diary; through 2/19. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

James Coleman—A new project, *Photograph,* that consists of multiple projections of slides, a narrative voice-over, and a film; through 2/19. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Philip Evergood—Paintings, drawings, and prints from the early thirties through the mid-sixties; 1/29–2/26. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-8300).

John Ferren—Abstract paintings and drawings made during the American artist's two stays in Paris, in 1929 and from 1931 to 1938; through 2/12. Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

Morris Graves—Cast-bronze sculptures made in 1961 that support viewers shaped like windows or portholes containing layers of Venetian glass, minerals, brass filings, and other materials; through 2/12. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122).

David Hunter—Minimal paintings and works on paper that are intended as phenomenological self-portraits; through 2/12. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (212-223-2227).

Donald Lipski—New sculpture that continues the artist's investigation of the ready-made and the surreal; through 3/4. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Damian Loeb—New paintings of interiors and landscapes that suggest images from dreams or memories; through 2/12. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

Jackson Pollock—Drawings on colored construction paper made between 1942 and 1956; through 2/26. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Edward Ruscha—Drawings and prints dating from the sixties to the present; through 2/29. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

Antoni Tàpies—Mixed-media paintings and sculpture made over the past four years; through 2/12. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Nancy Azara—New monumental carved and painted wood sculptures; through 2/19. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (212-226-1111).

Cecily Brown—New large-scale paintings of fragmented figures; through 2/19. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (212-228-2828).

Sue de Beer and Laura Parnes/Momoyo Torimitsu—*Heidi 2,* an installation and mini-feature film that is an unauthorized sequel to Mike Kelley and Paul McCarthy's *Heidi*/An abstract topiary garden. Through 2/19. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Jason Dodge—Five sculptures that incorporate accoutrements from a fictional palace hotel in rural France; through 2/11. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (212-226-6131).

Valentina DuBasky—New paintings and monotypes that explore the reciprocal relationship between nature and the urban environment; through 3/4. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (212-925-9424).

Barbara Kulicke—Black-and-white ink drawings of amaryllis; through 2/26. Bromm, 90 W. Broadway (212-732-6196).

Jim Lambie—An installation in which the artist has used glossy black vinyl tape to highlight the idiosyncrasies of the gallery's floors; through 2/26. Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Donald Lipski—Two series of works, "Passing Time" and "Building Steam," from the first half of the eighties that typify his practice of combining found objects in unexpected ways; through 2/26. Gibson, 568 Broadway (212-925-1192).

Issey Miyake—A survey of the clothing designer's work from the past 30 years; through 2/29. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599).

Leroy Person—Carved and painted wood furniture and tableaux and drawings on cardboard by the self-taught artist (1907–1985), who lived in rural eastern North Carolina; through 2/19. Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Raymond Pettibon—New drawings; through 2/12. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (212-966-9074).

Alan Siegel/George Deem—Monumental chairs and couches created from trees near the artist's home/Paintings based on paintings by Vermeer that invite the viewer to closely examine the Dutch master's rooms. Through 2/16. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

Richard Tuttle—Recent painted plywood panels that employ simple colors and shapes; through 2/12. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Adriana Varejão—Paintings of ocean-inspired images that are comprised of layers of stretched canvas; through 2/12. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

H. C. Westermann—Sculptures, drawings, and prints of the "Death Ship," a recurring image in the artist's work from 1946 until his death in 1981 that reflects the impact of his experiences at sea during World War II; 1/26–2/26. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Chelsea

Matt Bakkom—*The Intimacy Machine,* a box into which viewers can walk and experience intimacy through a cinematic event; through 2/15. RareArt, 435 W. 14th St. (212-645-5591).

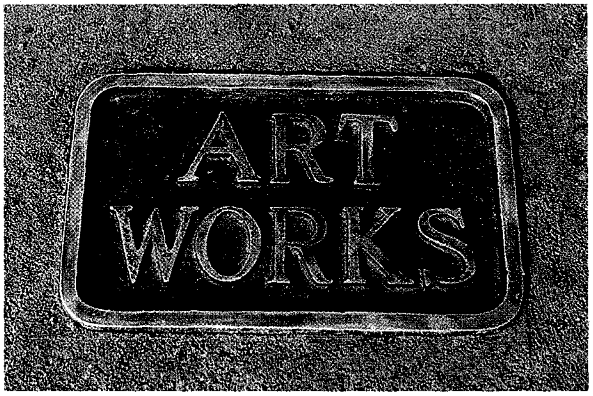
Harry Bertoia—Sculptures the artist and furniture designer referred to as his "sounding sculptures," hand-welded from beryllium copper into forms suggesting cattails, weeping willows, or dense thickets; through 2/26. Miller, 526 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Jeanne Dunning—Recent performative videos that show the artist interacting with a large amorphous "blob" form; through 3/4. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500)).

On View

Plaque Build-Up

The halcyon days of 1967 to 1970, when California conceptual artist Stephen Kaltenbach made New York his home (he's now making sculpture in Sacramento), are recalled in a survey of the artist's tongue-in-cheek bronze "Sidewalk Plaques" (below), "Time Capsules" (given by the artist to Barbara Rose, Bruce Nauman, MOMA, and others), " 'Artforum' Ads" (actually placed in the magazine), and blueprints of his "Room Constructions," rooms in which visitors were confronted by obstacles. At Lawrence Markey Gallery, 55 Vandam Street; through January 29.



Jeff Elrod—New computer-generated paintings and wall works; through 2/26. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-727-7366).

Tim Gardner—Watercolor and oil paintings based on snapshots of young men caught in moments of freedom; through 2/12. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Scott Grodesky—New paintings; through 2/15. Baumgartner, 418 W. 15th St. (212-633-2276).

Perry Hoberman—Two large-scale interactive multi-

Photograph courtesy of Lawrence Markey Gallery.

media installations; through 2/19. Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. (212-727-3323).

James Hyde—Recent abstract paintings on pillows and cushions made from vinyl, steel, fine linens, or newspaper; through 2/12. Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262).

Mary Jones—Paintings that combine spatial illusion, flower forms, and bright color; through 2/19. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (212-741-1149).

Sarah Leahy—Ink paintings on Plexiglas that suggest early black-and-white photography; through 2/12. Foster, 528 W. 20th St. (212-966-9024).

Sam Taylor-Wood—An installation of seven sixteen-millimeter film projections that depict a small party filmed simultaneously by seven cameras, and a series of recent photographs; through 2/26. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-242-0200).

Betty Woodman—A 40-year retrospective of the artist's works in clay, bronze, and paper; through 2/12. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6999).

Carrie Yamaoka/Ava Gerber—Reflective paintings of mylar and resin/A sculpture installation. Through 2/12. Debs, 525 W. 26th St. (212-646-2070).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (212-861-7338). "Quirky," works by 33 artists that represent a diversity of concepts, imagery, and techniques; through 2/12.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767). Works by 16 contemporary British ceramists; through 2/19.

57th Street Area

Babcock—724 Fifth Ave. (212-767-1852). "Aspects of White," paintings, sculpture, and works on paper made with white materials, by Ajay, Grausman, Lipton, McLaughlin, Nevelson, Pavia, Ryman, Segal, others; through 3/31.

DC Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2111). Self-portraits by 60 contemporary women artists, among them Booker, Coffey, Eisenman, Fish, Fried, Hammond, McEneaney, Sikander, Wilson; through 2/5.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900). One hundred drawings from the years 1817 through 1998, by Auerbach, Degas, Delacroix, Klimt, Pollock, Rivers, others; encaustic paintings by Martin Kline; through 2/19.

PaineWebber—42nd St. and Fifth Ave. (212-713-2885), Mon.–Fri. 8–6. "Beyond Appearances: Images in Science at the Millennium," an exhibition of scientific and medical illustration from the Middle Ages to the late nineteenth century; through 3/31.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082). African-American masterworks by Alston, Delaney, Hayden, Lawrence, Pippin, B. Saar, Thompson, Tanner, others; through 3/4.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). Works by European self-taught artists, among them Bois-Vives, Gill, Nedjar, Wilson, Wölfli; through 3/11.

SoHo and TriBeCa

CDS—93 Grand St. (212-966-4360). "Architecture and Memory," works by Appel, Kuitca, Mehretu; through 2/12.

Dorsky—379 W. Broadway (212-966-6170). Abstract paintings by Anuszkiewicz, Crawford, Dona, Marcaccio, Reed, Rockburne; through 3/4.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "The End: An Independent Vision of Contemporary Culture, 1982–2000," an exhibition surveying Exit Art's eighteen-year history; 1/29–4/1.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Conversation exhibit: Betty Woodman and Pat Steir, through 2/13; works by Builder Levy, through 2/13.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727). "Couples," works that address the condition of coupledom by Arbus, Billingham, Bourgeois, Clark, Currin, Guston, Holzer, Nauman, Neel, Prince, others; through 3/4.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Clementine—526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937). "Space Invaders," works that explore the meaning of space by DeMar, Evans, Langsam, Spence, Schild; through 2/19.

Cristinerose—529 W. 20th St. (212-206-0297). "Cyber Drawings," digitally produced works by Cottrell, Green, Moody, Risley, Sanchez, Watson; through 2/12.

D'Amelio Terras—525 W. 22nd St. (212-352-9460). Sculptures by Andre, Chamberlain, Flavin, Judd; through1 2/12.

Golden—526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304). "Against an Infinite Horizon," with works by Corey, Han, Jaff, Kalymnios, Wolf; through 2/19.

Grimm—505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7762). Abstract paintings on paper by Diamond, McConaughy, Meyer, Parlato, Petersen; through 2/19.

Luhring Augustine—531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100). Sculpture by Cardiff and Miller, Geers, Gober, Gonzalez-Torres, Kippenberger, Mucha, Tunga, Whiteread, Wolfe; through 2/12.

Ricco/Maresca—529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819). "The Intuitive Eye: Selections From the Mendelsohn Collection," works by self-taught artists Darger, Dial, Doyle, Hawkins, McCarthy, Von Bruenchenhein, others; "Artist/Object," still-life photographs by Akin & Ludwig, Means, Martone, Russek; through 2/19.

Schoormans—508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159). "Lux," works by Flavin, Katz, Newton, Richter, Sugimoto, others; through 2/19.

Team—527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219). "Hex Enduction Hour by the Fall," with works by Acconci, Beck, Graham, Hyde, Koether, Noland, Ruyter, Uglow, others; through 2/12.

Photography

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Picturing Guatemala: Images From the CIRMA Photography Archive, 1870–1997," the first exhibition to explore the history of photography in Guatemala, including, among other works, a photographic album by Eadweard Muybridge from 1875 and images by the nineteenth-century ethnographic photographers Emilio Herruger and Alberto Valdeavellano; through 4/16.

Barefoot—580 Broadway (212-625-8899), Wed.–Sat. 11–5. "Sequence, Order, Revolution," with works by Acconci, Appelt, Cumming, Disderi, the Bechers, Burden, Michals, Meatyard, Warhol, others; through 2/5.

Carl Chiarenza—Photographs of collages and montages fabricated by the artist in his studio; through 2/26. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (212-327-2211).

Giacomo Costa/Walker Evans—Large-scale panoramic photographs created entirely within a computer that depict barren landscapes supporting huge monoliths/Vintage photographs. Through 2/26. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Todd Eberle—Photographs of computers taken at the Computer History Museum at NASA's Ames Base near Palo Alto, California; through 2/26. Miller, 526 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Luis Gonzalez Palma—Photographic portraits of Guatemalans; through 2/26. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Propaganda and Dreams: Photographing the 1930s in the USSR and U.S." A comparison of Farm Security Administration photography created in the U.S. and Socialist Realist pictures produced in the USSR; through 2/13.

Annie Leibovitz—Large-scale photographs of female nudes; through 3/4. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-7070).

Robert Lyons—Photographs that examine the 1994 genocide in Rwanda through confrontational portraits of the killers and victims; through 2/19. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Fred W. McDarrah—Photographs of New York's Beat scene taken in and around Greenwich Village in the fifties and sixties; through 2/27. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (212-242-2581).

Deborah Mesa-Pelly—Staged photographs of fantastical narratives; through 2/12. Lombard-Freid, 531 W. 26th St. (212-967-8040).

Duane Michals—A survey of the photographer's work from the late sixties to the present, comprising recent images influenced by the paintings of Balthus, classic sequences from the late sixties, photographs with hand-lettered text, unusual portraits of artists, and works from such series as "Salute Walt Whitman" and "Questions Without Answers"; through 3/4. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

Marvin E. Newman—Seven photo-essays from the fifties and early sixties, among them *Chicago Snow Scenes 1951*, *Coney Island Beach Scenes 1952*, *Halloween 1955*, and *Prostitutes on Rue St. Denis, Paris 1960;* through 3/25. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482).

Daniela Rossell—Recent photographs of the artist's family and friends in Mexico City and Manhattan that show them amid the trappings of their affluence; through 2/19. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770).

Roth Horowitz—160A E. 70th St. (212-717-9067). "Witness," images of lynchings from the collection of James Allen, an Atlanta-based antiques dealer who has amassed an archive of photographs documenting the history of lynchings in the United States from 1880 to 1960; through 2/12.

Eric Schaal—Vintage press shots of Salvador's *Dream of Venus* pavilion for the 1939 New York World's Fair; through 3/4. Van der Donk, 601 W. 26th St. (212-691-5973).

David Seidner—Painterly images of orchids that comprise the late photographer's final series; 1/27–3/4. Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

David Stephenson/Tod Hido—Color photographs of domes and cupolas taken in Europe and Turkey and black-and-white images of stars in the night sky above Tasmania, Australia, where the artist lives/Twilight scenes of suburban homes and streets. Through 2/26. Saul, 560 Broadway (212-431-0747).

Wessel + O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811). Photographs of men, by Aschman, Bruce of Los Angeles, Mapplethorpe, Muybridge, Walls, Yang, others; through 2/20.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Beaded Universe: Strands of Culture." The largest and most comprehensive survey of the art of beads, including beaded talismans; religious artifacts from the Buddhist, Christian, and Islamic faiths; and purses and costumes; through 1/30. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Capturing Time: The New York *Times* Capsule." An exhibition presented in collaboration with the New York *Times* that features nearly 50 design proposals received in a *New York Times Magazine* competition; through 3/26. . . . "Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the United States, Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; through 8/30. . . . "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An exhibition of 300 to 500 live, free-flying butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children (admission to "The Butterfly Conservatory" is by timed entry; tickets, which can be reserved in advance and include museum admission, are $14 adults, $8.50 children).

Photograph courtesy of the Luise Ross Gallery.

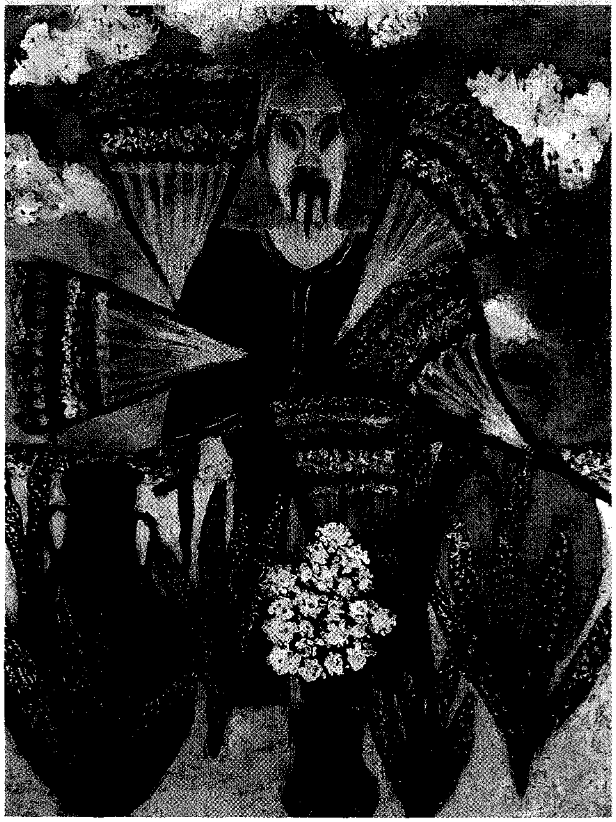
Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"E.W. Godwin: Aesthetic Movement Architect and Designer." Architectural drawings, designs for decorative arts, textiles, ceramics, wallpaper, and other works by the nineteenth-century British designer; through 2/27. 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Amnesia." Works by sixteen artists from South America who explore themes of memory, loss, desire, mortality, and the temporal nature of the body; through 2/27. . . . "Recent Acquisitions From the Permanent Collection." Works by contemporary artists of African, Asian, and Latin American ancestry; through 2/27. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Eastman Johnston: Painting America." The first major exhibition of the nineteenth-century American artist's work in 25 years, including paintings and drawings of rural subjects, Civil War scenes, interior scenes, and portraits; through 2/6. . . . "Carved Memories: Tombstones of the Russian Jewish Pale, Photographs by David Goberman." Images of Jewish tombstones in Russia taken over a period of 75 years; through 4/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors (admission to "Sensation" is $9.75 adults, $7.75 students and seniors and includes general admission).

Dahesh Museum—"Overcoming All Obstacles: The Women of the Académie Julian." Paintings, works on paper, and photographs by women artists who studied at the Académie Julian in Paris, among them Cecelia Beaux, Elizabeth Jane Gardner, Anna Klumke, and Käthe Kollwitz; through 2/13. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Happening **Some object to its title and its vaguely "step-right-up folks!" atmosphere; that said, the Outsider Art Fair remains the liveliest, least precious of New York's art shows and an inspired place to pass a frigid January afternoon (below, an untitled 1944 Minnie Evans painting that will be exhibited by Luise Ross Gallery). This year's fair does good, too—the usual preview dinner has been replaced by a cocktail party benefiting the Museum of American Folk Art. For those of you who can't make it to the preview, an online auction hosted by Icon 20 also benefits the museum; bidding begins on Monday, January 24, at noon and ends Sunday, January 30, at noon, at www.icon20.com. Tickets to the preview on January 27 from 5:30 to 9 are $500 per person for Benefactors, $200 for Supporters, and $100 for the Americus Group (35 and younger); tickets for admission at 6:30 are $75 per person. At the Puck Building, Houston and Lafayette Streets; Friday, January 29, from noon to 8, Saturday, January 29, from 11 to 7, and Sunday, January 30, from 11 to 6; $12.**



Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 4/2. . . . "Donald Judd *Untitled*, 1976." A piece from 1976 that is considered one of the late artist's seminal works and comprises fifteen plywood boxes; through 6/18. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 6/18. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 3/5. . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"The Body of the Line: Eisenstein's Drawings." The first U.S. museum exhibition of drawings by the groundbreaking Russian filmmaker (1898–1948); through 3/18. . . . "*Together Now* by Nic Hess." A site-specific installation that combines drawing and a two-dimensional structure built of adhesive tape by Nic Hess, a Swiss artist; through 2/26. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"Velázquez in New York Museums." An exhibition of the seventeenth-century Spanish master's portraits organized in conjunction with the Hispanic Society of America, including paintings from the collections of the Frick, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Hispanic Society; through 1/30. . . . "Henry Clay Frick as a Collector of Drawings." Works on paper by Gainsborough, van Rijn, Whistler, and others purchased by Frick between 1913 and 1916; through 1/30. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors (admission free on Dec.19, 1999); children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Inverted Odysseys: Claude Cahun, Maya Deren, Cindy Sherman." Photographs, books, collages, films, and props by three women artists whose investigations into self-portraiture involve adopting identities from different social classes and geographic environments, "traveling" into the past and future, and transforming themselves into heroes, villains, mythological creatures, and other archetypes; through 1/29. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5: $2.50 suggested donation.

Jewish Museum—"John Singer Sargent: Portraits of the Wertheimer Family." A group of portraits of the London art dealer Ager Wertheimer and his family painted by the American artist between 1898 and 1908; through 2/6. . . . "Berlin Metropolis: Jews and the New Culture, 1890–1918." Artworks, books, letters, posters, and theater memorabilia demonstrating the influence of Jews on culture in turn-of-the-century Berlin; through 4/23. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. . . . "The Changing Face of Family: Photographs From the Collection of the Jewish Museum." Photographs illustrating the importance of family in shaping identities, by Avedon, Goldin, Hine, Steichen, Sultan, others; through 2/6. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Korean Ceramics From the Museum of Oriental Ceramics, Osaka." Forty-eight ceramic works dating from the twelfth to the nineteenth century; through 6/4. . . . "Rock Style." An exhibition exploring the influence of rock stars on fashion, featuring attire lent by rock artists and drawn from the collections of the Met's Costume Institute and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum in Cleveland; through 3/19. . . . "Only the Best: Masterpieces of the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, Lisbon." Works collected by the oil-industry pioneer and philanthropist Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian (1869–1955) on loan from the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, including European paintings ranging from the Renaissance to Impressionism, Egyptian sculpture, Roman medals, Islamic ceramics and textiles, illuminated manuscripts, eighteenth-century French furniture and silver, and objects by Lalique; through 2/27. . . . "Sean Scully." A selection of recent watercolors, pastels, and photographs by the American artist; through 3/12. . . . "Klee's Line." Works that display the artist's imaginative use of line; through 3/12. . . . "Celebrating the American Wing: Notable Acquisitions, 1980–1999"; through 11/12. . . . "The Practice of Japanese Art: An August and Accomplished Heritage." Buddhist and decorative painting and calligraphy, along with ceramics, lacquers, metalwork, and wood-block prints; through 1/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; through 5/14. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Modern Starts: People." A survey of figural representation in early modernism, with works by Fernand Léger, Sol LeWitt, Pablo Picasso, Odilon Redon, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Places." Interpretations of site, both real and imagined, in paintings, sculpture, photographs, furniture, and objects, with works by Paul Cézanne, Maria Fernanda Cardoso, Paul Gauguin, Henri Matisse, Georges-Pierre Seurat, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Things." An exhibition exploring the presentation and representation of ordinary and extraordinary objects, with works by Constantin Brancusi, Marcel Duchamp, Michael Craig-Martin, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Projects 69: Julia Jacquette." Paper cups, plates, and napkins designed for MOMA's Café/Etc., a new space in the museum's lower level that combines multimedia projects, a bookstore, and a café; through 3/21. . . . "Projects 70: Shirin Neshat, Simon Patterson, Xu Bing." Banners that play with the written word, displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 5/1. 11 W. 53rd St.

(212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900–2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9. . . . "Forgotten Gateway: The Abandoned Buildings of Ellis Island." A journey through Ellis Island's past and present through the photographs of Larry Racioppo and Shirley Burden; through 2/13. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910–1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; through 2/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"The Corset: Fashioning the Body." Corsets from the sixteenth century to the present, as well as corset-inspired fashions, archival photographs, posters, books, caricatures, and advertisements that document the evolution of corsetry; through 4/22. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Cildo Meireles." The first retrospective of the work of the internationally known Brazilian artist, including room-scale installations and walk-through environments, sculptures, and drawings spanning thirty years; through 3/5. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. from 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"Seeing Is Believing: 700 Years of Scientific and Medical Illustration." Works drawn from all of the library's research centers, augmented by items on loan from the New York Academy of Medicine and other collections, ranging from medieval renderings of the universe to the first photograph of the moon; through 2/19. . . . "Adventures in Science and Exploration." Humorous drawings by Charles Addams of perilous and bizarre discoveries by scientists and explorers; through 1/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"The Italians in New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement." Clothing, objects, letters, photographs, and other materials documenting the lives of Italians in New York; through 2/20. . . . "$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Juan Sánchez Ricanstructions: Paintings of the Nineties." An exhibition of Sánchez's paintings curated by his students at the Robert F. Wagner Jr. Secondary School for Arts and Technology; through 2/13. . . . The Promise of Photography: Selected Works From the DG Bank Collection." 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Audubon and the Artist-Naturalist Tradition in America." Rarely seen drawings and published volumes by John James Audubon, as well as a group of the artist's letters; through 1/30. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Modern Odysseys: Greek American Artists of the Twentieth Century." The first museum exhibition to survey the contributions of Greek-Americans to modern and contemporary art, including works by Stephen Antonakis, William Baziotes, Linda Benglis, Lucas Samaras, Theodoros Stamos, and others; through 1/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian—"Instrument of Change: Jim Schoppert Retrospective Exhibition, 1947–1992." Carved panels, sculptures, paintings, and poetry by the Tlingit artist; through 2/6. 1 Bowling Green (212-514-3712), 10–5 daily; free.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." Part two of a survey of American art and culture as seen through more than 500 works of painting, sculpture, photography, installation, film, video, and historical and cultural materials from 1950 to 2000 drawn from the museum's collection and from private and public collections around the world; through 2/13. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Correspondences: Isamu Noguchi and Ellsworth Kelly." Sculptures by the former and drawings of organic forms by the latter, borrowed from the Whitney Museum's permanent collection; through 4/7. . . . "Lee Boroson: Underpass." A large-scale sculpture made from translucent blue and white fabric, suspended from the ceiling of the Philip Morris Sculpture Court; through 3/17. 120 Park Ave. (212-878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. 11–7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). 1/25 at 2 and 1/26 at 10 and 2: "British Interior." On view from 1/22. 1/27 at 10 and 2: "Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/22. 1/28 at 10: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/22.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). 1/26 at 1: "Porcelain." On view from 1/22. 1/27 at 10 and 2: "European Decorative Arts." On view from 1/22.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 1/26 at 10: "Important English and Continental Furniture and Decorations, and Old Master Paintings and Drawings." On view from 1/22.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (212-570-4830). 1/31 at 2: "WeeGee Photographs." On view 1/27.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). 1/26 at 10:15 and 2: "European Works of Art." On view from 1/21. 1/27 at 10:15 and 2: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/22. 1/28 at 10:15 and 2: "Old Master Paintings: A Celebration of Still-Life." On view from 1/22. 1/29 at 2: "European Works of Art." On view from 1/23. 1/29 at 10:15 and 2: "English Furniture." On view from 1/22.

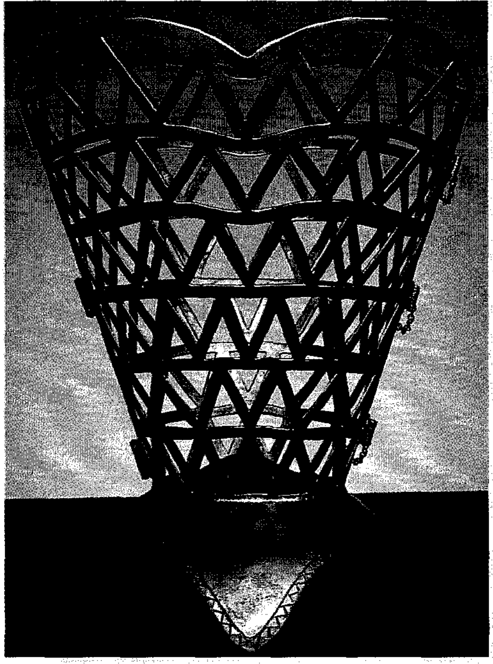
Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 1/27 at 2 and 6: "Vintage Posters." On view from 1/22.

Retrospective

Shaping History

Nothing embraces a woman's body as intimately as a corset. For centuries it has played a key role in sensuous—and specifically erotic—life, cajoling or forcing female anatomy into the ideal of a given era. No other garment has been so fetishized—or so reviled as an instrument of women's oppression. Valerie Steele tells (and shows) it all in her new exhibition at the Museum at FIT, "The Corset: Fashioning the Body" (Seventh Avenue at 27th Street; January 25–April 22).

The display gratifies both the eye *and* the imagination. Culled from far-flung collections, it includes examples dating from the Renaissance to right now. Most striking is the range in tone: from the demurely pretty (modest fabrics in virginal colors) through the deliciously naughty (raspberry velvet, hourglass shape) to the out-and-out fierce. The highlights of this last category are a sixteenth-century iron cage for the torso thought to be an orthopedic device (pictured) and Thierry Mugler's 1997 dominatrix fantasy "Carapace," an upper-body suit of armor in tooled black leather with a feather trim suggesting pubic hair.



Drawing from Steele's extensive scholarship (she's the author of the 1996 *Fetish: Fashion, Sex and Power*), the show is a mine of information and analysis. It explores both the history and sociology of the corset, exploding several myths along the way. For instance, tight-lacing—remember Scarlett O'Hara clinging to the bedpost?—was neither as extreme or as widespread as we've been led to believe. Meanwhile, a lavish selection of ravishing, often provocative designs by the likes of Vivienne Westwood and Azzedine Alaïa suggests that the corset has recently migrated from underwear to outerwear. Today, Steele points out, we reconfigure the body from within, through exercise, diet, and cosmetic surgery. The corset, stripped of its behind-the-scenes usefulness, has moved out into the street, flaunting in public what was once its private life.

Tobi Tobias

Photograph courtesy of the Fashion Institute of Technology.

restaurants

Room at the Inn...See and Be Scene...Two-Do

Data

Fan Meal

Is anyone really in the mood for Super Bowl XXXIV? As this season draws to a close, the Giants and the Jets are predictably out of the running; Tuna is waxing lyrical about "straight-shootin' chums" and says he's through with coaching again, this time for good; and Madonna is uncharacteristically avoiding a huge halftime audience. Right now, she and we both could use an invigorating locker-room pep talk like Al Pacino's climactic soliloquy in *On Any Given Sunday:* "Life's a game of inches," Coach Al tells his dispirited Sharks. "So's football. . . . When we add up all those inches, that's gonna make the fucking difference between winning and losing, between living and dying." And, he neglects to mention, between feasting and starving, especially when it comes to the delicious inches that make up the three-foot-long Italian heroes Campagna Home is assembling for the big day. Just as Stone's pigskin paean appeals to people who've never had any interest in the game, a catered Super Bowl spread of chili, chicken wings, and barbecue has its own irresistible allure. After all, it isn't whether you win or lose—it's what you put on the table.

Rob Patronite

(TAKE)AWAY TEAM	PLAYBOOK
CAMPAGNA HOME 25 East 21st Street (212-420-1600)	No one, not even Bill Parcells, executes his game plan as carefully as Campagna's Mark Strausman. This year, he's divided his Super Bowl strategy into a four-section playbook with many options, naturally. Here are just a few: "First Quarter" (Tuscan chicken skewers); "Halftime" (three-foot-long Italian hero, lasagna della nonna); "From the Sidelines" (pesto potato salad); "Fourth Down" (brownie, cookie, and biscotti platter).
ATOMIC WINGS 184 First Avenue (212-505-7272) and other locations	Four-time losers, the Buffalo Bills sadly have never won the big game, but their city can take pride in the fact that football fans from all over pay homage to the town's outstanding culinary achievement: buffalo wings. Atomic Wings takes its recipe from the original source, Buffalo's Anchor Bar, and even uses the same supplier. A bucket of 50 is $25.50 and comes with carrot and celery sticks and blue-cheese dressing, as well as a choice of mild or "suicidal" hot sauce, which will have you feeling the power, as they say.
MANHATTAN CHILI CO. 1697 Broadway, near 53rd Street (212-246-6555)	That old Super Bowl–party warhorse, chili, comes in eleven instant-replay-worthy varieties here (including four vegetarian; $12.95 per person, four-person minimum).
VIRGIL'S REAL BBQ 152 West 44th Street (212-921-9663)	The next best thing to following a recipe from *John Madden's Ultimate Tailgating* cookbook and hanging around a parking lot with your buddies is having Manhattan's best barbecue delivered to your home. The range of BBQ styles available in family-style portions includes: Memphis pork ribs ($19.95 a rack), pulled Carolina pork shoulder ($12.95 a pound), and Texas beef brisket ($14.95 a pound).

Photograph by Laura Johansen.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (212-727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Laight Street and Dylan Lounge—White tapestries and blue lighting lend this coolly contemporary TriBeCa space a marine feel, which makes perfect sense in a seafood restaurant with an extensive raw bar. Choose among Nantucket lobster salad, ginger-octopus salad, and grilled whole snapper with pistou, or if you're still working up an appetite, have a cocktail in the adjacent Dylan Lounge. *62 Laight St. (212-334-2274). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (212-227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (212-509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (212-982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

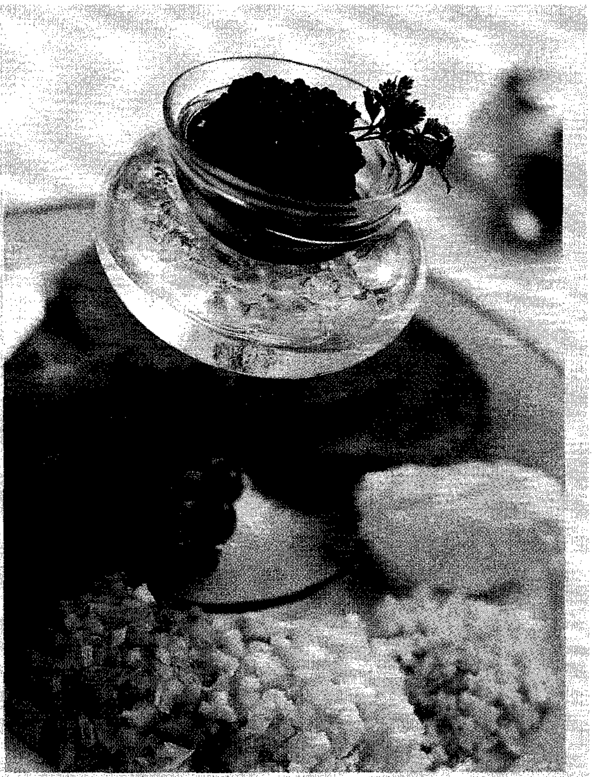
Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning-oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (212-388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*



Opening

Sweet Retreat

Lady Mendl's Tea Salon, on the ground floor of the tastefully elegant twelve-room Inn at Irving Place, is a wonderful afternoon refuge favored by supermodels and the idle rich who pursue them. But even people with day jobs can experience the Victorian-era luxury, the fireplaces, and the hushed air of self-conscious refinement, since the room now remains open to the public Wednesday through Sunday night for designer martinis, Belgian beers, light appetizers, and dessert. (56 Irving Place; 212-533-4466.)

Photographs by Carina Salvi.

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. So. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. *281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs $10.95, prix fixe. *116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lamb, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Thursday through Saturday. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their

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places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave., at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (212-840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (212-691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (212-989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tastings
It Takes Two

In an age when chefs often pile ingredient on ingredient in a gustatory and confusing house of cards, Peacock Alley's Laurent Gras has produced a menu where each dish features just two ingredients. (Gras cuts himself a little slack because he doesn't count salt, pepper, or oil.) Thus lamb and truffles (below) are left unsullied by lesser tastes. Likewise, sea-bass carpaccio is sent out into the world with a dollop of Osetra caviar, and that's it. Littleneck clams are served with their own juice, assisted by champagne caramel and champagne gêlée. The menu changes daily according to the chef's whim (or the market's), and, adding a frisson of mystery, these dishes are served on a tasting menu that is only revealed as you eat your way through it. (301 Park Avenue, at 50th Street; 212-872-4895.) PETER KAMINSKY

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (212-682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Leopard—This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. *253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Quantum 56—The restaurant at the Drake Swissotel that used to be Lafayette has finally reopened, this time as a New American dining room and cocktail lounge under the culinary direction of chef Joseph Fortunato. His menu ranges from the familiar to the less so, in dishes like shepherd's pie, seafood hot pot, and buffalo carpaccio with horseradish aioli. *65 E. 56th St. (212-756-3800). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (212-869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Photograph by David Lazarus.

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchi with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. *24 W. 55th St. (212-767-0555). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Palladin—Famed French chef Jean-Louis Palladin has finally made it to Manhattan, where his unique creations (octopus seviche in chili-spiked grapefruit juice, oxtail crépinette with bone-marrow flan) are served in the dining room of a new theater-district hotel designed by Adam Tihany. *224 W. 49th St. (212-320-2929). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (212-355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

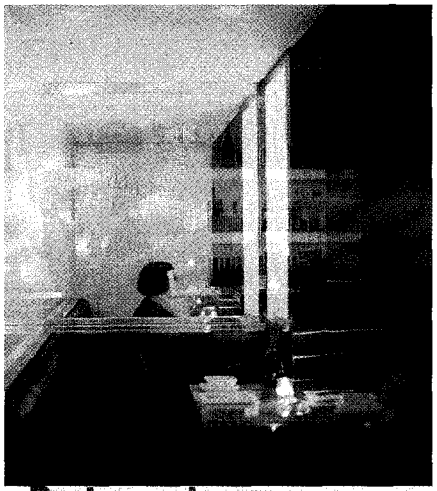
Above 60th Street, East Side

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Restaurant “44” Caliber

For far too long, Rande Gerber (the Whiskey) and Brian McNally ("44") have had a stranglehold on hip hotel concessions. But when the Boutique Hotel Group expanded its Shoreham property last November, it decided to enter the fray with the Shoreham Restaurant & Bar, a sleekly inconspicuous lounge outfitted with frosted glass, light panels that change color, and leather-clad armchairs. Chef Rita Pescatore's French-Asian offerings (croque monsieur, steak-frites, chicken satay, soba noodles) are preceded by such unexpected touches as hot almond-scented hand towels and gratis bowls of tapénade and a Japanese-flavored carrot-jicama slaw. (33 West 55th Street; 917-639-1400.)

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trata—With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood (sushi-quality octopus, for instance), this bustling Upper East Side sideline of the Patsy's pizza chain offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. *1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (212-874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers' Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) ($).*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy ter-

Photograph by Luke Hoverman.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S STRICTLY PERSONALS

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ritories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (212-234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

Is it true only my hairdresser knows for sure?

My pal Cassandra's stylist touts La Houppa, "around the corner where Frederick's used to be. . . . It gets a great-looking crowd." Sure enough, there are little clots of blondes in cat-burglar jumpsuits and a bar electric with erotic potential—if you're ripe for perennial bachelors and guys who look single long after they're married. But what if you're not trolling for love? Well, the homage to Picasso and intimations of Matisse might strike you as amusing. Intrinsically Italian, with global twitches—oysters Rockefeller, Greek salad, foie gras with raspberry coulis and mango—the kitchen does better than might be expected. The focaccia, split and stuffed with robiola, could use a feistier splash of truffle oil, but the Caesar is respectable, and the super-picky Cassandra approves her yellowfin-tuna steak with raisins and pine nuts in a balsamic glaze. "Can the tuna on my penne special be rare?" I ask. The waiter shrugs. *Miraculoso,* it's just the way I like it. And the prices are aggressive yet not heartless—$12.50 for carpaccio, $10 to $15 for pizza, $12.50 to $26 for pasta and entrées. (26 East 64th Street; 212-317-1999.)

Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

in concert

Sir Thomas Allen...Jerry Hadley in a Pub

Classical Music

National Symphony Orchestra—Leonard Slatkin conducts Tower, Danielpour, and Berlioz, with the Guarneri String Quartet, 1/25 at 8. Works by Liadov, Tchaikovsky, and Shostakovich, with violinist Yura Lee, 1/26 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $17–$66.*

Sir Thomas Allen, Baritone, and Malcolm Martineau, Piano—Works by Schubert, Beethoven, Wolf, Duparc, Ravel, and Somervell, 1/26 at 8. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $25.*

Bargemusic—The Colorado String Quartet plays Brahms, 1/27 and 1/29 at 7:30. The Moscow Conservatory Trio plays Brahms, 1/28 at 7:30 and 1/30 at 4. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-2083); $23.*

Sylvia Rosenberg, Violin—Works by Schumann, Bartók, Walker, and R. Strauss, with pianist Barry Snyder, 1/27 at 8. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800); $32.*

Norah Amsellem, Soprano—Works by Bellini, Franchetti, Puccini, and others, with pianist Antoine Palloc, 1/28 at 8. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800); $31.*

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Jesús López-Cobos conducts Copland, Barber, Bernstein, R. Strauss, and Ravel, with clarinetist Richard Stoltzman, 1/28 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $18–$66.*

For John Cage—Morton Feldman's evening-length tribute, with violinist Marc Sabat and pianist Stephen Clarke, 1/28 at 8. *The Great Hall at Cooper Union, Cooper Sq. at Astor Pl. (212-979-1027); $15.*

Barbara Bonney, Soprano—A reprise of Jenny Lind's blockbuster, P. T. Barnum–sponsored 1850 tour of the States, 1/29 at 10 A.M. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $18.*

The Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—The conductorless ensemble performs Tippett, with pianist Radu Lupu, 1/29 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $18–$75.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Riverside Symphony—Works by Bartók, Peel, and Mendelssohn, with violinist Joseph Lin, 1/29 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5050); $25–$40.*

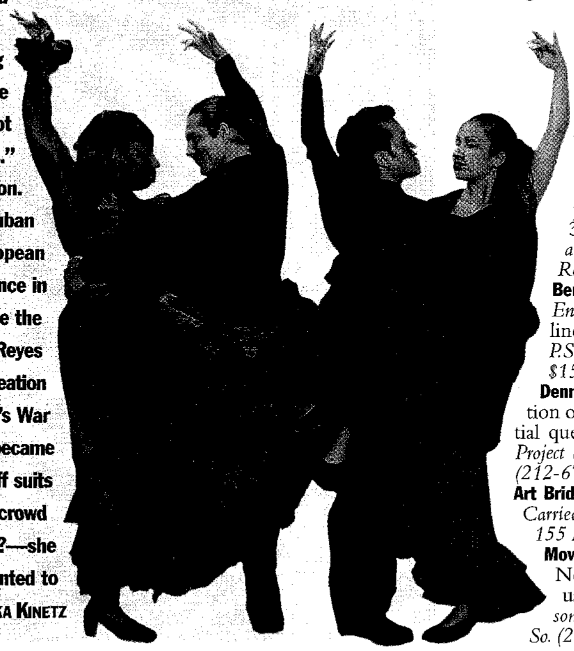
Plácido Domingo, Tenor, and Daniel Barenboim, Piano—Works by Verdi, Liszt, Tosti, Albéniz, Falla, and Torroba, 1/30 at 2. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $31–$151.*

New Music for a New Century—Jeffrey Milarsky conducts Gérard Grisey, Philippe Hurel, and Ron Smith, with violist Lois Martin, 1/31 at 8. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $15.*

Previews

La Buena Vista

In 1985, choreographer Aurora Reyes left the South Bronx and wound up in a Madrid nightclub, wrapped in a long, sky-blue dress with a fitted bodice and petticoat, staring out at 500 unruly patrons through a cloud of cigarette smoke. "It was scary," she says. "I auditioned cold. I just performed onstage without any rehearsal." Fortunately, the crowd liked her, and Reyes spent a strange year as an American flamenco dancer at Corral de la Pacheca. Reyes returns to the stage this week—wearing the same blue dress—with Flamenco Latino (pictured), the eleven-member music-and-dance ensemble she founded with her husband, musician Basilio Georges. The group fuses Andalusian flamenco with music and dance traditions from Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, and South America. Its latest major work, *Más Allá que el Danzón-Cha* ("A Step Beyond the Danzón-Cha"), brings yet another culture into the mix: Cuba's. "We're blending two idioms: the flamenco and the Cuban danzón," she explains. "We're inventing our own style that's not quite traditional but is true to tradition on both sides." Danzón was born from just this kind of stylistic fusion. In 1879, the musician Miguel Failde and his Afro-Cuban orchestra brought a slower, sexier version of European contradanse to Cuban high society. It was a hot dance in a hot climate, so every eight measures, Failde gave the dancers a chance to rest. "They get overheated," Reyes explains delicately. The voluptuousness of Failde's creation scandalized conservative Cubans, but during Cuba's War of Independence against Spain, the danzón quickly became a touchstone for Cuban nationalism. Such fiery stuff suits Reyes, who has inherited a rebellious streak. If the crowd hadn't liked her that night in Madrid—who knows?—she might have ended up like her grandfather: "He wanted to be a bullfighter." (See "Dance.") ERIKA KINETZ



Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—*La Traviata,* 1/25 and 1/28 at 8; *Cavalliera Rusticana* and *Pagliacci,* 1/26 at 7:30; *Les Contes d'Hoffmann,* 1/27 at 8 and 1/31 at 7:30; *Der Rosenkavalier,* 1/29 at 1; *Madama Butterfly,* 1/29 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$225.*

Opera Goes Public—Tenor Jerry Hadley kicks off a new series of informal performance (operatic and otherwise) and conversation, 1/30 at 6. *Joe's Pub, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200); $20.*

Dance

Altogether Different—Works by Sara Pearson/Patrik Widrig, Pascal Rioult, and Goldhuber & Latsky, 1/25–1/28 at 8, 1/29 at 2 and 8, 1/30 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $18.*

New York City Ballet—Mixed programs, 1/25 and 1/27 at 8, 1/29 at 2, and 1/30 at 3; jazz programs, 1/26, 1/28, and 1/29 at 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-307-4100); $25–$72.*

Flamenco Latino—Five Latin-fusion premieres, 1/27 and 1/28 at 8, 1/29 at 3 and 8, 1/30 at 3. *Pace Downtown Theater, 1 Pace Plaza, on Spruce St. bet. Park Row and Gold St. (212-346-1715); $20.*

Ben Munisteri—*Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough* features sex, sadness, and classical line, 1/27–1/30 at 8:30. Through 2/6. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288); $15.*

Dennis O'Connor—*Interview* is a combination of Taoist physical exercises and existential questions, 1/27–1/30 at 8:30. *Danspace Project at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-8194); $12.*

Art Bridgman and Myrna Packer—Premiere of *Carried Away,* 1/28–1/30 at 8. *Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. (212-334-7479); $15.*

Movement Research at the Judson Church—New stuff by Mark Haim, Adrienne Truscott, and Scott Heron, 1/31 at 8. *Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. So. (212-539-2611); free.*

nightlife

Mingus Tribute...Jungle Bros....Circuit Benefit

Concerts

Small Stages

Bottom Line—1/27–1/28: "Blue Floyd," blues explorations into the music of Pink Floyd. 1/29: Blue Oyster Cult. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—1/24: Catatonia. 1/25: Jungle Brothers. 1/27: Anastacia. 1/31: Fenix. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—1/26: Smoke Daddies. 1/27: Ernie Williams and the Wildcats. 1/28: Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown. 1/29: Johnnie Johnson. 1/30: Hell's Kitchen. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (212-924-9755). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat's "I Didn't Mean to Turn You On." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 1/24: Spotiswoode & His Enemies. 1/25: Ke. 1/26: Julia Darling; Shivaree. 1/28: Paul Ruderman Band. 1/31: Lorraine Ferro; Spotiswoode & His Enemies. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Hogs & Heifers Honky Tonk North—1/25: Catspaw. 1/26: The Lineman. 1/27: Miss Babs and the Kickin' Boogie Band. 1/28: Matthew Guadalupe and the Regulars. 1/29: The Blind Pharaohs. *843 First Ave., bet. 95th and 96th Sts. (212-722-8635).*

Irving Plaza—1/28: Cowboy Mouth. 1/29: DLG. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—1/26: Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg. 1/27: Anastacia. 1/29: "Indie 5000." 1/30: "Opera Goes Public." 1/31: All Girl Band: "The Songs of David Zippel." *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—1/25: Other Quartet; Mick Rossi. 1/27: Babe the Blue Ox; Dismemberment Plan. 1/29: Jill Sobule; Julia Greenberg. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Manitoba's—1/24: Beat Rodeo. 1/27: George Gilmore and the Giblets. 1/28: The Dark Horses. 1/29: Adam Roth. 1/30: "Superbowl Extravaganza." 1/31: Beat Rodeo. *99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).*

Maxwell's—1/27: Seeking Homer; Waking James. 1/28: Toshi Reagon and Big Lovely; Jill Sobule. 1/29: American Standard. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—1/24: Convoy; Tin Shade; Dare Diablo. 1/28: James McMurtry. 1/29: New Wet Kojak. 1/30: The Reachers; World Inferno. 1/31: Tabloid Nation; Dover. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—1/25–1/26: Bill Kirchen. 1/27: The Niagras. 1/28: The Star Room Boys. 1/29: Teddy Morgan. 1/30: Leanne Westover and Strange Cargo. 1/31: Western Caravan. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 1/27: Martha Redbone. 1/28: Tabou Combo. 1/29: Silvana Magda with Katende. 1/31: Swing Sextet. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 1/25: Toni Brown Band. 1/28: Uncle Sammy; Foxtrot Zulu. 1/29: Percy Hill; Fat Mama. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.*

Performance

Mingus Amongus

Roll over, Mingus: After honing its chops in midtown at Birdland, the Charles Mingus Orchestra (pictured) just landed a weekly gig ("Mingus Mondays") at the TriBeCa restaurant City Hall, *better known for expense-account dinners than for its devotion to avant-garde jazz.* But the swanky surroundings don't detract from Mingus's still-radical work—or from the verve of the phenomenally talented eleven-piece orchestra. Its inventive performances of classic compositions like "Haitian Fight Song" (with a faithful, snaky upright-bass intro by Boris Kaslov), "Myself When I'm Real" (blessed by a near-virtuoso performance by pianist Kenny Drew Jr.), and "Self-Portrait in Three Colors" (with a lush solo by tenor saxophonist Seamus Blake) ensure that "Mingus Mondays" won't become mere background music to City Hall's tremendous portions of seafood and steak. There's history too: Throughout the evening, trombonist Conrad Herwig provides anecdotes about most of Mingus's songs. And if City Hall seems too much the symbol of New York's Net-gilded age, the Mingus Orchestra itself remains humbly low-tech. When, at the end of the orchestra's opening-night set, Herwig implored diners to visit the Mingus Website, the bassist's widow, Sue Mingus, protested, "Don't tell them about the site. It's not ready! I don't even have the Mingus Orchestra on there." Then, surveying a well-dressed crowd that probably included its share of Silicon Alley cats, she said, "If there are any Web designers in the house, call me." (See "Jazz.")

ETHAN BROWN

Photograph by Jimmy Katz.

Clubland

Alphabet Lounge—Saturdays: A great house-music party called "School," with resident D.J.'s Melvin Moore and Neil Aline (of "BPM" and "Rendez-Vous") and producer Matthias Heilbronn. *104 Ave. C (212-780-0202).*

Baby Jupiter—1/25: Dorothy Scott; Petro. 1/27: Jaylin; Ben Eyler Trio. 1/28: Miss Rocks Glitterbox; the Controls. 1/29: Tribal Headz; Skol Patrol. *170 Orchard St. (212-780-0287).*

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights. Thursdays: A nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy." Alternate Fridays: loved-up house music from D.J.'s Holmar and A. Gram at "N'Ice"; the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang the Party." Saturdays: "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for complete schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).*

Black Betty—A wondrously eclectic nightspot in Williamsburg. Wednesdays and Thursdays: "D.J.-O-Rama," D.J.'s spinning everything from hip-hop to dance-hall reggae to funk. Sundays: "Jazz on Sundays." Mondays: "Rhythm on Mondays" anything with a groove from Afro-Cuban jazz to sixties soul. *366 Metropolitan Ave., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-0243).*

Centro-Fly—The club formerly known as Tramp's is now a hot spot to groove to D.J.'s. And there's more good news: The new owners have already managed to snag the house/trip-hop/big-beat promoters "Plant" for Saturday nights and the "Subliminal Sessions," with D.J. Erick Morillo, for Thursdays. *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

Cheetah—This Chelsea/Flatiron district nightspot has suddenly become a great dance-music destination, thanks to "Twelve West," "Underground Network," and "Legends." Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy afterwork party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, and men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Wednesdays: "Underground Network" returns. Thursdays: "Legends," with D.J. Adam Scott. *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

Guernica—The club formerly known as Save the Robots makes a bid for good neighbordom with upscale loungey fare and hipster D.J. nights. Thursdays: Rotating D.J.'s spin at "Quickness." Fridays: House music with "Slippery." Saturdays: Brazilian and Latin beats with "Sound and Vision." *25 Ave. B (212-674-0984).*

Performance

Circuit Party

No Wave maestro Arto Lindsay (pictured, right) and hipster heavies Sean Lennon and Cibo Matto's Yuka Honda (pictured, left) will squeeze onto the tiny stage at the avant-jazz spot Tonic January 26–28 for a benefit concert for the Circuit Foundation, a nonprofit organization that is launching a Website for the disabled community. (See "Jazz.")

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Tuesdays: Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultrahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-Vous," a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Thursdays: Big-name D.J.'s like Todd Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for "Assorted Flavors." Saturdays: Things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." 1/25: Groove Armada. *166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). $.*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender-straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

Twilo—Twilo is *the* superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays." Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 1/26: "Brothers United in Black Vinyl," with D.J.'s Rolando; Laurence Burden; Ulysses. Last year, D.J. Rolando, a member of Detroit techno crew Underground Resistance, recorded a song called "Jaguar" under the moniker the Aztec Mystic. The single, which merged adrenalized kick-drum beats, dramatic P-Funk-era synths, and pulsing Latin percussion, made just about everything else out there in 1999 seem unambitious and lazy. Thankfully, the dance-music cognoscenti are finally catching on: *Muzik* magazine voted "Jaguar" among its top ten singles of the year, and everyone from house D.J.'s like Joe Claussell to trance jocks like Sasha has fallen under the song's very potent spell. 1/28: Sasha; John Digweed. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which, at about seven in the morning, becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now-legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. Monthly: renowned Japanese trance D.J. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the venue and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th St., bet. Grand Concourse and Walton Aves. (718-992-5974).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Chico O'Farrill's Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra featuring Lew Tabackin, and the Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 1/26: Dave Stryker Blue to the Bone. 1/27–1/29: Gary Bartz Quartet and Carla White Trio *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 1/25–1/30: Tito Puente's Latin Jazz Ensemble. 1/31: Legends of the Swing Era. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30. *131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—Sets at 9. 1/26: Free Range Rat. 1/27: New Music for Strings and Guitars. 1/28: Dave Balou Quartet. 1/29: Skaros Ensemble. 1/30: Scott Lee Quartet. *29 Cornelia St. (212-989-9319).*

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 1/25: Mary LaRose and LedHead. 1/26: Pakula Surprise. 1/27: Elvis Sinatra. 1/28: Mike Fahn Quintet. 1/29: Jeff Lopez Sextet. 1/31: The Matt Wilson Project. 2/1: M.O.B. Trio. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In this surreal basement venue across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 1/25–1/30: Detroit All-Stars. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

"Jazz at Lincoln Center—PanAmerica"—1/28–1/29: Jazz for Young People, "What Is Afro-Cuban Jazz?" *1/28 at 10:30 A.M. and 1 P.M., Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 1/29 at 11 A.M. and 1 P.M., Alice Tully Hall, 65th St. and Broadway. $10 ages 18 and under, $15 adults.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 1/25: The Magali Souriau Orchestra. 1/27–1/30: The Kurt Rosenwinkle Quintet. 1/31: Paul Bollenback Quartet. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6 to 10. 1/28: Frank Kimbrough and Noumena. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays: Stan Ulano's Swing Band. Wednesdays: The John Gill Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Band. Saturdays: Bob

Photographs: left, Dave Aron; right, Chris Winget.

Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start around 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 1/25–1/31: Sonny Fortune Group. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its Crystal Room. Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 1/26–1/28: Circuit Foundation Benefit. 1/29: The Young Philadelphians; Michael Blake. 1/30: David Krakauer; Michael Gira. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 1/25–1/30: Barry Harris Trio. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 1/25: Blue Collar Comedy; the No Show. 1/26: Z-100's Greg T–Super Bowl Party; Hedda Lettuce and Varla Jean Merman. 1/27–1/30: Paul Mooney. 1/29–1/30: David Levitan. $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. *117 Macdougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

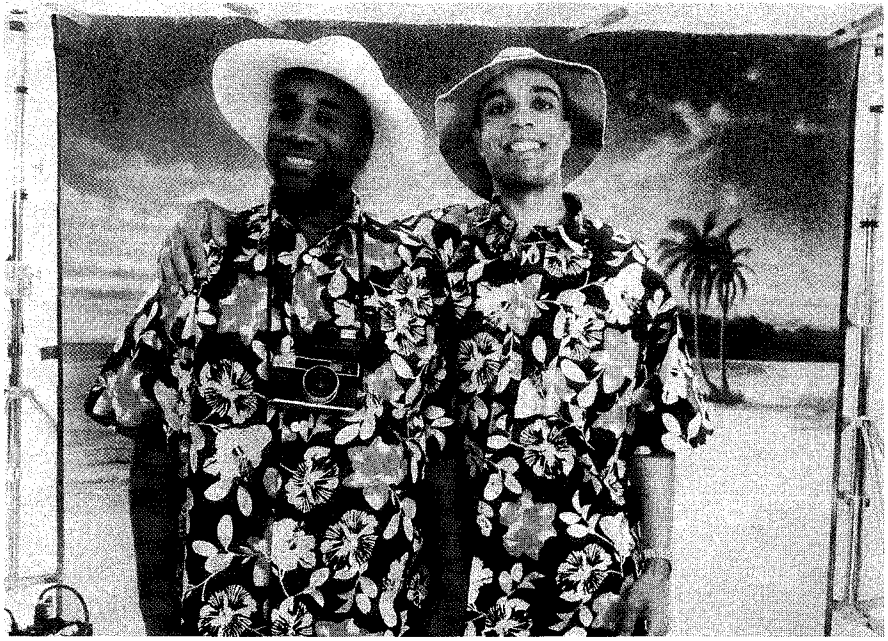
Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Performance

Brothers Gonna Work It Out

Never loyal to the clichés of 'hood-obsessed hip-hop, the Jungle Brothers (pictured) have experimented with house music, dabbled in drum 'n' bass, and even sampled the Stooges. And after a brief but uninspiring return to tradition (1997's *Raw Deluxe*), the duo recruited Alex Gifford of UK big-beat act the Propellerheads to help deliver a millennial take on "old school" energy. Gifford will bring his raucous rhythms with him when he performs alongside the Jungle Brothers at the Bowery Ballroom on January 25. (See "Small Stages.")



Photograph by Jill Greenberg.

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun: New Talent Showcase. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. 1/27: "Homocomicus." 1/28–1/29: Greg Giraldo; Wali Collins; Rich Francese. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

KGB—Thursdays at 10: Ahna Tessler and Lauren Engel. $5 cover. *85 E. 4th St. (212-995-8502).*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30, Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. Through 1/29: Claiborne Cary in "At Long Last Clai." *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. Through 2/12: Wesla Whitfield. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis and His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. Bobby Short plays two shows nightly (Tuesday and Saturday) at 8:45 and 10:45. $60. Through 2/12: Eartha Kitt. Through 5/6: Pianist Peter Mintun performs Tuesday through Saturday, from 9:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M. $10. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Thursdays: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's brand-new cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Wed.–Thurs., sets at 9; Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $20 minimum. *365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 1/25: Renee Smith in "In My Life," with Winston Philip. 1/26: Rosine Katan. 1/27–1/28: Elissa Wolfe with Ross Patterson. 1/29: Arthur Kirson and Jay Kerr in "Our Own Songbook—Part 2." 1/30: Margaret Goodwin in "Remember?" 1/31: Eric Michael Gillette in "Hook, Line & Singer." *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

Metronome—Shows at 7:30. 1/28–1/29: Ronnie Gesser. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400).*

"Our Sinatra"—Mon., Wed., and Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7: *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

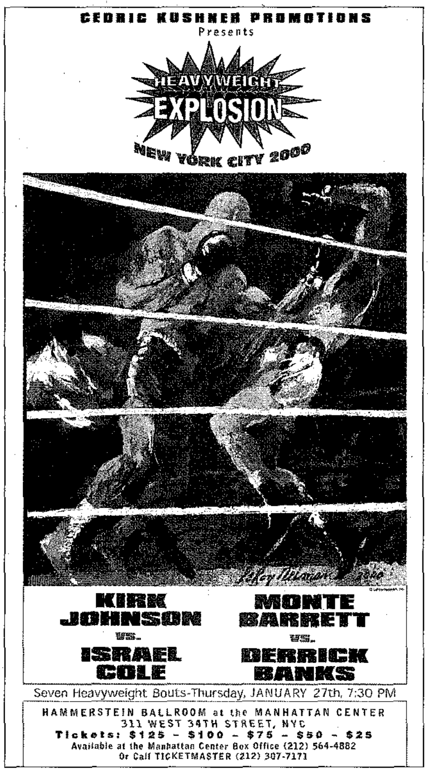
"Simply Barbra: 2000"—1/28–1/30. *Dominion Theater, 428 Lafayette St. (212-473-1698).*

the mix

Anna Quindlen . . . Mary Dearborn . . . Mary Gordon

Happening
Ring Leader

There was a time when a new boxing series in New York wasn't news. Though main events have taken the ring at Madison Square Garden for decades, smaller venues throughout the boroughs used to host bouts almost weekly, providing early stomping grounds for the likes of Benny Leonard, Barney Ross, and Rocky Graziano. Promoter Cedric Kushner harks back to that era with his "Heavyweight Explosion," a monthly series at the Hammerstein Ballroom making its debut Thursday, January 27. "It's amazing that there hasn't been a regular boxing show in New York for seven years," Kushner says, attributing the absence not to lack of demand but to "cowboys and Indians"–style mismatches, which tainted the "Friday Night Fights" at the old Felt Forum, and "prohibitive" economics. Where promoters may shell out upwards of $100,000 to rent venues in the city, "a casino will pay me a site fee and provide the same accommodations I'll have to pay $200 a night for in New York." Kushner's tried to ring up this curtain before: Over a year ago, he sold out a show and nearly packed another at the Roseland Ballroom. Nevertheless, the intended quarterly pay-per-view series had already lost him nearly $150,000. "But I was onto something," he says, and this time around, Kushner has more in his corner: a sport regaining local and national exposure; syndication deals with MSG and other networks; a subscription plan; an entertainment lineup featuring D.J.'s, go-go dancers, and soon major-label bands; even art for the promotional material by LeRoy Nieman (pictured). "Explosion" will hold at least 600 more fans than the proscenium-staged events at the Roseland, and, also unlike the recent Roy Jones Jr. bout at Radio City Music Hall, it'll be set up in the round. New York is tough turf to claim, of course, and Kushner knows he can't pull punches on quality. "You can't have mismatches; New Yorkers don't want any garbage." The eight-bout show's main event features top-ten-ranked Kirk Johnson; the No. 2 bill includes former New York Golden Gloves champion Monte Barrett. Kushner also hopes the series will help to breed local talent—as the old shows did in their heyday. If boxing in New York is back, Kushner's show just might be at the front. (See "Sports.") **John Kline**



CEDRIC KUSHNER PROMOTIONS
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NEW YORK CITY 2000

KIRK JOHNSON vs. ISRAEL COLE

MONTE BARRETT vs. DERRICK BANKS

Seven Heavyweight Bouts-Thursday, JANUARY 27th, 7:30 PM

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John Leonard's TV Notes

Thailand: Jewel of the Orient (1/26; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13), narrated by Faye Dunaway, is every bit as visually inviting as all the other episodes in the "Living Edens" series, with tigers slinking through Buddhist temples, bats streaming out of sacred caves, perfumed moths and walking fish and enough elephants to explain most of the art of ancient Siam. It is also typical in omitting any reference to what we'd rather not see—like a corrupt military, or child prostitution in Bangkok, or drug-dealing across the Burmese border.

Stolen From the Heart (1/26; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is preposterous even if it is based on a true story. One look at Lisa Zane, a dark satanic mill with sequins, and Tracey Gold should have known better than to go with her to some godforsaken clinic, where Lisa will steal her unborn baby right out of Tracey's womb in order to ingratiate herself with her abusive drug-dealing husband, Billy Moses, even if Tracey's long-suffering supportive mother, Barbara Mandrell, is there to bolster her shattered self-esteem. I mean, with friends like Lisa, who needs Linda Tripp?

Culture Shock (1/26, 9 to 11:30 P.M.; 2/2, 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is an engrossing and provocative reexamination of works of art that have caused trouble, from *Huckleberry Finn* to Manet's *Olympia* to dirty movies to low-down jazz. The best of these four programs—on two Wednesdays—to think about is the first, in which Mark Twain's great novel about the morality of slavery is variously defended and deplored for its language and ambivalence, and we also visit Hannibal, Missouri. The best to look at is the third, for snippets of Jean Harlow in *Red Headed Woman*. And the best to listen to is the last, where we actually hear a lot of the music between explanations from Studs Terkel, Ann Douglas, and Albert Murray.

Runaway Virus (1/29; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) asks Paige Turco to leave her computer at the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta and accompany Jason Beghe, a field epidemiologist and her once and future lover, all the way to Siberia to dig up the frozen corpses of Russian miners who perished from the pandemic Spanish influenza of 1918, in order to concoct a vaccine—out of what one imagines to be tiny time capsules of Michael Crichton—that will save us from a virus that's making its tortuous way from Guatemala to Los Angeles in the beautiful (but unknowing) person of Jacqueline Aries, who may thus be said to symbolize and embody the whole threat of illegal immigration from the Third World to the First.

Lectures and Panels

"A Progress to the Tudor Garden"—1/25 at 6:30 P.M.: Explores the landscape of Elizabeth I and the Tudor garden through paintings and design. The Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. (212-757-0915); $16–$20.

Bruce Barron, M.D.—1/26 at 7:30 P.M.: Barron will discuss ways to beat the health-care system and discuss his book *Outsmarting Managed Care: A Doctor Shares His Insider Secrets to Getting the Health Care You Want.* Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

"View From the Inside: Roundtable Discussions on Advertising"—1/26 at 6 P.M.: Jerry Della Femina and a panel of ad-world insiders will offer insights on such topics as landmark campaigns, the contributions of the industry's great visionaries and the future of advertising. Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6800); $10.

Anna Quindlen—1/26 at 7:15 P.M.: The Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist and *Newsweek* columnist will appear at Marble Collegiate College, 1 W. 29th St. (212-686-2770); $20.

"View From the Top: Local TV News"—1/27 at 7:30 P.M.: A look at news coverage of the gay community by local television news operations, presented by the New York Chapter of the National Lesbian and Gay Journalists Association and the New York Advertising and Communications Network.

Newseum/NY, 580 Madison Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (212-317-7596); free.

The Written Word

"Dawn Powell Tribute"—1/25 at 7 P.M.: Francine Prose, Melissa Bank, Kate Christensen, Cintra Wilson, Gerry Howard, and Tim Page celebrate the writer. Housing Works Used Bookstore, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

Mary V. Dearborn—1/25 at 7:30 P.M.: Discussing her biography *Mailer: A Biography.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

"Selected Shorts"—1/26 at 6:30 P.M.: The series begins its sixteenth season with actors John Shea, Fionnula Flanagan, and Joseph Wiseman reading stories by Isaac Babel, John McGahern, and Beth Lordan. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400); $14–$18.

Mary Gordon—1/27 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from her book *Seeing Through Places: Reflections on Geography and Identity.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

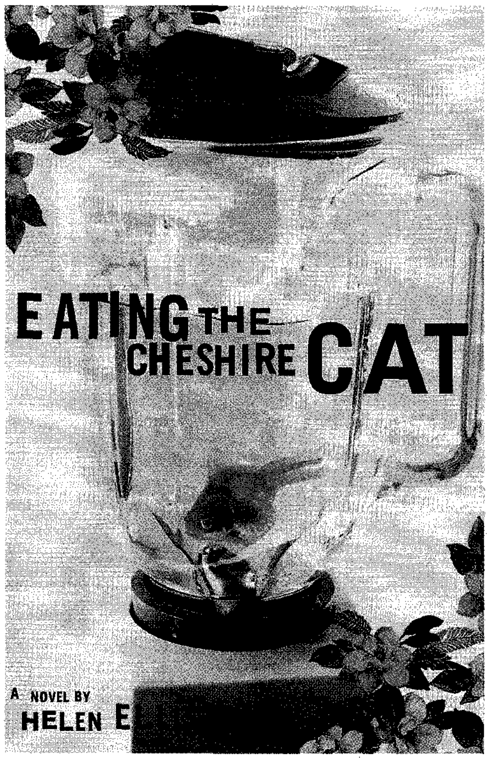
Star Black, Harvey Shapiro, Paul Violi, Bill Zavatsky, and M. G. Stephens—1/28 at 7:30 P.M.: Honoring William Butler Yeats's memory on the anniversary of his death by reading from and discussing the poet's work. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

"Shakespeare and the Poets"—1/27 at 8 P.M.: A reading by Anthony Hecht, Yusef Komunyakaa, James Lasdun, Thylias Moss, Robert Pinsky, and Gjertrud Schnackenberg (third in a four-part series examining Shakespeare's legacy). 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $15.

Herb Boyd—1/28 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his latest book, *Autobiography of a People: Three Centuries of African-American History Told by Those Who Lived It.* Barnes & Noble, 290 Baychester Ave., Bronx (718-862-3945); free.

Thom Jones and David Shields—1/30 at 7 P.M.: Jones will read from his new collection of short stories, *Sonny Was a Friend of Mine,* and Shields will read from his new book, *Black Planet.* KGB Fiction Sunday Evening Reading Series, 85 E. 4th St. (212-399-7028); free.

Sheri Holman—2/1 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from her novel *The Dress Lodger.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.



GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
KNICKS	SEA MSG 7:30 P.M.	WAS MSG 7 P.M.			ATL MSG 8 P.M.		SAC NBC NOON
NETS	POR MSG 10 P.M.		SEA MSG 10 P.M.	VAN FSNY 10 P.M.		LAC FSNY 10:30 P.M.	
DEVILS			FLA FSNY 7:30 P.M.		CAR FSNY 7:30 P.M.	DET FSNY 7:30 P.M.	
ISLANDERS			ANA FSNY 10:30 P.M.			SJ MSG 10:30 P.M.	
RANGERS	ATL FSNY 7:30 P.M.	PIT FSNY 7:30 P.M.		TOR MSG 7:30 P.M.		OTT MSG 7 P.M.	
	1/24	1/25	1/26	1/27	1/28	1/29	1/30

Tours

"Architecture in Transit I: Midtown"—1/29 at 11 A.M.: Travel the underground in midtown for on-site inspections of historic constructions and new renovations. Arranged by the Municipal Art Society; meet at the Times Square subway-station shuttle platform, at 42nd St. and Broadway (212-935-3960); $15.

"Splendid Grand Central Terminal"—1/29 at 4:15 P.M.: A walking tour of the famous railroad station, which has recently undergone a $200 million renovation. Sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring; meet at the northeast corner of 42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-265-2663); $5.

"Views From the Past"—1/29 at 1 P.M.: Visualize Central Park as it was in the early nineteenth century on this tour up the East Drive. Meet at the Dairy, mid-Park at 64th St. (212-794-6564); free.

"Jewish Ellis Island"—1/30 at noon: Have a look at the museum and grounds with a special emphasis on the history of Jewish immigration. Meet at the Immigrant Statue, located directly in front of Castle Clinton National Monument in Battery Park (212-439-1090); $14–$16, includes boat ticket, movie, and tour.

Benefits

"A Musical Celebration of Broadway"—1/31 at 7:30 P.M.: The Drama League event will honor Liza Minnelli with an evening of legendary moments from her favorite shows, featuring today's brightest stars. The Pierre, Grand Ballroom, 2 E. 61st St. (212-794-4900); $400–$875.

Events

"Celebrate Buenos Aires!"—2/1–3/26: The celebration kicks off with a free tango music performance on 2/1 at 8 P.M.; 2/14 at 6 P.M., tango lessons with live musical accompaniment; 2/25 at 12:30 P.M., a lecture with professors Thomas Reese and Carol McMichael Reese on the exhibition "Buenos Aires 1910: Memories of the World to Come." World Financial Center, 225 Vesey St. Call 212-945-0505 for a complete list of free events.

Wendy Park Avenue Antiques Show—1/28–1/30; Fri. and Sat. 11 A.M.–7 P.M. and Sun. 11 A.M.–6 P.M.: Featuring seventeenth-, eighteenth, and nineteenth-century American, English, French, Oriental, and Continental furniture and decorative accessories. Wallace Hall, Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, 980 Madison Ave., near 76th St. (914-698-3442 or 212-288-3588); $10.

In Print
Southern Helle

What happens when a nice girl from the South (Tuscaloosa, Alabama) moves to the big city (New York) and finds a job at a fancy couture house (Chanel)? She writes a novel shredding the South, of course. Helen Ellis's *Eating the Cheshire Cat* (Scribner, $23) is a creepy comic tale of a land where mothers are so invested in having pretty little girls that they are wont to smash their daughters' crooked pinkies with ax handles to make them nice and straight.

Exhibitions

"Andy's Funhouse: The Andy Kaufman Special"—Through 1/30: If you think you can complete your study of Andy Kaufman merely by watching Jim Carrey acting out the comic's life, think again. The Museum of Television & Radio offers you the special he filmed in 1979 plus his debut on *Saturday Night Live* and appearances on *Fridays* and *Late Night With David Letterman.* 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); $6.

"The Italians of New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement"—Through 2/20: Revisit the public lives of prominent Italians in the city. New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); $5.

"Fashion Onstage: Couture for the Broadway Theater, 1910–1955"—Through 2/27: An exploration of costume couture. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); recommended donation, $5.

"NYC Century"—Through 7/9: One hundred objects reflecting a range of perspectives on the twentieth-century New York City experience. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-6272); $5.

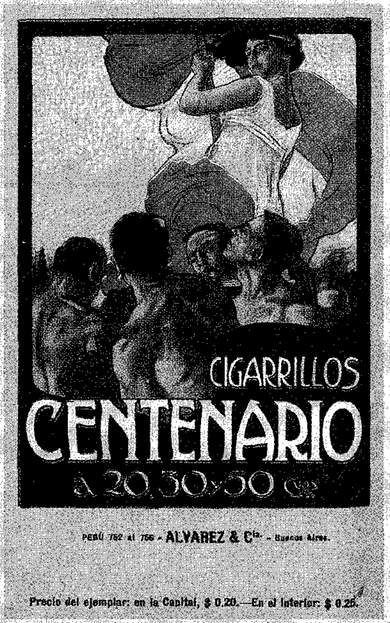
Online

***New York* on the Web**—A link on our home page offers direct access to our archive of back issues. Use our search engine to find what you're looking for by simply typing in a keyword. With "Best of New York" and "52 Weekends" serialized and easily accessible, you can check out Gotham's finest and plan getaways year-round. "Surf Report" continues to scour the Web to find and review the best sites for your surfing pleasure. This week, you can indulge your passion for jazz with the interactive www.vervemusicgroup.com, and ease your psyche with a self-help site. Get the most out of New York City shopping with "Sales & Bargains," "Smart City," and our "Gift Guide." And as always, you can read selected content from the current issue and participate in our daily poll and trivia contest.

Sports

Gridiron Classic—The NYRRC hosts its tenth annual 5K in Central Park on Super Bowl Sunday, 1/30. The "pregame show" at 8:45 A.M. is a longest-football-throw competition; anyone who

Happening There is little anyone can do to make Manhattan feel less like a frozen Scandinavian hell these days, but you can head to the World Financial Center for some free escapist fun at the "Celebrate Buenos Aires!" festival going on from February 1 till March 26. Highlights include concerts, a Valentine's evening of tango classes led by the couple who coached Madonna for *Evita,* and readings from the work of Jorge Luis Borges, Silvina Ocampo, Eva Perón, and others. See "Events" for details.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wins both the race and the hurling contest receives a lifetime membership. Race starts at 9:30 A.M. at East Drive and 86th St. Cash prizes awarded. Numbers and long-sleeve shirts may be picked up at the NYRRC, 9 E. 89th St., 1/27–1/28 from noon to 7 P.M., 1/29 from 11:30 A.M. to 4 P.M., or on race day from 7:45 to 9:15 A.M. Nonmembers, $17; limited race-day entries, $22. Call 212-860-4455 or visit www.nyrrc.org for more information.

Heavyweight Explosion—1/27, at 7 P.M.: Boxing's back in the city with this monthly heavyweight series at the Hammerstein Ballroom. The main event features two former Olympians, undefeated Kirk Johnson (28-0-1, 20 KO), rated in the top ten by the WBC, IBF, and WBA, vs. Israel Cole. The co-feature pits former New York Golden Gloves champion Monte Barrett (21-1, 13 KO) against Detroit's Derrick Banks. Both bouts ten rounds; six-match undercard. Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. Tickets $25–$125; call 212-564-4882 or 212-307-7171 for tickets and information.

Super Bowl XXXIV—1/30, 6:18 P.M.; ABC: If this year's math holds, the Baltimore Ravens and Carolina Panthers should be solid picks for next year's game.

Empire Tuesday Night Skate—It may be winter, but you can't trek through the city on metal blades: Join the Empire Skate Club on 1/25 for its weekly in-line skate, starting at Krispy Kreme, 141 W. 72nd St., at 8 P.M., finishing around 11 P.M. Distance covered and route varies—anywhere from 10 to 25 miles. Pace is rather brisk; suitable for intermediate to advanced bladers. Contact the Empire Skate Club of New York at 212-774-1774 or visit www.empireskate.org for more information.

•

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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kids

Road Runner...Magic...Jazz

Happening Kiddie *Cats*

Who doesn't remember his or her first Broadway show, from the striking up of the orchestra to the curtain coming down? Now in its fourth year, Kids' Night on Broadway (January 25 and February 1) democratizes the experience by offering a free ticket to just about any show to each child between the ages of 6 and 18 accompanied by a full-paying adult. "*It is our hope that we'll develop lifelong lovers of theater,*" *says Jack Goldstein, executive director of* the Theatre Development Fund, which co-sponsors the week with the League of American Theatres and Producers. In addition to the free tickets, Kids' Night offers preshow activities, early curtains, and restaurant discounts. The "Kids' Fan Fair," a behind-the-scenes festival that includes dance lessons, face painting, and a chance for kids to try on costumes from hit shows, takes place on January 25 from 3 P.M. to 6 P.M. at the Roseland Ballroom. Seven P.M. curtains at many of the shows help the little ones stay awake until the fat lady sings, while a special *Playbill* teaches youngsters theater etiquette, explains what goes on "behind the musical," answers frequently asked questions, and instructs kids how to "produce" their own shows at home. "It may not be very New York to give things away," explains Goldstein, "but it *is* very theater." (See "Children's Events.)

TARA MANDY

Children's Events

Kiss Me, Kids—Many Broadway shows are offering a free ticket to any child (aged 6–18) accompanied by a full-paying adult on 1/25 and 2/1. **KIDS' NIGHT ON BROADWAY** (see photo) also offers discounted meals at local restaurants and 7 P.M. curtains. For tickets and further information, call 212-302-4111.●

Beep Beep—The **CARTOON NETWORK** presents *Road Runner vs. Coyote: Big Game XXVIII,* an animated alternative to that other big game. The show looks back at classic battles in cartoon sports history before shifting to the featured showdown: the speedy Road Runner vs. the not-so-sly Wile E. Coyote. 1/29, 6–10 P.M., and 1/30, 1–5 P.M. on the Cartoon Network.●●

Tale of Two Cats—Former mayor Ed Koch narrates *Leonard and Minky,* a modern ballet performance about the love between two cats. 1/27–2/13 at the **DANCE THEATER WORKSHOP**, 219 W. 19th St. Thurs.–Sat. at 8 P.M., Sun. at 3 P.M. (212-924-0077); $15.

In the Bag—The **PAPER BAG PLAYERS** present *Molly Wiggle and Minnie Shake* at the Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. The 90-minute collection of comedic skits and sing-along songs runs Saturdays and Sundays at 2 P.M., through 3/12. Tickets are $20 and $15, and can be purchased by calling 212-772-4448; children ages 4–9.

String Theory—The Orchestra of St. Luke's performs in *A String Thing,* a **CARNEGIE HALL FAMILY CONCERT** featuring excerpts from Tchaikovsky, Handel, and Telemann. 1/29 at 2 P.M. Preconcert activities begin at 1 P.M. and are designed to familiarize concertgoers with the instruments of the orchestra. 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $5.●

Flight Patterns—More than 400 butterflies soar freely through the air at the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**'s Butterfly Conservatory. Admission is by timed entry only: Sun.–Thurs. 10 A.M to 5 P.M. and Fri.–Sat. 10 A.M. to 8 P.M.; through 2/27. Tickets, which include museum admission, are $14 for adults, $10.50 for students and seniors, $8.50 for children under 12. For more information, call 212-769-5100.

Hocus Pocus—David Levitan wows the audience with magic doves, mind-reading, juggling, and more at **CAROLINES KIDS KLUB**, 1/29–1/30 at 2 P.M. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100); $14.●

Jiminy Cricket!—Miss Majesty's Lollipop Playhouse presents *Pinocchio* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.* Both performances involve audience participation and are appropriate for children ages 2–10. Saturdays and Sundays through 3/5. *Snow White* is at 1:30 P.M.; *Pinocchio* is at 3:30 P.M. **THE GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE**, 39 Grove St. (212-741-6436); $8.50.

All That Jazz—Lincoln Center's "Jazz for Young People" presents *What is Afro-Cuban Jazz?,* a lecture on and demonstration of the influence that Latin music has had on jazz since the early twentieth century. 1/29 at 11 A.M. and 1 P.M. **ALICE TULLY HALL**, 65th St. and Broadway (212-721-6500); $15 for adults, $10 for those 18 and under.●

You've Got a Friend—"Disney on Ice" presents *Toy Story,* featuring Woody and Buzz Lightyear, who compete for the attention of Andy, their 6-year-old owner, 1/25–1/30 at **CONTINENTAL AIRLINES ARENA**, East Rutherford, N.J. For tickets, call 212-307-7171; $40.75, $22.77, $17.75, $13.75.●

A Walk in the Park—Learn about the history of Central Park during an hourlong tour led by **CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY** volunteers. The tour uses old photographs and engravings to help visitors imagine the park in the nineteenth century, when sheep and goats reigned. Every Saturday through March, from 1 to 2 P.M. The tour departs from the Dairy, mid-park at 64th St. (212-794-6564). Ages 8 and up; free.●

Peanut Gallery—**MOMA** begins its winter season of family programs with *Act It Out! Art of Body Language,* a gallery talk and tour that introduces children to modern art. 1/29, 10–11 A.M., at 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9750); $5 per family.●

Speaking Frankly—The **NEW YORK YOUTH THEATER** presents *The Diary of Anne Frank* through 2/6, Fridays at 7 P.M., Saturdays at 2 and 7 P.M., and Sundays at 3 P.M. Central Presbyterian Church, 593 Park Ave., at 64th St. (212-888-0696); $12.

Han Puppets—Using life-size puppets, the Kageboushi Puppet Theatre Company presents *San Guo Zhi—A Tale of Three Kingdoms,* an Asian drama set during the fall of China's Han Dynasty. The production is in Japanese, with English subtitles. 1/27–1/30 at the **TRIBECA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER**, 119 Chambers St. For show times and tickets, call 212-346-8510. Tickets are $15 for adults, $10 for children under 12.●

Over the Rainbow—Introduce your munchkins to the Emerald City: Saturday afternoons in January, **THE SCREENING ROOM** presents *The Wizard of Oz.* Showtime is 1:30 P.M. Tickets are $6 for children under 12, $9 for adults (or $6 for adults if you have brunch). Brunch is available before the show; the kids' menu includes triangle-shaped noodles and French-toast fingers. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100).●

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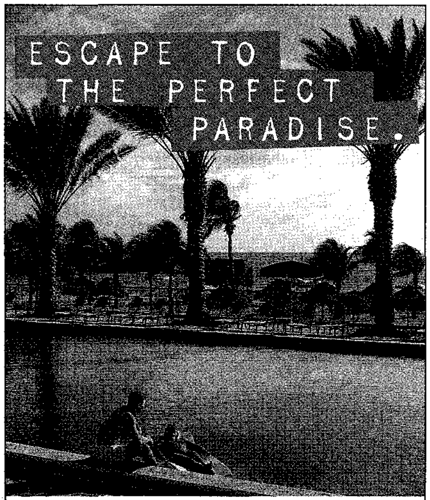

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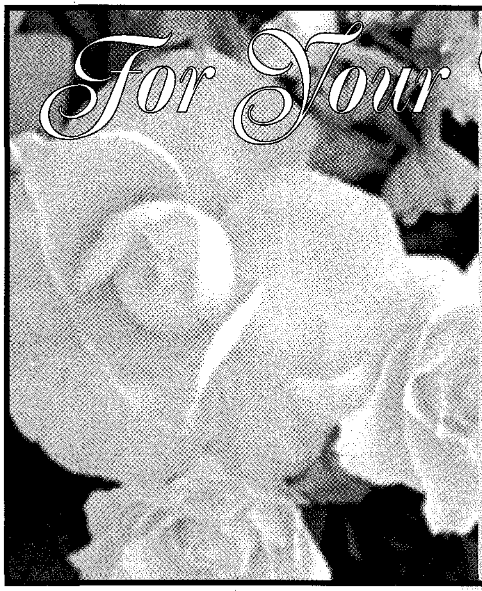

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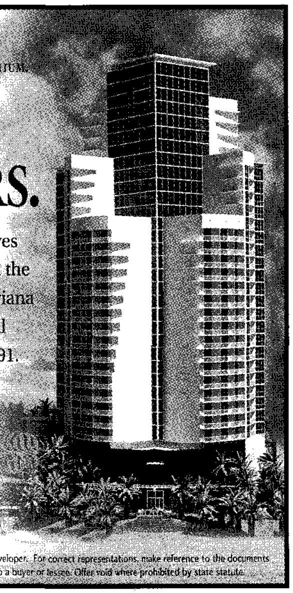

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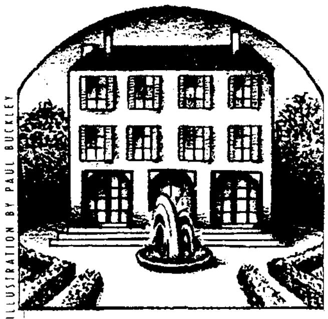

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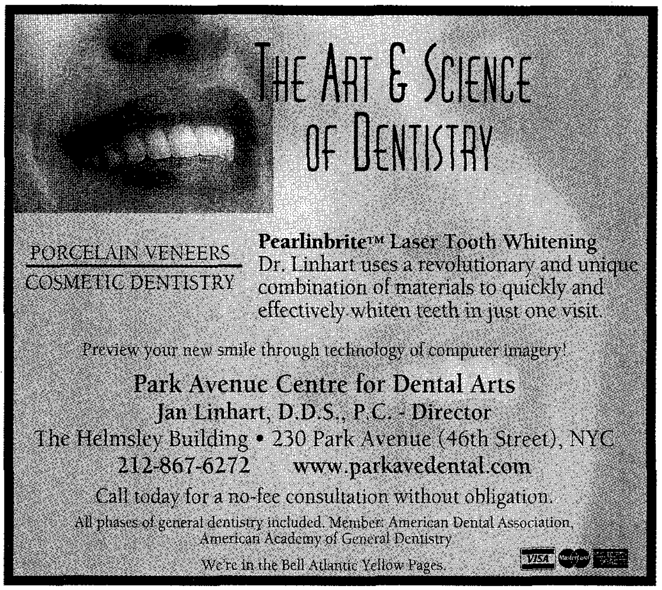
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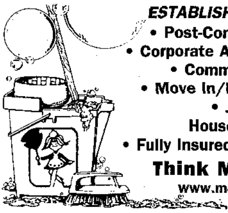

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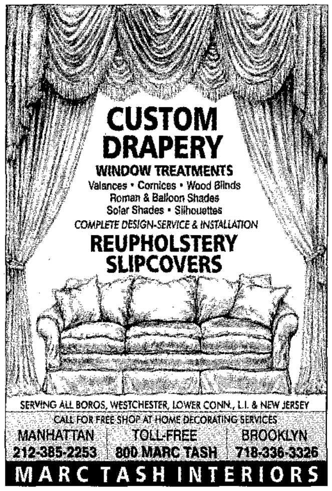

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Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-463-0024, fax 212-462-3595 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 249 W. 17th St., 4th Floor, New York, NY 10011. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

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Enough Of Y2K Already—How about just a normal year? Average nice guy, mid 40s, single dad, writer/consultant, seeks down-to-earth woman, mid 30s-mid 40s. Sense of humor more important than pedigree or bonus. Smart, sexy, petite, athletic, too. Movies, travel, tennis, running, skiing, Seinfeld reruns. E-mail singledad1810374@aol.com or 3066 ✉☎

Soulful, Beautiful French Woman—Seeks accomplice in his 50s: kind, interesting, good sense of humor, strengthened by past experience - would enjoy traveling, movies, concerts, theater, books. Photo, please. Anndrukier@aol.com 3032 ✉

Dream Girl—Sexy, slender, successful, traveled, Irish-Italian doll, 40, seeks very handsome, professional, marriage-minded man, 35-50. Photo/phone a must. 3023 ✉

Jet-Set Lover Of The Good Life—Seeks like-minded white female companion, 18-35, for pampering, travel, intellectual stimulation, etc. Send photo and note to: 3027 ✉

Seeking Someone Special—(Jewish female, MD, 25-35) with joie de vivre, who seeks beauty in the serenity of the ocean and the warmth of family. Note/photo, please. 3028 ✉

Slender, Attractive, Intelligent—50-years-young lady seeking 50-60-year-old gentleman who is honest, caring, communicative - for friendship first and possible long-term monogamous relationship. 3035 ✉☎

Romantic—Pretty, 40s, (212), likes country walks, Manhattan culture. Please be 50-plus, Jewish, intelligent, smile easily. Handwritten note/recent photo. 3059 ✉

Warm, Sincere, Affectionate, Jewish—Ivy-educated professional seeks woman, 26-38. My interests include travel, music, movies. Searching for someone who's beautiful on the inside as well as the outside, fun to be with and easy to talk to. Photo/phone. 3063 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome, Somewhat Wealthy—Jewish, tenured professor seeks bright lady, rich or poor, MD, PhD, JD or just BA, 37-43 years old, wanting marriage and family. I'm around 50. 3067 ✉ ☎

Let's Get Out Of The Cold—Attractive, Jewish, 38, professional woman, 5'8", loves to laugh. Seeking man for laughter and lasting relationship. Note/photo, please. Thanks. 3057 ✉

Single Woman Seeks Single Man—40-50, for fun-filled relationship. Professional, blue-eyed 41-year-old seeks funny, honest, stimulating, nice guy. That's it. If this is you, please write. You never know. 3048 ✉

Italian-American—Long blond hair, 5'2", size 8, Barbara Eden look-alike, desires strong, very handsome, financially secure widower or devoted divorced dad who wants to start over. I've lost my only child and both my parents, and need to be part of a family as well as part of a couple. Nonpracticing Catholic preferred, with beliefs in the mystical. Be funny and open, 48-58, and truly ready to make new memories. Serious replies only. 3064 ✉☎

Join Me In Paradise—Financially secure, good-looking, 34-year-old American male from Wall Street, who owns his own home overlooking the warm blue-green waters of the Caribbean on the island of St. John, looking for his princess with a sense of adventure. Send picture/letter. 3058 ✉

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Escape To A Tropical Island!—With a communicative, handsome, leading surgeon with both NYC/Virgin Island corporations, warm, funny, 5'10", fit, 44. Seeks bright woman under 38 for eternal sunsets. Phone/photo a must. 3013 ✉☎

Fun-To-Be-With—28, 5'8", blue eyes, handsome, well-to-do, easygoing and considerate... This foundation president enjoys tennis, travel, casinos, theater and sporting events. Seeks fit and friendly female. Note/photo. 3034 or Josh95255@aol.com

A Touch Of Class—Female, 50, tall, divorced, attractive, accomplished professional, spirited, great sense of humor, kind, bright, adventuresome, wishes to meet "you" - male, 48-58, divorced/widowed, tall (6' plus), attractive, kind, giving, good sense of humor, bright, accomplished professional, to share passion for life together. Letter/recent photo a must/phone. 3056 ✉☎

I Wandered Around To Finally Find—A wise, 61-68 man, humorous, sensitive and traveler of life. Photo. 3037 ✉

Patiently Waiting—I am confident you will emerge - single white male, 40, successful attorney, 6', reasonably fit, loves to travel, is patiently waiting for you - an independent, confident, single white female, 26-34, who is sexy, playful, family-minded, slim, drug-free and serious about finding the right man. Photo/note/birthdate. No ambivalence. 3055 ✉

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Tall, Very Good-Looking—Sincere, sensitive, easygoing male, 37, loves theater, movies, dancing, dining, reading, walking in NY - seeks beautiful, affectionate, intelligent female, 25-37, with a sense of humor, to share good times together. 3024 ✉

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249 West 17th Street 4th Floor New York, NY 10011

Checks must be received by Friday, February 11th. Tickets will be mailed and a list will be at the door. For more information call **212.462.3371**

White Male—49, 5'8", athletic, successful business, looking for lady, 35-45, to share stable relationship. Photo, please. 3040 ✉

Seeking Verbal, Gentle White Man—38-48, tall, trim, cerebral, desiring marriage. I'm 40, 5'9", svelte professional Wasp with mind of think-tanker and looks of stewardess. Enjoy the fancy and the funky. Independent, loving, missing my man. Photo/note please. Silent type need not apply. 3049✉☎

Fit, Attractive—Divorced, white professional female, 35, educated, one child, Queens resident. Seeks long-term, loving, honest relationship. 3050 ✉

Sincere—Attractive, single white Catholic female, 36, 5'7", enjoys movies, dining out. Seeks single, white professional male, 32-40, 5'10" plus, nonsmoker, financially secure. Note/photo. 3065 ✉☎

Restless In Manhattan—Dreaming of Havana. Willowy, warm woman, easy on the eyes, into the arts, accomplished, seeks traveling companion, 60 plus. 3042 ✉

Dynamic Platinum Blond—Slim, feisty, savvy, no baggage, has it all. Wants one normal guy, 50s-60s. Are you out there? Make me a believer. 3025 ✉

Satin And Lace—Pretty blue-eyed blond, slim, shapely, soft-spoken, lives in LI, 40s, seeks tall, good-looking, upbeat, fun, romantic male under 55. 3044 ✉☎

I Miss A Great Guy In My Life—Are you 55-plus, bright, sincere, with a sense of humor? White Jewish widow who loves NYC, traveling and laughing. Photo. 3041✉

Sultry, Romantic, Sensual Siren—Seeks successful, sensitive, solid suitor. I'm 29, European, well-educated and worldly. You are between 32-40, tall, intelligent and a traveler. Send note/photo. Serious applicants only need apply. 3030 ✉☎

Giving Freely - My Definition Of Love—39, male Jewish MD, writer, very successful, with stature, presence and warmth, very handsome, fit, stylish, intelligent, creative, communicative, expressive. Most important to me: growth, honesty, sensitivity, awareness, caring, love, playfulness, passion. Seeks very pretty, sexy, fit woman with style, grace, warm personality, creative intelligence, emotionally and psychologically evolved, for love forever. 3060 ✉

Adorable Size-4 Blond—Seeks accomplished, sophisticated male, 55-65. (212) and (914) only. 3043 ✉

Manhattan Cutie—Pretty, slim, professional Jewish female, 37, who enjoys traveling, the Yankees and offbeat movies, seeks a nice, professional Jewish male, 36-44. Let's count the days to spring training together. Note/photo, please. 3051 ✉☎

A Life Should Be Made Of Good Times—Attractive widow, 52, smart biz owner, eager to make new memories. Love travel, dining, entertaining. You - a man who enjoys the best life has to offer. Columbia County and NYC. 3054 ✉

Sweet, Cerebral, Sensual—Attractive Jewish MD, triathlete, 5'10", 165, loves family, music, film, nature. Wants first lady, 40-49 - great integrity, social - for romance, conversation, laughter, adoration and love. 3038 ✉☎

Countdown

6 billion
Total population in the world

274 million
Total population in the U.S.

79.5 million
Number of singles in the U.S.

1 in 8
The chance you have that a first date will ask for a second date after twenty-four hours has passed.

8.2
Average number of first dates for single professionals in the last year.

15 minutes
The number of minutes it takes the majority of men to make up their mind about a first date.

60 minutes
The amount of time most women will take to tell whether or not they are interested in a first date.

$201
The amount spent by males last month on dating.

$75
The amount spent by women last month on dating.

12%
Average chance of liking a date set up by a friend.

17%
Average chance of liking a date set up by a family member.

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Stunning, Slim, Sparkling Brunette—38, 5'7", seeks tall, trim professional male, to 48, whose interests include fine dining, dancing, theater, sports. 3045 ✉☎

Attractive, European—Professional woman, late 40s, would like to meet her match to enjoy all life has to offer. Handwritten note/recent photo, please. 3062✉

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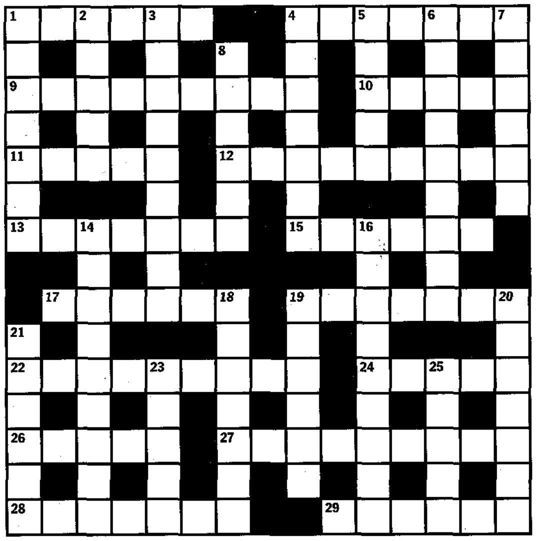
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Father going too fast—high church job. (6)
4 Pathetic name of many in 1 across, holding broken toe. (7)
9 Roman officer in counter-revolution. (9)
10 The proper side. (5)
11 See 5.
12 Companion to single vendor, one who is dishonest. (9)
13,6 Fillet foliage with hoe—but it does move, wrote 21. (3,4,2,7)
15 Rufus's archbishop (solution, a tree). (6)
17 Intuitive feeling, not complete, about Ulster barbarian. (6)
19,21 9, if he were still with us at the end of months, ordered a separation without a junction. (7,6)
22 Get one's own back in the matter of a chestnut, say. (9)
24 See 5.
26 See 3.
27 Aesop a sensual person? (9)
28 Lever to help 21 read letters. (7)
29,18 21's French gentleman foreign? Are we 9s? (6,7)



DOWN

1 Choose to have a ground-breaker ready? (4,3)
2 Write to the church for 24s. (5)
3,26,8 21's white figure: insert what it's made of? (9,5,6)
4 21's wordplay turning tail. (7)
5,24,11 21's equivalent to Tommy Steele's film? (10,5)
6 See 13.
7 The day for wrath as a literary form. (6)
8 See 3.
14 Utter destruction of a cute 9. (9)
16 Stammering roles raised trouble—torture in Shakespeare. (9)
18 See 29.
19 21's place as a song writer. (6)
20 Bewilder sailor (report in the Sun). (7)
21 See 19-across.
23 Dressed for one's birthday, not for the conference chamber. (5)
25 Refusal uttered in the stable? (5)

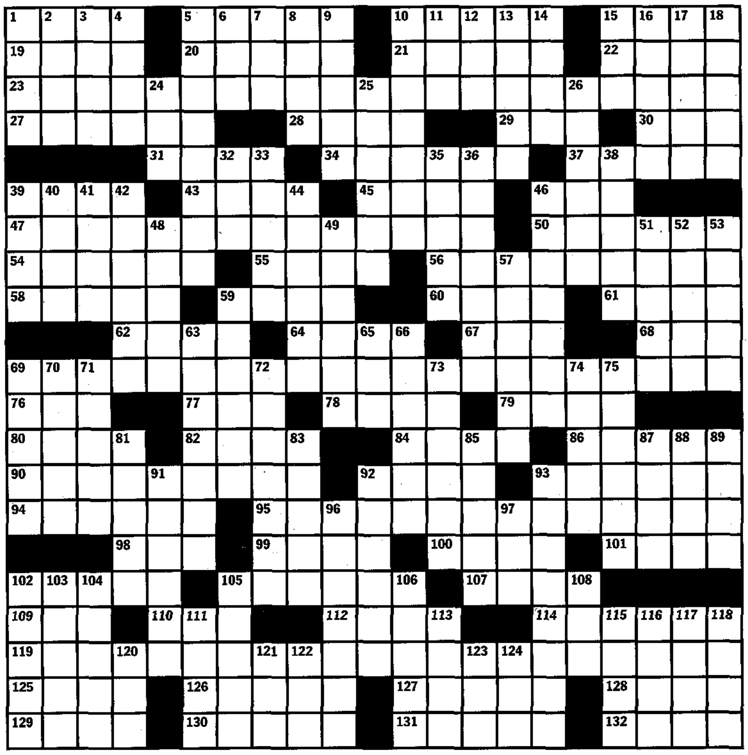
'End of the Bird Interview': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Command to a paratrooper
5 Tin Pan Alley acronym
10 Hat projections
15 Florida Beach
19 Baseball family name
20 Summa cum ——
21 Pertaining to the kidneys
22 Brainstorm
23 How do birds obtain needed cash?
27 Electronic detector
28 Read, as a bar code
29 —— loss for words
30 Pen point
31 Pickle choice
34 Third-party safekeeping
37 Teatime biscuit
39 Controversial apple spray
43 Blooper
45 "—— she blows!"
46 Here, to José
47 Which bird is a dictator?
50 Starbucks serving
54 Short sock
55 Better than a deuce
56 What do birds do to play fair?
58 Add topsoil again
59 Opera's Sutherland
60 Angry fit
61 —— souci (carefree)
62 U.S. petroleum biggie
64 Oscar —— Renta
67 Animal-life suffix
68 Born as
69 Why do you breed strong birds?
76 CD-—— (computer storage abbr.)
77 This is nothing
78 Japanese rice wine
79 "Show Boat" composer
80 Gator's acquaintance
82 Of more than average height
84 Egyptian cobras
86 Former Pac. alliance
90 Where are birds seated on buses?
92 Lowest female voice
93 Repair-shop's replacement car
94 Grammy-winner Easton
95 Who is your favorite actress?
98 Opposite of lge.
99 —— avis
100 High-schooler
101 Partner of odds
102 Richard III's need
105 Medicine amount
107 Cincinnati team
109 Exhaust the supply of, with "up"
110 Distaff pronoun
112 Tattled
114 Melted-cheese dish
119 Where do big birds live?
125 Sign over to
126 Pigmentation
127 Computer communication
128 Retained
129 Hinged door fastening
130 Macramé details
131 Part of R.A.F.
132 Or —— (ultimatum)

DOWN

1 Spielberg shark film
2 Peter Fonda role, 1997
3 Suffer audibly
4 Lassie's litter
5 Okay
6 Recite
7 Scissor
8 Flurries of excitement
9 Nobel Prize category
10 Branches of the windpipe
11 Model T contemporary
12 Roadhouse
13 Bright-hued parrot
14 Las Vegas machine
15 "Great Expectations" hero
16 Fictional bell town
17 Bolshevism founder
18 Possibly
24 Pea-sheller's discard
25 *In* conclusion
26 Team pet
32 —— Alamos
33 Kin of bingo
35 Talks wildly
36 Sheer stiff fabric
38 Sidewalk eateries
39 Not quite closed
40 Solitary
41 Queries
42 Insert more bullets
44 Units of current flow
46 Rayon fiber
48 Peter, in Ponce
49 Extends a subscription
51 Caen coin
52 Nine: prefix
53 Germany's Pittsburgh
57 Newsstand structures
59 Ceramicist Wedgwood
63 Situated in the middle
65 Actress Thompson of "Caroline in the City"
66 Acid neutralizer
69 Killer whales
70 Toward the Arctic
71 Behave theatrically
72 Quick tempo
73 Anne Rice vampire
74 Memorable Welles
75 Disquieted state
81 Karpov's game
83 These follow tra
85 Baffling problem
87 Author unknown: abbr.
88 Look after
89 Assns.
91 Snare in a net
92 Ferdinand's realm
93 Trash-disposal reclamation site
96 Speechifiers
97 Like a bairn
102 Rabbit residence
103 Milo or Tessie
104 Oboes, clarinets, etc.
105 County of western England
106 Kind of statesman
108 Daughter's sibling
111 Taxi
113 Major-——
115 Reebok rival
116 Sword combat
117 Refs' colleagues
118 Ferrara ruling house, once
120 Slangy affirmative
121 "Xanadu" rock gp.
122 Foldaway bed
123 Sunbeam
124 Soccer star Hamm



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 87.

Cupid has arrows.

You have

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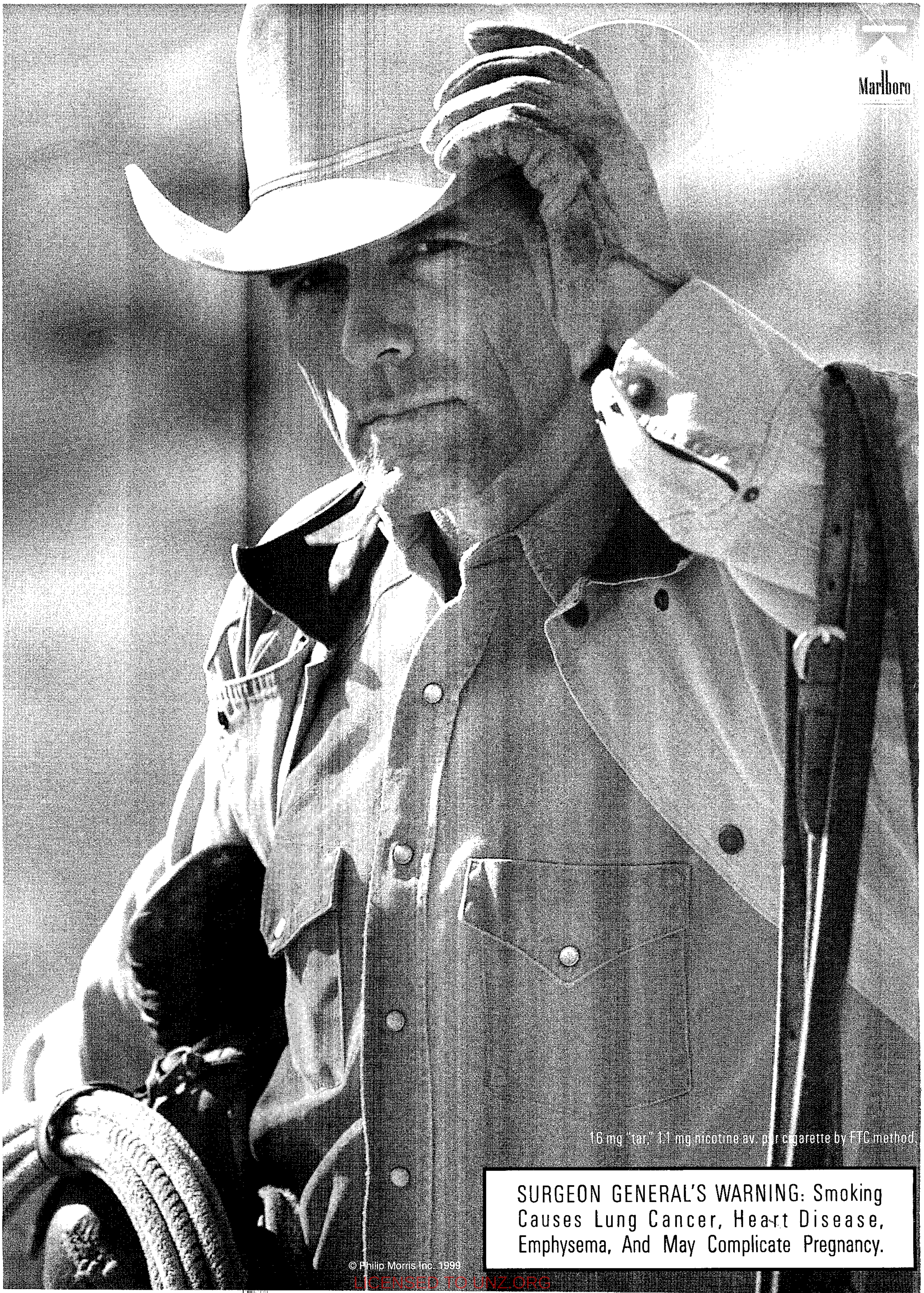

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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